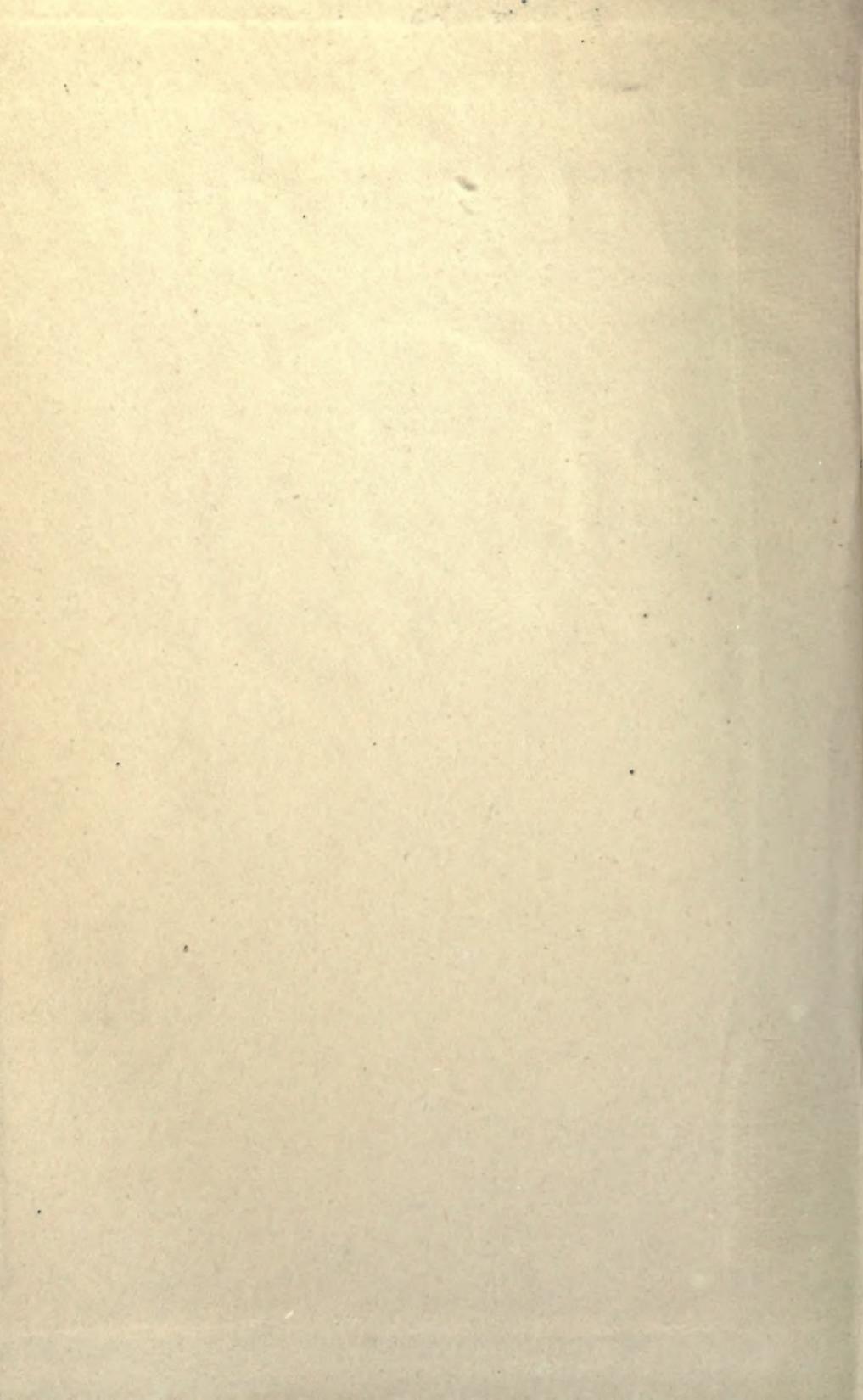
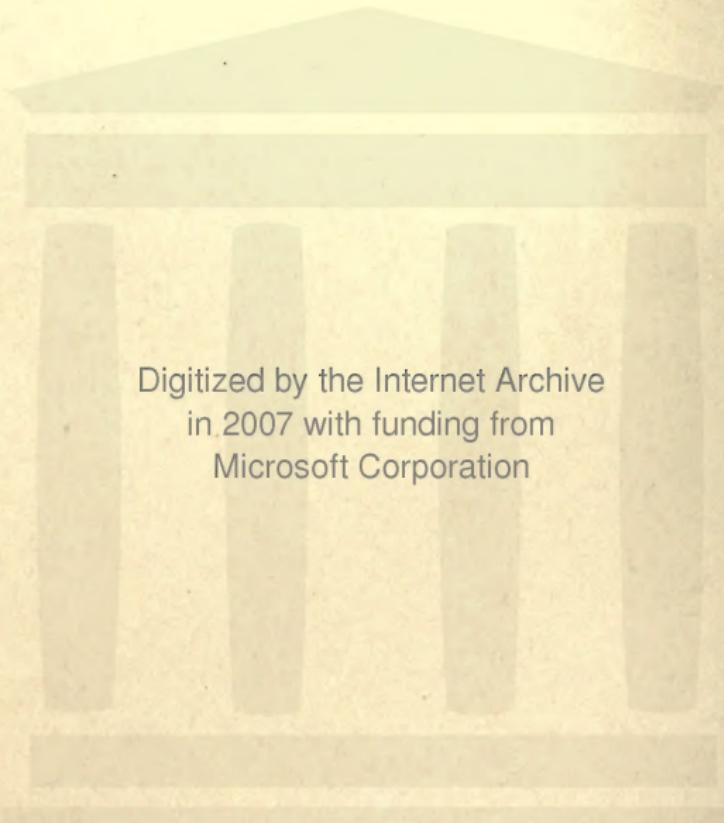


THREE MINUTE READINGS FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

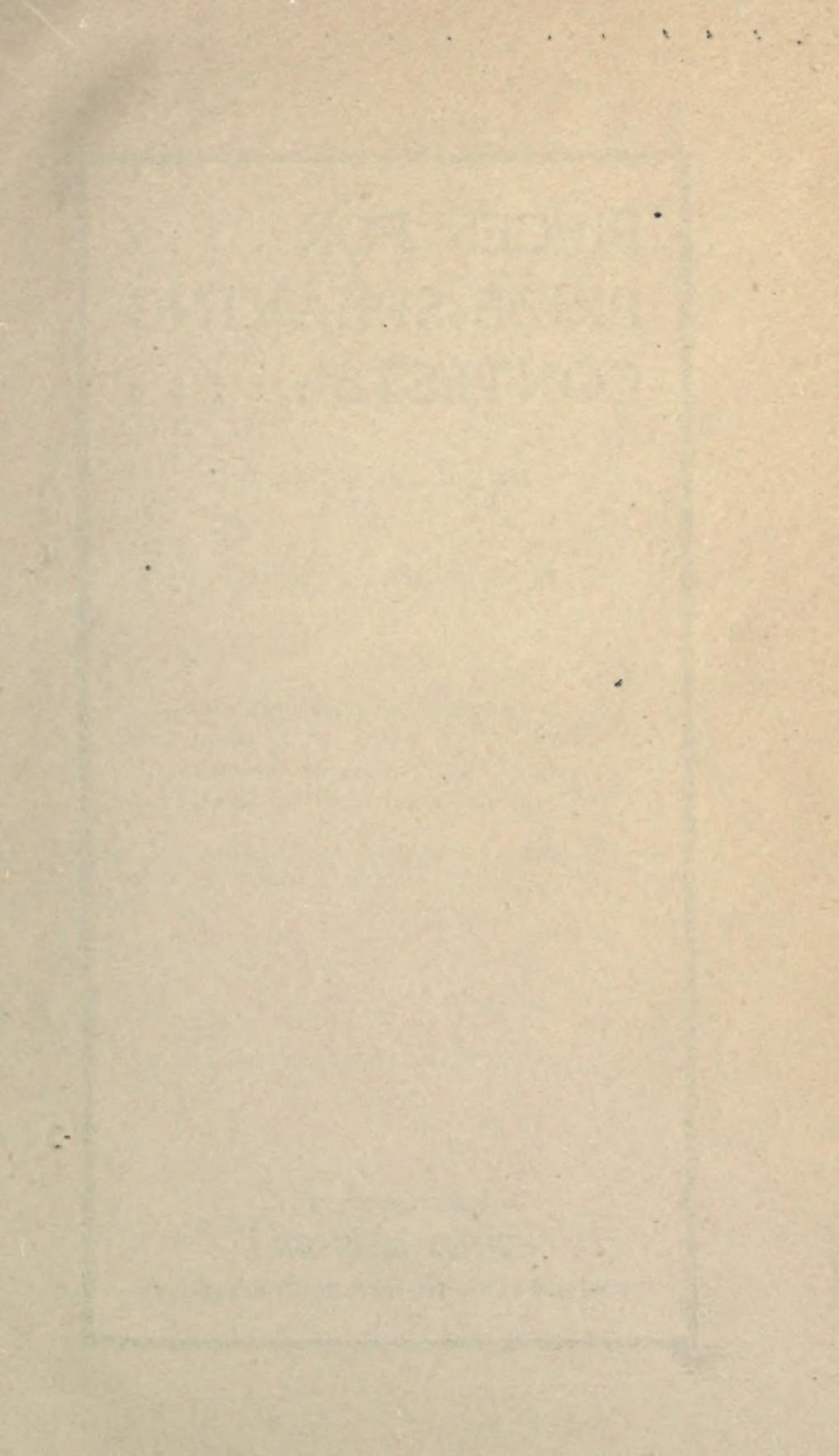




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THREE MINUTE READINGS FOR COLLEGE GIRLS

SELECTED AND EDITED
BY
HARRY CASSELL DAVIS, A. M., PH. D.

WITH CLASSIFIED INDEX AND INDEX TO AUTHORS

"Eloquence is the noble, the harmonious, the passionate expression of truths profoundly realized or of emotions intensely felt."—FARRAR,
Seekers After God.

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PREFACE.

THE author has endeavored to prepare a book of new selections for speaking and reading, adapted largely but not exclusively for girls in our schools, academies, and colleges.

Freshness, brevity, variety, literary quality, and adaptability were important elements in determining the choice of selections.

Committing to memory and publicly reciting patriotic thoughts are valuable aids in keeping the sacred fire of patriotism burning on our altars. Therefore a large number of patriotic pieces will be found in this collection, commemorating important epochs in our national history.

The women of our country who are so nobly performing their part in all reform movements in this age of reforms, and upon whose brows the century has placed the crowns of illustrious achievement, are represented by some choice extracts of tongue and pen.

The classified index will be found useful in deciding upon selections appropriate to the seasons and to the various holiday occasions.

The courtesy of those who have responded so generously to the request for permission to use

selections from their speeches and writings, and of those teachers who have made valuable suggestions, is gratefully acknowledged. The co-operation of the various publishers in consenting to the use of their publications, without which a book of this kind is impossible, has been most kindly and heartily given.

HARRY HILLMAN ACADEMY,
WILKES BARRE, PA., *June*, 1897.

THREE MINUTE READINGS FOR COLLEGE GIRLS.

THE MINUET.

By MARY MAPES DODGE, Poet, Editor. B. 1838, New York City. Mrs. Dodge is the conductor of the *St. Nicholas* magazine.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my Grandma danced!—

Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
Turning out her little toes;
How she slowly leaned and rose—

Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,

Long ago.

Bless her! why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet

Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting Grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
 Long ago).

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her ways so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now
Bending to her partner's bow,
 Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentle folk
 Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly courtesying back again,
 Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
 Long ago.

Brave but modest, grandly shy,—
She would like to have us try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
 Long ago.

Were the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?

All would wear the calm they wore
Long ago.

In time to come, if I, perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of our dance,
I should really like to say:
“We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago.”

TOPSY.

By HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE, Author. B. 1812, Connecticut; d. 1896. This extract is from “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” which was first published as a serial in the *National Era* and appeared first in book form in 1852.

ONE morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare’s voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

“Come down here, cousin; I’ve something to show you.”

“What is it?” said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

“I’ve made a purchase for your department—see here,” said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas’r’s par-

lor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance,—something, as Miss Ophelia afterward said, “so heathenish,” as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said:

“Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?”

“For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy,” he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, “give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing.”

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery; and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and finally, turning a somerset or two, and giving a prolonged

closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see, now, that you behave yourself."

"Yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"Oh, yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

"Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?" said Miss Ophelia. "Your house is so full of these little plagues, now, that a body can't set down their foot without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat—and they are mopping and mowing and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

"For you to educate—didn't I tell you? You're always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her, and bring her up in the way she should go."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dunno, missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child, with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and businesslike, and she said, with some sternness:

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take care on us."

“ How long have you lived with your master and mistress? ”

“ Dunno, missis.”

“ Is it a year, or more, or less? ”

“ Dunno, missis.”

“ Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy? ”

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

“ Do you know who made you? ”

“ Nobody, as I knows on,” said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added:

“ I spect I grow’d. Don’t think nobody never made me.”

“ Do you know how to sew? ” said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

“ No, missis.”

“ What can you do?—what did you do for your master and mistress? ”

“ Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks.”

“ Were they good to you? ”

“ Spect they was,” said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly.

The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia’s girl; and, as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of

operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber. With a self-sacrifice which some of our readers will appreciate, she resolved, instead of comfortably making her own bed, sweeping and dusting her own chamber,—which she had hitherto done, in utter scorn of all offers of help from the chambermaid of the establishment,—to condemn herself to the martyrdom of instructing Topsy to perform these operations,—ah, woe the day! Did any of our readers ever do the same, they will appreciate the amount of her self-sacrifice.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber, the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

“Now, Topsy, I’m going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woeful earnestness.

“Now, Topsy, look here;—this is the hem of the sheet,—this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong;—will you remember?”

“Yes, ma’am,” says Topsy, with another sigh.

“Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster,—so,—and tuck it clear down

under the mattress nice and smooth,—so,—do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot,—so,—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see you do this," said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. "What's this? You naughty, wicked child,—you've been stealing this!"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve,

yet was she not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

“ Laws! why, that ar’s Miss Feely’s ribbon, an’t it? How could it got caught in my sleeve?”

“ Topsy, you naughty girl, don’t you tell me a lie—you stole that ribbon!”

“ Missis, I declar for’t, I didn’t;—never seed it til’ dis yer blessed minnit.”

“ Topsy,” said Miss Ophelia, “ don’t you know it’s wicked to tell lies?”

“ I never tells no lies, Miss Feely,” said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; “ it’s jist the truth I’ve been a-tellin’ now, and an’t nothin’ else.”

“ Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so.”

“ Laws, missis, if you’s to whip all day, couldn’t say no other way,” said Topsy, beginn.ng to blubber. “ I never seed dat ar—it must a-got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve.”

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie that she caught the child and shook her.

“ Don’t you tell me that again!”

The shake brought the gloves on the floor, from the other sleeve.

“ There, you!” said Miss Ophelia, “ will you tell me now, you didn’t steal the ribbon?”

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time."

Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woeful protestations of penitence.

"Well now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I shan't whip you."

"Laws, missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings,—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, missis! I can't,—they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up! what a story! Go get 'em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she could not. "They's burnt up—they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"'Cause I's wicked—I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this moment, Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

"I'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!" she said, in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss Ophelia; "that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

THE NASHVILLE EXPOSITION.

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Statesman, ex-Governor of Ohio, President of the United States. B. 1843. Niles, O. Selected from a speech delivered at the Nashville Exposition, June 11, 1897.

The battle of King's Mountain, South Carolina, was fought October 7, 1780, between Colonel Ferguson of Cornwallis' army and Colonel Campbell of the American army. The battle resulted in the crushing defeat of Ferguson's force. Sevier commanded one of the divisions of the American army.

AMERICAN nationality, compared with that of Europe and the East, is still very young; and yet already we are beginning to have age enough for centennial anniversaries in States other than the original thirteen. Such occasions are always interesting, and when celebrated in a practical way are useful and instructive. Combining retrospect and review, they recall what has been done by State and nation, and point out what yet remains for both to accomplish in order to fulfill their highest destiny.

This celebration is of general interest to the whole country, and of special significance to the people of the South and West. It marks the end of the first century of the State of Tennessee and the close of the first year of its second century. One hundred and one years ago this State was admitted into the Union as the sixteenth member in the great family of American commonwealths. It was a welcome addition to the national household —a community young and strong and sturdy, with an honored and heroic ancestry, with fond antici-

pations not only of its founders, but faith in its success on the part of far-seeing and sagacious statesmen in all parts of the country.

The builders of the State, who had forced their way through the trackless forests of this splendid domain, brought with them the same high ideals and fearless devotion to home and country, founded on resistance to oppression, which have everywhere made illustrious the Anglo-American name. Whether it was the territory of Virginia or that of North Carolina mattered little to them. They came willing and eager to fight for independence and liberty, and in the War of the Revolution were ever loyal to the standard of Washington.

Spain had sought to possess their territory by right of discovery as a part of Florida. France claimed it by right of cession as a part of Louisiana, and England as hers by conquest. But neither contention could for an instant be recognized. Moved by the highest instincts of self-government and the loftiest motives of patriotism, under gallant old John Sevier, at King's Mountain, your forefathers bravely vindicated their honor and gloriously won their independence.

The glory of Tennessee is not alone in the brilliant names it has contributed to history, or the heroic patriotism displayed by the people in so many crises of our national life, but its material and industrial wealth, social advancement and population are striking and significant in their growth and development. This Exposition

demonstrates directly your own faith and purpose, and signifies in the widest sense your true and unfailing belief in the irrepressible pluck of the American people, and is a promising indication of the return of American prosperity.

Let us always remember that whatever differences about politics may have existed or still exist, we are all Americans before we are partisans, and value the welfare of all the people above party or section. Citizens of different States, we yet love all the States. The lesson of the hour, then, is this—that whatever adverse conditions may temporarily impede the pathway of our national progress, nothing can permanently defeat it.

CHORUS OF ISLANDERS.

By ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet. B. 1835, England. Poet Laureate.

From "Lyrical Poems," copyrighted by Macmillan & Co.

SWEET are the ways of peace, and sweet
The gales that fan the foam
That sports with silvery-twinkling feet
Around our island home.
But should the winds of battle shrill,
And the billows crisp their mane,
Down to the shore, from vale, from hill,
From hamlet, town, and plain!
The ocean our forefathers trod,
In many a forest keel,

Shall feel our feet once more, but shod
With ligaments of steel.
Ours is the sea, to rule, to keep,
Our realm, and if ye would
Challenge dominion of the deep,
Then make that challenge good.
But ware ye lest your vauntings proud
Be coffined in the surge,
Our breakers be for you a shroud,
Our battle-song your dirge.
Peaceful within our peaceful home
We ply the loom and share,
Peaceful above the peaceful foam
Our pennons float and fare;
Bearing, for other peaceful lands,
Through sunshine, storm, and snow,
The harvest of industrious hands
Peacefully to and fro.
But, so ye will it, then our sails
The blasts of war shall swell,
And hold and hulk, now choked with bales,
Be crammed with shot and shell.
The waves impregnably shall bear
Our bulwarks on their breast,
And eyes of steel unsleeping glare
Across each billowy crest;
Along the trenches of the deep
Unflinching faces shine,
And Briton's stalwart sailors keep
The bastions of the brine.

Ocean itself, from strand to strand,
Our citadel shall be,
And, though the world together band,
Not all the legions of the land
Shall ever wrest from England's hand
The Scepter of the Sea.

GRANT AT APPOMATTOX.

By EUGENE H. LEVY, Soldier, formerly a member of General A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia; lives in New York City.

An extract from a letter written to the New York *Tribune* at the time of the dedication of the Grant Monument, April 27, 1897.

THIRTY-TWO years have passed since the battle flags were furled and the victors turned to the North and the vanquished faced their desolate homes in the South, to begin the life struggle under that old flag which had been the idol of their Revolutionary fathers.

After statesmen had wrangled for nearly two generations, the question between sections was left to the arbitration of the sword, and the true men of the South never showed more valor or more manliness than they did in bowing heroically and uncomplainingly to the will of Providence and the power of the heavier batteries and battalions.

Since that day at Appomattox the mystic angel's bugle call has been summoning with increased rapidity the remnant of the Army of Northern Vir-

ginia to cross the dark river to the white tents of the silent, where are resting under the eternal truce-flags the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray; all of whom did before God and man what they believed to be the full measure of their duty.

If by some divine mandate the comrades in gray who died before or who have been "called" since could once more assemble at the drum's long roll or the bugle's summons, they would rally in the lines and dress ranks, to do honor to the memory of the heroic commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was the leader who in the hour of his magnificent triumph proved his splendid manhood by considering the needs and respecting the feelings of the men he had beaten, after the most terrific fighting and heroic suffering of any soldiers of whom history has preserved a record.

In that supreme moment, when Fame crowned his efforts at the bidding of Victory, Grant gave no thought to himself, nor did he need to consider his superbly equipped army. The impoverished men in gray—the men whose lines were so thinned by death, the men whose clothing was rags, whose money was waste paper, yet the men whose manhood remained, because they were of his race—it was to the care of these he gave his first thought; and we, who survive to witness or share in this crowning honor to himself, cannot forget it till we, too, are called to join him and the heroic Americans who have gone before.

It was through Grant we were returned to our homes, and it was largely through his influence that we were returned to our old positions in the Union.

The day is coming when we who fought on opposing sides will be mustered out. Then a broader charity will take the place of sentimental hate. Then our children and their children's children will glory in the exploits of Americans, no matter who led or where they fought. A few names like Lincoln and Grant and Lee and "Joe" Johnston will rise over all as the finest types of American manhood. Our prosaic mountains and rivers and villages will be full of ennobling legend and poetic tradition to the coming generations, because of the men in blue and the men in gray who struggled in them.

And this we know, and it thrills our hearts to know it, that the rivers by which our heroes sleep will be drained to the sea, and the battle mountains on which they rest will be leveled with the plains, before the story of their valor dies out or the record of their heroism ceases to enoble mankind.

MY GREAT-AUNT'S PORTRAIT.

ANONYMOUS.

I WONDER if, some future day,
When looking on this cardboard square,
(My photograph), some girl will say,
(Some slim young maid with yellow hair),

“ This is my great-aunt, you know;
She lived, well I can scarcely tell
Just when, but awful long ago.
The picture's taken very well;—

“ I mean for those days; but oh, dear,
How quaint and funny it seems now;
And don't her hair look very queer,
Cut in a fringe across her brow?

“ And, goodness me, how dreadful tight
Her sleeves are made; how choking high
Her collar is—so prim and white;
Just fancy now, if you and I

“ Should dress like that? We'd scare the town!
It must have been the fashion then;
How did she get into that gown,
And how did she get out again?”

Oh, dear unknown, the years will play
The very same old pranks with you;
Some other merry girl will say,
When your sweet picture meets her view,

“ This is my great, great-aunt, you know;
Born—well, I cannot tell the year,
But very, very long ago;
And doesn't she look quaint and queer?”

“UNCLE TODD.”

By ISABEL A. MALLON, Author, Editor; lives in Philadelphia and is on the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, by whose consent this extract from its pages is taken.

You have heard of the Stockett family on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Judge Stockett and his two sons were in the army, and both the boys were killed. They were brave young fellows, and the second one, a good lad, was only eighteen years old. Well, when the judge went home he found the place devastated; his people were all gone and Mrs. Stockett quite broken down. With sorrow she drooped, but she brightened up for a little while, when, as a flower of promise, God gave her, after so many years, a little daughter—the child of peace. The judge picked up a small practice, for he was a good lawyer, and those three people lived for each other and because they were together. The baby girl was, as is our fashion, called after her mother's family, and so she had the pretty name of Stuart Stockett. She had many admirers. The young gentlemen all around met each other at Judge Stockett's and were rivals in their attentions to her, while, like most of our sweet Southern girls, she was frank and open in her behavior to them, for she never dreamed of anything but politeness or consideration from them.

Among Stuart's many beaus was young Allston, Colonel Tom Allston's son. Like all of the family he was handsome. Big, fair, with blue eyes that

danced like stars, he was just as unreliable, as far as twinkling goes, as are the stars. You can imagine the rest. From among the true gentlemen who loved her she selected the one who was a gentleman by birth and a scoundrel by choice—for a man is a scoundrel who neglects his wife, and who does not provide the protection and care that he vows before God to give her.

For the first year or two things went along pretty well. Then neighbors began to whisper that there were cold days when there was no firewood in the Allston house. Mrs. Stockett in the meantime died, and the judge did not long survive her. There was a small sum of money for Stuart, and with it her husband, instead of fixing up their home and going into some little business in the town where they were known, brought them all on to this great big, hard-hearted city. Here Stuart had no friends. There was no kind neighbor to send in a supper, with the excuse that "perhaps Miss Stuart might like a charge of food," when it was suspected that the table was bare. There was absolutely nobod^{dy} to turn to for sympathy or more material help. Tom belonged to a type that is common, too common. He was not a villain; he was worse. He was thoughtless. As long as he did not see the hungry children they did not trouble him.

With the little family came the old colored butler, who, years before, when told that he was free, asked helplessly, "What 'll I do away from my missus?"

He had been with them in their prosperous times, he stayed with them in their sorrow; and when his dear "missus" was dead he as naturally followed her little girl as if he belonged to her. And he was a friend in need and in deed. The third of Stuart's little babies was a cripple, and she found no arms as strong to hold her, and no one as patient to amuse her, as Uncle Todd.

There came a day when there was not a penny in the house—now remember this was a Southern lady, who would have starved before she would have gone in debt. Then Uncle Todd came to the rescue. He applied at a woodyard and got an order for sawing wood. He hung around the big hotels and was always ready to run an errand. And every night when he came home he handed his day's earnings to "Miss" Stuart, and there was always, in addition, a red apple or a few sweets that Uncle Todd had bought, or that had been given to him, and which was his tribute to the delicate child. Out of the little money a tiny bit was laid by every day toward the rent, but the husband, the brute who was permitting Stuart and the children to be supported by this old gentleman, got up one night, took that money and told his wife that he needed it to get a new hat and a new pair of gloves, for he must not look shabby among his friends. And the people whom he sinned against both forgave him.

One day Uncle Todd suggested that a little money be taken and spent for materials for some of the dainty cakes that "Miss" Stuart used to make

for her mother's afternoon tea; and Uncle Todd spread them on a tray, covered them with a clean white napkin and went down town and sold them here and there, wherever he could find a customer. You wonder that Stuart did not try to do something for herself? What can a woman do when she has three little children pulling not only at her skirts, but at her heartstrings?

Two or three years passed, the cake industry flourished, but Uncle Todd was growing weaker and weaker, and Stuart wondered with horror what they would do without him. But God never forgets. One day there came a message, that, awaiting Stuart down in the South-land, was a home and a sufficient income for all their needs; it had been left her by an uncle of her husband's, and so arranged that it was impossible for the man who had ill-treated her to touch it. They waited here for a little while, waited for Uncle Todd to get some strength and rest. Prosperity had been too much for him, and he had fallen under it. By his bed the other night there stood the woman and the children he had loved and cared for, and it was to the music of the children's voices that his soul went out to stand before God, and he to join his dear "missus."

EGO ET ECHO.

By JOHN GODFREY SAXE, Poet. B. 1816, Vermont; d. 1887, New York.

I ASKED of Echo, t'other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony?
Quoth Echo, plainly: "Matter-o'-money!"

Whom should I marry? Should it be
A dashing damsels, gay, and pert,—
A pattern of inconstancy;
Or selfish, mercenary flirt?
Quoth Echo, sharply: "Nary Flirt!"

What if aweary of the strife
That long has lured the dear deceiver,
She promised to amend her life,
And sin no more, can I believe her?
Quoth Echo, very promptly: "Leave her!"

But if some maiden with a heart,
On me should venture to bestow it,
Pray, should I act the wiser part
To take the treasure, or forego it?
Quoth Echo, with decision: "Go it!"

Suppose a billet-doux (in rhyme),
As warm as if Catullus penned it,
Declare her beauty so sublime
That Cytherea's can't transcend it,
Quoth Echo, very clearly: "Send it!"

But what if, seemingly afraid
To bind her fate in Hymen's fetter,
She vow she means to die a maid—
In answer to my loving letter?
Quoth Echo, rather coolly: "Let her!"

What if, in spite of her disdain,
I find my heart entwined about
With Cupid's dear, delicious chain,
So closely that I can't get out?
Quoth Echo, laughingly: "Get out!"

But if some maid with beauty blest,
As pure and fair as Heaven can make her,
Will share my labor and my rest,
Till envious death shall overtake her?
Quoth Echo (*sotto voce*): "Take her!"

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author, Orator, Lecturer,
Editor. B. 1824, Rhode Island; d. 1892.

THE woman's-rights movement is the simple claim that the same opportunity and liberty that a man has in civilized society shall be extended to the woman who stands at his side—equal or unequal in special powers, but an equal member of society. She must prove her power as he proves his. When Rosa Bonheur paints a vigorous and admirable picture of Normandy horses, she proves that she

has a hundred-fold more right to do it than scores of botchers and bunglers in color who wear coats and trousers, and whose right, therefore, nobody questions. When the Misses Blackwell or Miss Hunt, or Miss Preston or Miss Avery, accomplishing themselves in medicine, with a firm hand and a clear brain carry the balm of life to suffering men, women, and children, it is as much their right to do it—as much their sphere—as it is that of any long-haired, sallow, dissipated boy in spectacles, who hisses them as they go upon their holy mission.

And so when Joan of Arc follows God and leads the army; when the Maid of Saragossa loads and fires the cannon; when Mrs. Stowe makes her pen the heaven-appealing tongue of an outraged race; when Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, pulling their boats through the pitiless waves, save fellow-creatures from drowning; . . . do you ask me whether these are not exceptional women? Florence Nightingale demanding supplies for the sick soldiers in the Crimea, and, when they are delayed by red-tape, ordering a file of soldiers to break down the doors and bring them,—which they do, for the brave love bravery—seems to me quite as womanly as the loveliest girl in the land, dancing at the gayest ball in a dress of which the embroidery is the pinched lines of starvation in another girl's face, and whose pearls are the tears of despair in her eyes. Jenny Lind enchanting the heart of a nation; Anna Dickinson pleading for the equal liberty of her sex; Lucretia Mott publicly bearing

her testimony against the sin of slavery, are doing what God, by his great gifts of eloquence and song, appointed them to do. And whatever generous and noble duty, either in a private or public sphere, God gives any woman the will and the power to do, that, and that only, for her, is feminine.

DAVID SHAW, HERO.

By JAMES BUCKHAM, Poet, Editor. B. 1858, Vermont.

THE savior, and not the slayer, he is the braver man.

So far my text, but the story? Thus, then, it runs:
from Spokane

Rolled out the overland mail train, late by an hour;
in the cab

David Shaw, at your service, dressed in his blouse
of drab,

Grimed by the smoke and the cinders. "Feed her
well, Jim," he said;

Jim was his fireman. "Seattle sharp on time!"
So they sped;

Dust from the wheels upflying; smoke rolling out
behind;

The long train thundering, swaying; the roar of
the cloven wind;

Shaw with his hand on the lever, looking out
straight ahead.

How she did rock, old Six-forty! How like a
storm they sped!

Leavenworth: thirty minutes gained in the thrilling race.

Now for the hills; keener lookout, or a letting down of the pace.

Hardly a pound of the steam less! David Shaw straightened back,

Hand like steel on the lever, face like flint to the track.

God! Look there! Down the mountain, right ahead of the train,

Acres of sand and forest sliding down to the plain!

What to do? Why, jump, Dave! Take the chance, while you can.

The train is doomed; save your own life! Think of the children, man!

Well, what did he, this hero, face to face with grim death?

Grasped the throttle, reversed it, shrieked "Down brakes!" in a breath.

Stood to his post, without flinching, clear-headed, open-eyed,

Till the train stood still with a shudder, and he went down with the slide.

Saved? Yes, saved! Ninety people snatched from an awful grave,

One life under the sand, there. All that he had, he gave.

Man, to the last inch! Hero? Noblest of heroes,
yea!

Worthy the shaft and the tablet, worthy the song
and the bay!

THE CONSTITUTION.

By WILLIAM WIRT HENRY, Lawyer, Orator; grandson of Patrick Henry. B. 1831, Virginia

Delivered at Washington, D. C., September 18, 1893, at the exercises in commemoration of the laying of the corner stone of the National Capitol one hundred years before by President George Washington.

Mr. Wirt's oration was entitled by him, "The Voice of History," and in it he traced the origin of the Constitution of the United States through English laws and institutions.

THE problem before the convention which framed the Federal Constitution was new and difficult indeed, and by many deemed insoluble. It was the creation of a nation out of the citizens of the several States without destroying the autonomy of the States. It was to divide the sovereign power between the nation and the States, so as to invest the nation with ample supreme powers to conduct national affairs, and to leave with the States enough of sovereignty to conduct State affairs. It was to cause both governments to operate directly on the citizen, invested with a double citizenship, without a conflict in his allegiance. It was to perpetuate Republican governments for both the nation and the States, each supreme in its functions and so firmly fixed in its allotted sphere that they would

never clash. The able men who solved this problem were statesmen of the highest order as well as patriots of the greatest purity. They thought that they understood clearly their work, but they builded better than they knew. The form of government that they constructed has excited the admiration of the world. It has stood every test in peace and in war, and under it a great and ever-growing nation has developed, which rejoices more and more, as the years roll around, in the incalculable blessings it secures.

So jealous were the people of their personal liberty, and so determined to have their rights secured, that, without delay, they engrafted upon the Constitution ten amendments. At the close of the Civil War another step forward was taken in the amendments which abolished slavery and secured equal privileges and immunities to all citizens throughout the Union.

Our forefathers trusted the permanency of the government they founded to the virtue and intelligence of the people. Virtue and intelligence, divine attributes given to man when he was made in the image of God! As the two cherubim, with outstretched wings covered and guarded the holy oracle in which was deposited the ark of the covenant, so may these guard and protect our Constitution, in which has been deposited the priceless jewel of liberty, as it is transmitted from generation to generation, till time shall end.

LITTLE BLUE RIBBONS.

By HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON, Poet. B. 1840, England.

“LITTLE Blue Ribbons!” We call her that
From the ribbons she wears in her favorite hat;
For may not a person be only five,
And yet have the neatest of taste alive?
As a matter of fact, this one has views
Of the strictest sort as to frocks and shoes;
And we never object to a sash or bow,
When “Little Blue Ribbons” prefers it so.

“Little Blue Ribbons” has eyes of blue,
And an arch little mouth, when the teeth peep
through;
And her primitive look is wise and grave,
With a sense of the weight of the word “behave,”
Though now and again she may condescend
To a radiant smile for a private friend;
But to smile forever is weak, you know,
And “Little Blue Ribbons” regards it so.

She’s a staid little woman! And so as well
Is her ladyship’s doll, “Miss Bonnibelle”;
But I think what at present the most takes up
The thoughts of her heart is her last new cup;
For the object thereon,—be it understood,—
Is the “Robin that Buried the ‘Babes in the
Wood’”—

It is not in the least like a robin, though,
But “Little Blue Ribbons” declares it so.

“ Little Blue Ribbons ” believes, I think,
That the rain comes down for the birds to drink;
Moreover, she holds, in a cab you’d get
To the spot where the suns of yesterday set;
And I know that she fully expects to meet
With a lion or wolf in Regent Street!
We may smile, and deny as we like—but, no;
For “ Little Blue Ribbons ” still dreams it so.

Dear “ Little Blue Ribbons !” She tells us all
That she never intends to be “ great ” and “ tall ”
(For how could she ever contrive to sit
In her “ own, own chair,” if she grew one bit!);
And, further, she says, she intends to stay
In her “ darling home ” till she gets “ quite gray ”;
Alas! we are gray; and we doubt, you know,
But “ Little Blue Ribbons ” will have it so!

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

By DR. JOHN WATSON (“ IAN MACLAREN ”), Clergyman,
Novelist, Lecturer. B. 1850, Essex, England.

Pastor of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool.

Dr. “ Weelum ” MacLure is a creation of the author’s
imagination.

It is interesting to remember that “ Annie ” recovered,
after all.

From “ A Doctor of the Old School.” Copyright, 1894,
by Dodd, Mead & Co.

DOCTOR MACLURE did not lead a solemn proces-
sion from the sick bed to the dining room, and give

his opinions from the hearthrug with an air of wisdom bordering on 'he supernatural, because neither the Drumtochty houses nor his manners were on that large scale. He was accustomed to deliver himself in the yard, and to conclude his directions with one foot in the stirrup; but when he left the room where the life of Annie Mitchell was ebbing slowly away, our doctor said not one word, and at the sight of his face her husband's heart was troubled.

He was a dull man, Tammas, who could not read the meaning of a sign, and labored under a perpetual disability of speech; but love was eyes to him that day, and a mouth.

"Is't as bad as yir lookin', doctor? tell's the truth; wull Annie no come through?" and Tammas looked MacLure straight in the face, who never flinched his duty or said smooth things.

"A' wud gie onything tae say Annie hes a chance, but a' daurna; a' doot yir gaen' tae lose her, Tammas."

MacLure was in the saddle, and as he gave his judgment, he laid his hand on Tammas' shoulder with one of the rare caresses that pass between men.

"It's a sair business, but ye 'ill play the man and no vex Annie." . .

Tammas hid his face in Jess's mane, who looked round with sorrow in her beautiful eyes, for she had seen many tragedies, and in this silent

sympathy the stricken man drank his cup, drop by drop.

"A' wesna prepared for this, for a' aye thocht she wud live the langest. . . . She's younger than me by ten years, and never wes ill. . . . We've been mairit twal year laist Martinmas, but it's juist like a year the day. . . . An' we never hed ae cross word, no ane in twal year. . . . We were mair nor man and wife; we were sweethearts a' the time. . . . Can naethin' be dune, doctor? . . . Can ye no think o' somethin' tae help Annie, and gie her back tae her man and bairnies?" and Tammas searched the doctor's face in the cold, weird light. . . .

"Ye needna plead wi' me, Tammas, to dae the best a' can for yir wife. . . . Man, a' kent her lang afore ye ever lued her; Tammas, ma puir fellow, if it could avail, a' tell ye a' wud lay doon this auld worn-oot ruckle o' a body o' mine juist tae see ye baith sittin' at the fireside, an' the bairns roond ye, couthy an' canty again; but it's no tae be, Tammas, it's no tae be." . . .

"When a' lookit at the doctor's face," Marget Howe said, "a' thocht him the winsomest man a' ever saw. He was transfigured that nicht, for a'm judging there's nae transfiguration like luve."

VICTORIA.

By ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet Laureate of England. B. 1835.
England.

An extract from the poem written for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. Queen Victoria has reigned longer than any other English sovereign.

AND panoplied alike for war or peace,

Victoria's England furroweth still the foam,
To harvest empire wiser than was Greece,

Wider than Rome.

Therefore, with glowing hearts and proud, glad
tears,

The children of her island realm to-day
Recall her sixty venerable years
Of virtuous sway.

Now, too, from where St. Lawrence winds adown

'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plow,
And Ganges jewels the imperial crown

That gilds her brow;

From Afric's Cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,

And Britain's scepter ne'er shall be withdrawn,
And that young continent that greets the dark
When we the dawn;

From steel-capped promontories, stern and strong,
And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,

Hither her subjects wend to hail her long,
Resplendent reign.

And ever, when mid-June's musk roses blow,
Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
From her pure fame.

COUNTRY LIFE.

By ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, Lawyer, Orator; B. 1833,
Dresden, N. Y.

This selection formed a part of the eulogy on President
Lincoln delivered in the Auditorium, Chicago, February
12, 1892.

In a new country a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage, and generosity. In cultivated society cultivation is often more important than soil. A well-executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. In a new country character is essential; in the old reputation is sufficient. In the new they find what a man really is; in the old he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys.

In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds; the constellations are your friends; you hear the rain on the roof, and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called spring, touched and saddened by autumn—the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape a poem; every flower a tender thought, and every forest a fairyland. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms; but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

MARMARA.

By CLARA BARTON, Philanthropist, Author. B. 1830, Massachusetts; resides at Washington, D. C.

Miss Barton is President of the Red Cross Society. The following poem was written at Constantinople, July 4, 1896, while Miss Barton was in Turkey superintending the work of Armenian relief for the Red Cross Society.

Published in the *Independent*, November 26, 1896.

IT was twenty and a hundred years, O blue and
rolling sea!

A thousand in the onward march of human liberty,
Since on its sunlit bosom, wind-tossed and sails un-
furled,

Atlantic's mighty billows bore a message to the
world.

It thunders down its rocky coast, and stirs its
frugal homes:
The Saxon hears it as he toils, the Indian as he
roams;
The buffalo upon the plains, the panther in his lair,
And the eagle hails the kindred note, and screams
it through the air.

“ Make way for liberty,” it roared, “ here let the
oppressed go free;
Break loose the bands of tyrant hands, this land is
not for thee!
The Old World in its crusted grasp grinds out the
souls of men;
Here plant their feet in freedom’s soil, this land was
made for them!”

The mother slept in her island home, but the chil-
dren heard the call,
And, ere the western sun went down, had answered,
one and all;
For Briton’s thirteen colonies had vanished in a
day,
And six and half a hundred men had signed their
lives away.

And brows were dark, and words were few, the
steps were quick and strong,
And firm the lips as ever his who treasures up a
wrong;

And stern the tone that offered up the prayer beside
the bed,
And many a Mollie Stark, that night, wept silent
tears of dread.

The bugles call, and swords are out, and armies
march abreast,
And the Old World casts a wondering glance to
the strange light in the West;
Lo! from its lurid lightning's play, free tossing in
the wind,
Bursts forth the star-gemmed flag that wraps the
hopes of all mankind.

And weary eyes grew brighter then, and fainting
hearts grew strong,
And hope was mingled in the cry, "How long, oh,
Lord, how long?"
The seething millions turn and stir, and struggle
toward the light;
The free flag streams and morning gleams where
erst was hopeless night.

And grim Atlantic thunders still, adown its rocky
shores,
And still the eagle screams his note, as aloft he sails
and soars;
And hope is born, that even thou, in some far day
to come,
O blue and rolling Marmara, shalt bear the mes-
sage home.

THE NEW AMERICANISM.

By HENRY WATTERSON, Orator, Journalist. B. 1840,
Washington, D. C. Editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

An extract from an address delivered at the Eighty-ninth annual festival of The New England Society, held in New York City, December 22, 1894.

HENRY W. GRADY told us, and told us truly, of that typical American, who, in Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who in Abraham Lincoln's actuality had already come. In some recent studies into the character of that great man I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. The ax, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who

danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom; from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion, to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship, of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word; as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true republicanism, and true patriotism,—distrusts of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes,—belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:

“ Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

“ Cast down our idols—overturn
Our bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity ! ”

WASHINGTON.

By JOHN PAUL BOCOCK. From "Twinkles."

"FIRST IN WAR."

THOSE glorious wars are long since sped,
The votive marble shrines their dead,
The memory of their hopes and fears,
Their gallant deeds, their blood and tears,
And of the patriots' noble rage
Has faded into history's page;
We have them, heroes all, and one,
The "first in war" was Washington.

"FIRST IN PEACE."

Lo! "victories no less renowned"
The long, bright century have crowned;
Beneath the fostering hands of peace,
Science, invention, wide increase,
The power that sways a continent,
The pride to Heaven alone that's bent
Are thine, Columbia, and thy son,
Still "first in peace" is Washington!

"FIRST IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN."

New crises to new men impart
The sturdy arm, the faithful heart;
But, while the old flag waves above
The land he gave to us to love,

Greater than king or emperor
We'll honor Washington: in war,
In peace, the first, and now, as then,
In all our hearts " his countrymen."

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

By JAMES THOMAS FIELDS, Author, Publisher. B. 1817,
New Hampshire; d. 1881, Boston.

On the 27th of July, 1866, telegraphic communication
was established between Europe and America, and has not
since been interrupted.

ALL great leaders have been inspired with a great belief. There is a faith so expansive, and a hope so elastic, that a man having them will keep on believing and hoping till all danger is past and victory is sure. Such a man was Cyrus Field, who spent so many years of his life in perfecting a communication second only in importance to the discovery of this country. It was a long, hard struggle. Thirteen years of anxious watching and ceaseless toil were his. Think what that enthusiast accomplished by his untiring energy! He made fifty voyages across the Atlantic. And when everything looked darkest for his enterprise, his courage never flagged for an instant. Think of him in those gloomy periods pacing the decks of ships on dark, stormy nights in mid-ocean, or wandering in the desolate forests of Newfoundland in pelting rains, comfortless and forlorn! Public excitement had grown wild over the mysterious workings of those flashing wires. And when the first cable

ceased to throb, the reaction was intense. Stockholders and the public grew exasperated and suspicious; unbelievers sneered at the whole project and called the telegraph a stupendous hoax. At last day dawned again, and another cable was paid out. Twelve hundred miles of it were laid down, and the ship was just lifting her head to a stiff breeze, when, without a moment's warning, the cable suddenly snapped short off and plunged into the sea. Field returned to England defeated. But his energy was even greater than before. In five months, by the blessing of Heaven, another cable was stretched from continent to continent.

Then came that never-to-be-forgotten search in four ships for the lost cable. In the bow of one of these ships stood Cyrus Field day and night, in storm and fog, in squall and calm, intently watching the quiver of the grapnel that was dragging two miles down on the bottom of the deep. The spirit of this brave man was rewarded. All felt as if life and death hung on the issue. It was only when the cable was brought over the bow and on the deck that men dared to breathe. Even then they hardly believed their eyes. Some crept toward it to see, feel of it, to be sure it was there. Then they carried it along to the electrician's room, to see if the long-sought treasure was alive or dead. A few minutes of suspense, and a flash told of the lightning current again set free. Some turned away and wept, others broke into cheers, and the cry ran from ship to ship, while rockets lighted up the darkness of the sea.

THE "BEST ROOM."

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Poet, Author, Professor.
B. 1809, Massachusetts; d. 1894.

THERE was a parlor in the house, a room
To make you shudder with its prudish gloom,
The furniture stood round with such an air,
There seemed to be a ghost in every chair;
Each looked as it had settled to its place
And pulled extempore a Sunday face,
So snugly proper for a world of sin,
Like boys on whom the minister comes in.
The table, fronting you with icy stare,
Strove to look witless that its legs were bare,
While the black sofa, with its horse-hair pall,
Gloomed like a bier for comfort's funeral.
Two pictures graced the wall in grimdest truth—
Mister and Mistress W. in their youth,
New England youth, that seemed a sort of pill,
Half wished I dared, half "Edwards on the Will,"
Bitter to swallow, and which leaves a trace
Of Calvinistic colic on the face.
Between them o'er the mantel hung in state
Solomon's temple, done in copperplate,
Invention pure, but meet, we may presume
To give some Scripture sanction to the room.
Facing this last two samplers you might see,
Each with its urn and stiffly weeping tree,
Devoted to some memory long ago
More faded than their lines of worsted woe.

Cut paper decked the frames against the flies,
Though none e'er dared an entrance who were
wise;
And bushed asparagus, in fading green,
Added its shiver to the Franklin clean.
When first arrived, I chilled a half hour there,
Nor dared deflower with use a single chair.
I caught no cold, yet flying pains could find
For weeks in me—a rheumatism of mind.

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES.

By EDMUND BURKE, Statesman, Orator. B. 1729, Ireland; d. 1797, England.

From speech on Moving Resolutions for Conciliation with the American Colonies, March 22, 1775.

ENGLAND's hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, are as strong as links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government; they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it once be understood that your government may be one thing and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation—the cement is gone; the cohesion is loosened; and everything hastens to decay and dissolution. As

long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith; wherever the chosen race and sons of England worship freedom, they will turn their faces toward you. The more they multiply, the more friends you will have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which originally made, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination as that your registers and your bonds, your affidavits and your sufferances, are what form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of the mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives all their life and efficacy to them. It is the spirit of the English constitution which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does everything for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy, and infuses into both that liberal obedience without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

MONA'S WATERS.

ANONYMOUS.

OH! Mona's waters are blue and bright

When the sun shines out like a gay young lover;
But Mona's waves are dark as night

When the face of heaven is clouded over.

The wild wind drives the crested foam

Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
And booming echoes drown the voice,

The silvery voice, of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild against that mountain's side

The wrathful waves were up and beating,
When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came;
With anxious brow and hurried greeting

He bade the widowed mother send
(While loud the tempest's voice was raging)
Her fair young son across the flood,
Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
“ Oh! yet delay, delay till morning,
For weak the hand that guides our bark,
Though brave his heart, all danger scorning.”
Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:
“ The safety of my fortress tower
Depends on tidings he must bring
From Fairlee bank, within the hour.

“ See'st thou, across the sullen wave,
A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
That flag a message brings to me
Of which my foes are little dreaming.
The boy *must* put his boat across
(Gold shall repay his hour of danger),
And bring me back with care and speed,
Three letters from the light-browed stranger.”

The orphan boy leaped lightly in;
Bold was his eye and brow of beauty,
And bright his smile as thus he spoke:
“ I do but pay a vassal's duty;
Fear not for me, O mother dear!
See how the boat the tide is spurning;
The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
And thou wilt watch me safe returning.”

He reached the shore—the letters claimed;
Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder
That one so young should brave alone
The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
And once again his snowy sail
Was seen by her—that mourning mother;
And once she heard his shouting voice—
That voice the waves were soon to smother.

Wild burst the wind, wide flapped the sail,
A crashing peal of thunder followed;
The gust swept o'er the water's face,
And caverns in the deep lake hollowed.
The gust swept past, the waves grew calm,
The thunder died along the mountain;
But where was he who used to play,
On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
And bitterly she wept for him,
The widow's son, who had no brother!
She raised his arm—the hand as closed;
With pain his stiffened fingers parted,
And on the sand three letters dropped!
His last dim thought—the faithful-hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
Remorse with pain and grief seemed blending;
A purse of gold he flung beside
That mother, o'er her dead child bending.

Oh! wildly laughed that woman then.

“ Glenvarloch! would ye dare to measure
The holy life that God has given
Against a heap of golden treasure?

“ Ye spurned my prayer, for we were poor;
But know, proud man, that God hath power
To smite the king on Scotland's throne,
The chieftain in his fortress tower.
Frown on! frown on! I fear ye not;
We've done the last of chieftain's bidding,
And cold he lies, for whose young sake
I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

“ Will gold bring back his cheerful voice,
That used to win my heart from sorrow?
Will silver warm the frozen blood,
Or make my heart less lone to-morrow?
Go back and seek your mountain home,
And when ye kiss your fair-haired daughter,
Remember him who died to-night
Beneath the waves of Mona's water.”

Old years rolled on, and new ones came—
Foes dare not brave Glenvarloch's tower;
But naught could bar the sickness out
That stole within fair Annie's bower.
The o'erblown flowerlet in the sun
Sinks languid down, and withers daily,
And so she sank—her voice grew faint,
Her laugh no longer sounded gayly.

Her step fell on the old oak floor
As noiseless as the snow-shower's drifting;
And from her sweet and serious eyes
They seldom saw the dark lid lifting.
"Bring aid! Bring aid!" the father cries;
"Bring aid!" each vassal's voice is crying;
"The fair-haired beauty of the isles,
Her pulse is faint—her life is flying!"

He called in vain; her dim eyes turned
And met his own with parting sorrow,
For well she knew, that fading girl,
That he must weep and wail the morrow.
Her faint breath ceased; the father bent
And gazed upon his fair-haired daughter.
What thought he on? The widow's son,
And the stormy night by Mona's water.

AN OCTOBER MORNING.

By RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, Novelist. B. 1825,
England.

An extract from his most famous novel, "Lorna Doone."

I WAS up the next morning before the October sunrise, and away through the wild and the woodland toward the Bagworthy water, at the foot of the long cascade. The rising of the sun was noble in the cold and warmth of it; peeping down the spread of light, he raised his shoulder heavily over the edge of gray mountain and wavering length of

upland. Beneath his gaze the dew-fogs dipped and crept to the hollow places; then stole away in line and column, holding skirts, and clinging subtly at the sheltering corners, where rock hung over grass-land; while the brave lines of the hills came forth, one beyond other gliding.

Then the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened mountains, stately with a depth of awe and memory of the tempests. Autumn's mellow hand was on them, as they owned already, touched with gold, and red, and olive; and their joy toward the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father.

Yet before the floating impress of the woods could clear itself, suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red rose, according to the scene they lit on, and the curtain flung around; yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness; all on the wings of hope advancing, and proclaiming, "God is here!" Then life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow; every flower, and bud, and bird had a fluttering sense of them; and all the flashing of God's gaze merged into soft beneficence.

The bar of rock, with the water-cleft breaking steeply through it, stood bold and bare, and dark in shadow, gray with red gullies down it. But the sun was beginning to glisten over the comb of the eastern highland, and through an archway of the wood hung with old nests and ivy. The lines of many a leaning tree were thrown, from the cliffs

of the foreland, down upon the sparkling grass at the foot of the western crags. And through the dewy meadow's breast, fringed with shade, but touched on one side with the sun-smile, ran the crystal water, curving in its brightness like diverted hope.

So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill and valley, nor great unvintaged ocean; when glory shall not scare happiness, neither happiness envy glory; but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance, because itself is risen.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, Poet. B. 1852, Indiana.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his
pray'rs—

An' when he went to bed 'at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,

An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'
wheres, I guess,

But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
roundabout!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Wafch

Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks
was there,

She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
know'd what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
blue,

An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,

An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,
You better mind your parents, an' yer teachers fond
 an' dear,

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
 orphant's tear,

An' help the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all
 about,

Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you

 Don't

 Watch

 Out!

THE CARDINAL'S SOLILOQUY.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Novelist, Statesman.
B. 1805, England; d. 1873.

Armand Jean Du Plessis, Cardinal, Duc de Richelieu, was born at Paris, France, 1585, and died in 1642. He became the Minister of State under Louis XIII., and virtual ruler of France.

From the drama, "Richelieu; or, The Conspiracy."

RICHELIEU (*reading*). "In silence, and at night,
the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power."
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried? Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beckoning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first :tep, dull-slumbering on the earth.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory, and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their aëry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought, or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathom'd Time?

Yet are my sins not those of Circumstance,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take

The tints that color, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose
weight

Will bear but one, while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar, and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen through the
surf,

Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!

History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are, and by the mocking skull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features.
Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton! Without
The colorings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous.

I have shed blood, but I have had no foes
Save those the State had; if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy: blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time; breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,

And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth

In contest with the insects; bearding kings
And brav'd by lackeys; murder at my bed;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three, that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the
Headsman.

•
Would fortune serve me if the Heaven were wroth?
For chance makes half my greatness. I was born
Beneath the aspect of a bright-eyed star,
And my triumphant adamant of soul
Is but the fix'd persuasion of success.

Ah!—here!—that spasm!—again! How life and
Death

Do wrestle for me momently! And yet
The King looks pale. I shall outlive the King!
And then, thou insolent Austrian—who didst gibe
At the ungainly, gaunt, and daring lover,
Sleeking thy locks to silken Buckingham,
Thou shalt—no matter! I have outliv'd love.
O beautiful, all golden, gentle youth!
Making thy palace in the careless front
And hopeful eye of man, ere yet the soul
Hath lost the memories which (so Plato dream'd)
Breath'd glory from the earlier star it dwelt in—
Oh, for one gale from thine exulting morning,
Stirring amidst the roses, where of old
Love shook the dew-drops from his glancing hair!
Could I recall the past, or had not set

The prodigal treasures of the bankrupt soul
In one slight bark upon the shoreless sea;
The yokèd steer, after his day of toil,
Forgets the goad, and rests; to me alike
Or day or night—Ambition has no rest!

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782, New Hampshire; lived in Massachusetts after 1804 and in Washington, D. C.; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

TRUE eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in

the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime Godlike action.

AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

By ALICE CARY, Poet. B. 1820, Ohio ; d. 1871, New York City.

O, good painter, tell me true,
Has your hand the cunning to draw
Shapes of things that you never saw?
Ay? Well, here is an order for you.

Woods and cornfields a little brown,—
The picture must not be overbright,—
Yet all in the golden and gracious light,
Of a cloud when the summer sun is down.

Listen closer. When you have done
With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
Looked down upon, you must paint for me;
Oh, if I only could make you see

The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
The woman's soul and the angel's face
That are beaming on me all the while!
I need not speak these foolish words:
Yet one word tells you all I would say,—
She is my mother: you will agree
That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins at her knee
You must paint, sir; one like me,—
The other with a clearer brow,
And the light of his adventurous eyes
Flashing with boldest enterprise:
At ten years old he went to sea,—
God knoweth if he be living now,—
He sailed in the good ship *Commodore*,
Nobody ever crossed her track
To bring us news, and she never came back.
Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
Since that old ship went out of the bay
With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
And his face was toward me all the way.
Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
The time we stood at our mother's knee;
That beauteous head, if it did go down,
Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night
We were together, half afraid,

Of the corn-leaves' rustling, and of the shade
Of the high hills, stretching so still and far,—

Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs,—
The other a bird, held fast by the legs,
Not so big as a straw of wheat;
The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
But cried and cried, till we held her bill,
So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.

Do you think, sir, if you try,
You can paint the look of a lie?
If you can, pray have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me;
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed:
But that's no matter, paint it so;
The eyes of our mother—(take good heed)—
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And oh, with such injured, reproachful surprise,
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as
though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know,
That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet,—

Woods and cornfields and mulberry tree,—
The mother, the lads, with their birds, at her
knee,

But, oh, that look of reproachful woe!
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you paint the picture, and leave *that* out.

LABOR.

By THOMAS CARLYLE, Philosopher, Historian, Essayist.
B. 1795, Scotland ; d. 1881, England.

THERE is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were a man ever so benighted, or forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in him who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into real harmony. He bends himself with free valor against his task; and doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The glow of labor in him is a purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up; and of smoke itself there is made a bright and blessed flame. Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is life. From the heart of the worker rises the celestial force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awaking him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast

thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim, brute powers of Fact, thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work, the possibilities are diffused through immensity—undiscoverable, except to Faith.

Man, son of heaven! is there not in thine inmost heart a spirit of active method, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it? Complain not. Look up, wearied brother. See thy fellow-workmen surviving through eternity—the sacred band of immortals!

DAISY.

By EMILY WARREN. From *Good Housekeeping*.

COULD you have seen the violets
That blossomed in her eyes,
Could you have kissed that golden hair
And drunk her baby sighs,
You would have been her tiring maid
As joyfully as I,
Content to deck your little queen,
And let the world go by.

Could you have seen those violets
Hide in their graves of snow,
Drawn all that gold along your hand,
While she lay, smiling so,—

O, you would tread this weary earth
As heavily as I,
Content to clasp her little grave,
And let the world go by.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH, Lecturer. B. 1817, Kent, England ; d. 1886, Pennsylvania.

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah! they were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather

with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while falsehood and wrong parade in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him; and God himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over his own! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man’s finger be pointed at him, though every woman’s lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority, for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him than all that be against him!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By WALT WHITMAN, Poet. B. 1819, New York; d. 1892, New Jersey.

The poem refers to Abraham Lincoln, who was assassinated April 14, 1865.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we
sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells:
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the
bugle trills;

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you
the shores a-crowding;

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
still,

My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
nor will,

The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with ob-
ject won:

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

By CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, Lawyer, Orator, Railroad President. B. 1834. New York.

From an address delivered at Troy, N. Y., May 17, 1895, at the unveiling of the statue of Mrs. Emma Hart Willard, who established the first permanent seminary in America for the advanced education of women.

EVERY country and every period must be judged by its treatment of women. By this standard the measure of praise for the past is very limited. The centuries and the countries where woman was a toy were distinguished for paganism and immorality; the centuries and the countries where woman was a slave or subordinate to men were characterized by ignorance and brutality. It is the mother, with her culture, or with the lack of it, who makes the family and marks the state.

It is a lamentable fact that it requires two thousand years from Calvary to enforce the truths there taught of equal opportunity for the sexes. It is less than one hundred years since higher education for women was possible. At the close of the eighteenth century Mrs. Barbauld, who was almost the only educated woman of her time, and educated only because her father was a school-teacher and needed her assistance, sang in her poetry that "Woman's sphere was to please." Her thought was an apology for her own education and a deference to the prejudices of the period against a

woman of reading and culture. Abigail Adams, the brainiest and most widely read of the mothers of the Revolution, said in one of her letters that the only education deemed necessary for a woman at that time was that she should be able to read and write and know enough of arithmetic for domestic accounts. Sidney Smith, a quarter of a century afterward, in opening the battle in England for the education of woman, declared that the opinion in the highest circles of Great Britain was that her usefulness and her charms were in proportion to her possession of "nimble fingers and an empty head." That Mrs. Somerville should lead in the sciences of her day, and that Miss Herschel should win equal fame with her famous brother in the field of astronomy, were regarded simply as extraordinary phenomena and fraught with equally extraordinary dangers. The whole literature, and the teachings of books, pamphlets, the press, and the pulpit of the early part of our century were that woman was physically and mentally unequal to a liberal education. Now we have Vassar and Smith, and Wellesley and Holyoke, and Wells and Radcliffe, and Barnard and other institutions, all of them doing magnificent work, and demonstrating the capacity of women for equal intellectual effort and development with men; presenting a corps of superb alumnae, who in every sphere of womanly activity have demonstrated the infinite superiority of the educated to the uneducated woman.

We must especially recognize the debt which the women of the United States, and the men as deeply, owe to Emma Willard. She was an apostle, an evangel, of the higher education of woman; she had the courage to undertake and the genius to see the success of the effort. When there was naught but ridicule or denunciation for an enterprise which it was predicted would break up the family and destroy the fireside, she, with serene faith and unfaltering purpose, set out to educate the girls who should dignify, adorn, and elevate the home. She struggled for a quarter of a century before her efforts received recognition and applause beyond the boundaries of her own alumnae. She stood with her seminary for a quarter of a century before the country was aroused to the importance of the movement, and the sentiment had materialized in these great seminaries of learning for women which are now the ornament and hope of our period. Her influence did not stop here. It crossed the ocean; it broke down the prejudices and the conditions of the most conservative of nations; it created Girton and Newnham colleges under the shadows of Oxford and Cambridge, and it earned for them and their students equal advantages in the curriculums of these historic seats of learning.

The most interesting book which could be issued from our press would be one which detailed the results of higher education for women in the last

quarter of a century. It has opened for them opportunities for a livelihood beyond the dreams of the past. It has emancipated them from the needle, with its conditions of slavery and of pauperism. It has given them numberless fields where brains and training receive their reward. Not only has the community been relieved from dangers, not only has the state been saved from burdens, not only has the world had its distress enormously alleviated, but industry and art and invention have been stimulated and quickened by woman's touch and genius. Journalism and literature have been broadened and vivified by the efforts of the alumnae of these great institutions. The American home has found in educated woman a more attractive wife and a mother who is also a teacher. The educated woman has arrived, and her coming has done as much for the beauty and the splendor and the loveliness of American civilization as the discovery of America by Columbus under the auspices of Queen Isabella did for the world.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

By MARGARET ELIZABETH SANGSTER, Poet, Author, Editor of *Harper's Young People*. B. 1838, New York.

A poem published in *Harper's Round Table*, February, 1897.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record
So white and free from stain
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart,
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flag of stars is flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely,
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

By EUGENE FIELD, Poet, Humorist. B. 1850, St. Louis Mo.; d. 1895, Chicago, Ill.

THE little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said,
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years
through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

THE TENDENCIES OF SELF-GOVERNMENT.

By LYMAN ABBOTT, Clergyman, Author. B. 1835, Massachusetts; lives in Brooklyn, N. Y., and is pastor of Plymouth Church.

An extract from "The Place of the Individual in American Society," an article contributed to "The United States of America," published in 1894, by D. Appleton & Co.

SINCE the final end of life is the development of character, government is to be tested, not by the temporal and immediate advantages which it may afford, but by its power to promote the development of true men and women. No government accomplishes this end so effectively as democratic government. Since democratic government is self-government, it introduces every man into a school of experience—of all schools the one in which the training is most thorough and the progress most rapid. The first appeal of democracy is to the self-esteem of a people who have thought

but meanly of themselves, or not thought at all. Its first effect is to throw the responsibility of life upon men who have not been prepared for that responsibility by any previous education. Its first results, therefore, often seem disadvantageous and even disastrous. It produces self-conceit, irreverence, disregard of the experience of the past as embodied in historical traditions, self-will and consequent lawlessness, and an eager and restless spirit of ambition. And since under self-government the nation is guided by men without experience, national history under a democracy is always liable to be marred by grave and even dangerous blunders. But these are the incidental evils which necessarily accompany the first stages in evolution from a state of pupilage, if not of serfdom, to a state of liberty and manhood. The beneficial results of that education which self-government alone can afford are, on the contrary, both fundamental and enduring. This school awakens in its pupils faith, first in themselves, then in their fellow-men; that lethargy which is akin to despair is supplanted by a great hope which becomes the inspiration to great achievements. Responsibility sobers the judgment and steadies the will of the growing man; his blunders and their consequences teach him lessons which, learned in the school of experience, he never forgets; and the faith and hope which have been aroused in him bring faith in and hope for humanity, not merely for himself. A public opinion is thus created which is stronger than standing

armies, and a spirit of mutual confidence and mutual good will is fostered, which, though not disinterested benevolence, and still less a substitute for it, tends to its development. Thus the gradual and increasing effect of democracy is to give to its pupils, in lieu of a faith in some unknown God, faith first in humanity and then in God, as witnessed in the life and experience of humanity; in lieu of a reverence for a few elect superiors, respect for all men; in lieu of a lethargic counterfeit of contentment, a far-reaching and inspiring though sometimes too eager hopefulness; and in lieu of an often servile submission to accidental masters, a spirit of sturdy independence and mutual fellowship. So does democracy, though by very gradual and often conflicting processes, produce the liberty of a universal brotherhood, and possess the secret of public peace, the promise of public prosperity, the hope of social righteousness, and inspiration to illimitable progress.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor, Poet.
B. 1807, Maine; d. 1882, Massachusetts.

Paul Revere, Patriot, was born in Boston in 1735 and died there in 1818.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five:
Hardly a man is now alive

Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend,—“ If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said, “ Good-night! ” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till, in the silence around him, he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the Old North
church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,

To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen, and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.

And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam, of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And he felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.

He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forever more!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER.

ANONYMOUS.

It is the Fourth day of July, 1776.

In the old State House in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of British despotism. There is silence in the hall—every face is turned toward the door where the committee of three, who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens, the committee appears. That tall man with the sharp features, the bold brow, and the sand-hued hair, holding the parchment in his hand, is a Virginia farmer, Thomas Jefferson. That stout-built man with stern look and flashing eye, is a Boston man, one John Adams. And that calm-faced man with hair drooping in thick curls to his shoulders, that is the Philadelphia printer, Benjamin Franklin.

The three advance to the table.

The parchment is laid there.

Shall it be signed or not? A fierce debate ensues. Jefferson speaks a few bold words. Adams pours out his whole soul. The deep-toned voice of Lee is heard, swelling in syllables of thunderlike music. But still there is doubt, and one pale-faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet.

“Gibbet?” echoes a fierce, bold voice through the hall. “Gibbet? They may stretch our necks

on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold; every tree into a gallows; every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment there can never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the ax a new champion of freedom will spring into birth. The British King may blot out the stars of God from the sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish. His words, never!

“ The words of this declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom; but to the coward-kings, these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear.

“ Sign that parchment! Sign, and not only for yourselves, but for all ages, for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts, suddenly transformed into a people—a handful of men weak in arms—but mighty in God-like faith; nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me, if you can, that God has not given America to be free!

“ It is not given to our poor human intellect to climb to the skies, and to pierce the councils of the

Almighty One. But methinks I stand among the awful clouds which veil the brightness of Jehovah's throne.

“ Methinks I see the recording angel come trembling up to that throne to speak his dread message. ‘ Father, the old world is baptized in blood. Father, look with one glance of thine eternal eye, and behold evermore that terrible sight, man trodden beneath the oppressor's feet, nations lost in blood, murder and superstition walking hand in hand over the graves of their victims, and not a single voice to whisper hope to man! ’

“ He stands there, the angel, trembling with the record of human guilt. But hark! The voice of Jehovah speaks out from the awful cloud: ‘ Let there be light again! Tell my people, the poor and oppressed, to go out from the old world, from oppression and blood, and build my altar in the new! ’

“ As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His voice! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—God has given America to be free! Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg you to sign that parchment for the sake of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words, ‘ You are free! ’ ”

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat; but the work was done.

A wild murmur runs through the hall. "Sign!" There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another, another, and another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman! And now the parchment is signed.

Now, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of that bell! Is there not a poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than that of Shakspere and Milton? Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those sublime tones which broke from angel lips when the news of the child Jesus burst on the hill-tops of Bethlehem? For the tones of that bell now come pealing, pealing, pealing, "Independence now and Independence forever!"

GARETH.

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet. B. 1809, England; d. 1892.

An extract from "Gareth and Lynette," one of the "Idylls of the King," published between 1858 and 1886.

THE last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
And tallest, Gareth, in a showerful spring
Stared at the spate. A slender-shafted Pine
Lost footing, fell, and so was whirl'd away.

“ How he went down,” said Gareth, “ as a false
Knight

Or evil king before my lance, if lance
Were mine to use—O senseless cataract,
Bearing all down in thy precipitancy—
And yet thou art but swollen with cold snows
And mine is living blood: thou dost His will,
The Maker’s, and not knowest, and I that know,
Have strength and wit, in my good mother’s hall
Linger with vacillating obedience,
Prison’d, and kept and coax’d and whistled to—
Since the good mother holds me still a child!”

And Gareth went, and hovering round her chair
Ask’d, “ Mother, tho’ ye count me still a child,
Sweet mother, do ye love the child?” She laugh’d,
“ Thou art but a wild-goose to question it.”
“ Then, mother, an ye love the child,” he said,
“ Being a goose and rather tame than wild,
Hear the child’s story.” “ Yea, my well-beloved,
An ’twere but of the goose and golden eggs.”

And Gareth answer’d her with kindling eyes,
“ Nay, nay, good mother, but this egg of mine
Was finer gold than any goose can lay;
For this an Eagle, a royal Eagle, laid
Almost beyond eye-reach, on such a palm
As glitters gilded in thy Book of Hours.
And there was ever haunting round the palm
A lusty youth, but poor, who often saw
The splendor sparkling from aloft, and thought

‘ An I could climb and lay my hand upon it,
Then were I wealthier than a leash of kings.’
But ever when he reach’d a hand to climb,
One, that had loved him from his childhood, caught
And stay’d him, ‘ Climb not, lest thou break thy
neck,
I charge thee by my love,’ and so the boy,
Sweet mother, neither clomb, nor brake his neck,
But brake his very heart in pining for it,
And past away.”

Then Bellicent bemoan’d herself and said,
“ Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?
Lo, where thy father Lot beside the hearth
Lies like a log, and all but smolder’d out!
Stay therefore thou; ” . . .

Then Gareth, “ An ye hold me yet for child,
Hear yet once more the story of the child.
For, mother, there was once a King, like ours.
The prince his heir, when tall and marriageable,
Ask’d for a bride; and thereupon the King
Set two before him. One was fair, strong, arm’d—
But to be won by force—and many men
Desired her; one, good lack! no man desired.
And these were the conditions of the King:
That save he won the first by force, he needs
Must wed that other, whom no man desired,
A red-faced bride who knew herself so vile,
That evermore she long’d to hide herself,
Nor fronted man or woman, eye to eye—

Yea—some she cleaved to, but they died of her.
And one—they call'd her Fame; and one, O
Mother,
How can ye keep me tether'd to you—Shame!
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do.
Follow the deer? follow the Christ, the King,
Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow the
King—
Else, wherefore born?"

ZENOPIA'S DEFENSE.

By WILLIAM WARE, Novelist, Critic. B. 1797, Massachusetts; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

I AM charged with pride and ambition. The charge is true, and I glory in its truth. Who ever achieved anything great in letters, art, or arms, who was *not* ambitious? Cæsar was not more ambitious than Cicero. It was but in another way. All greatness is born of ambition. Let the ambition be a noble one, and who shall blame it? I confess I did once aspire to be queen, not only of Palmyra, but of the East. *That* I am. I now aspire to remain so. Is it not an honorable ambition? Does it not become a descendant of the Ptolemies and of Cleopatra? I am applauded by you all for what I have already done. You would not it should have been less.

But why pause here? Is *so much* ambition praiseworthy, and *more* criminal? Is it fixed in

nature that the limits of this empire should be Egypt on the one hand, the Hellespont and the Euxine on the other? Were not Suez and Armenia more natural limits? Or hath empire no natural limits, but is as broad as the genius that can devise, and the power that can win? Rome has the West. Let Palmyra possess the East. Not that nature prescribes this and no more. The gods prospering, I mean that the Mediterranean shall not hem me in upon the west, or Persia on the east. Longinus is right, I would that the *world* were mine. I feel within the will and the power to bless it, were it so.

Are not my people happy? I look upon the past and the present, upon my nearer and remoter subjects, and ask, nor fear the answer, Whom have I wronged? What province have I oppressed; what city pillaged; what region drained with taxes? Whose life have I unjustly taken, or whose estates have I coveted or robbed? Whose honor have I wantonly assailed? Whose rights, though of the weakest and poorest, have I violated? I dwell, where I would ever dwell, in the hearts of my people. It is written in your faces, that I reign not more *over* you than *within* you. The foundation of my throne is not more power than love. . .

This is no vain boasting; receive it not so, good friends. It is but the truth. He who traduces *himself* sins in the same way as he who traduces *another*. He who is unjust to himself, or less than just, breaks a law, as well as he who hurts his

neighbor. I tell you what I am, and what I have done, that your trust for the future may not rest on ignorant grounds. If I am more than just to myself, rebuke me. If I have overstepped the modesty that became me, I am open to your censure, and I will bear it.

But I have spoken that you may know your queen, not only by her acts, but by her admitted principles. I tell you then that I *am* ambitious, that I *crave dominion*, and while I live I *will* reign. Sprung from a line of kings, a throne is my natural seat. I love it. But I strive too, you can bear me witness that I do, that it shall be, while I sit upon it, an honored and unpolluted seat. If I can, I will hang a yet brighter glory around it.

CONSIDER.

By CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, Poet. B. 1830, London; d. 1894.

CONSIDER

The lilies of the field, whose bloom is brief—

We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air, of small account:

Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us too.

Consider
 The lilies, that do neither spin nor toil,
 Yet are most fair—
 What profits all this care,
 And all this coil?

Consider
 The birds, that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
 God gives them food—
 Much more our Father seeks
 To do us good.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST.

By RUDYARD KIPLING, Poet, Author. B. 1864, Bombay ;
 resides in England. Copyright by Macmillan & Co.

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the
 twain shall meet,
 Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great
 Judgment Seat;
 But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor
 Breed, nor Birth,
 When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they
 come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border
 side,
 And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the
 Colonel's pride:
 He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the
 dawn and the day,

And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden
her far away.

Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a
troop of the Guides:

“ Is there never a man of all my men can say where
Kamal hides? ”

Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of
the Ressaldar,

“ If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye
know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he is into
Bonair,

But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place
to fare,

So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can
fly,

By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win
to the Tongue of Jagai,

But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai, right
swiftly turn ye then,

For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain
is sown with Kamal's men.

There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and
low lean thorn between,

And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a
man is seen.”

The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw
rough dun was he. . .

The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid
him stay to eat—

Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.

He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,

Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,

Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,

And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.

He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.

“Ye shoot like a soldier!” Kamal said. “Show now if ye can ride.”

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woeful heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—small
room was there to strive—

“ ‘Twas only by favor of mine,’ quoth he, “ ye rode
so long alive:

There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was
not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own with his rifle cocked
on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand as I have held it low,
The little jackals, that flee so fast, were feasting all
in a row.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son:—“ Do good to
bird and beast,

But count who come for the broken meats before
thou makest a feast.

If there should follow a thousand swords to carry
my bones away,

Belike the rice of a jackal’s meal were more than a
thief could pay.

They will feed their horse on the standing crop,
their men on the garnered grain,

The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when
all the cattle are slain.

But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy brethren
wait to sup,

The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl, dog,
and call them up!

And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and
gear and stack,

Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight my
own way back!”

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.

“No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “when wolf and gray wolf meet.”

Lightly answered the Colonel’s son: “I hold by the blood of my clan:

Take up the mare for my father’s gift—by Heaven, she has carried a man!”

The red mare ran to the Colonel’s son, and muzzled against his breast,

“We be two strong men,” said Kamal then, “but she loveth the younger best.

So she shall go with a lifter’s dower, my turquoise-studded rein,

My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain.”

The Colonel’s son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end;

“Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he; “will ye take the mate from a friend?”

“A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight; “a limb for the risk of a limb.

Thy father has sent his son to me, I’ll send my son to him!”

With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest—

He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.

“Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “who leads a troop of the Guides,

And thou must ride at his left side as shield on
shoulder rides.
Till death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board
and bed,
Thy life is his—thy fate it is to guard him with thy
head.
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all
her foes are thine,
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace
of the Border-line,
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy
way to power—
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am
hanged in Peshawur.”

MOUSE-HUNTING.

By MARY ABIGAIL DODGE (“Gail Hamilton”), Author.
B. 1830, Massachusetts; d. 1896.

HERE we stop for the night. You are shown into a room that has not been opened since its occupant left it, and is unsavory and untidy to the last degree. An appeal to the gentlemanly clerk secures a change for the better; but there is a hole by the fireplace in Number Two that looks suspicious. You cross-examine the porter, who assures you that it has no significance whatever. A mouse in that room is an event of which history gives no record. Nevertheless, you take the precaution to stuff the hole with an old newspaper, and are awak-

ened at midnight by the dreadful rustling of paper. A dreadful gnawing succeeds the dreadful rustling, and away goes a boot in the direction of the sound. There is a pause broken only by heart-throbs! Then another gnawing, followed by a boot till the supply is exhausted. Then you begin on the pillows. A longer pause gives rise to the hope that order is about to reign in Warsaw, and you are just falling asleep again, when a smart scratching close to your ear shoots you to the other side of the room, with the conviction that the mouse is running up the folds of the curtain at the head of your bed. In a frenzy you ring violently, and ask through the door for a chambermaid.

“Can’t have no chambermaid this time o’ night,” drawls the porter sleepily.

“Then send up a mouse-trap.”

“Aint no mouse-trap in the house.”

“Then bring a cat!”

“Dunno nothin’ about it,” and he scuffs his slumped feet down the long gallery, growling audibly, poor fellow, half suspecting evidently that he is the victim of a joke; but alas! it is no joke.

You mount sentry on the foot of the bed, facing the enemy. He emerges from the curtain, runs up and down the slats of the blind in innocent glee, flaunts across the window-seat, flashing every now and then into obscurity; and this is the worst of all. When you see him he is in one place, but when you do not see him he is everywhere. You hold fast your umbrella, and from time to time make vigor-

ous raps on the floor to keep him out of your immediate vicinity, and so the night wears wearily away. Your refreshing sleep turns into a campaign against a mouse, for which agreeable entertainment you pay in the morning three dollars and a half; and the gentlemanly clerk, with a pitying smile, informs you, "Oh, we cannot help that! There are mice all over the house!"

BRIER-ROSE.

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, Novelist, Teacher. B. 1848, Norway; d. 1895, New York.

SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:

"What *will* become of you, my child, there is nobody knows.

You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;

You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,

The goodwife, as she bustled with pot, and tray, and sieve;

But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:

"Why, I shall marry, mother dear," full merrily she said.

“ You marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is
not found
To marry such a worthless maid, these seven
leagues around.”
But Brier-Rose, she laughed, and she trilled a
merry lay:
“ Perhaps he’ll come, my mother dear, from seven-
teen leagues away!”

The goodwife, with a “ humph! ” and a sigh, for-
sook the battling,
But threw her pots and pails about with much vin-
dictive rattling.
“ Alas! what sin did I commit in youthful days and
wild,
That I am punished in my age with such a way-
ward child? ”

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step
could hear,
And, laughing, pressed an airy kiss behind the
goodwife’s ear.
And she, as e’er relenting, sighed: “ Oh, Heaven
only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-
Rose.”

Whene’er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her
wrath could hide;

For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's perfume.

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old, and yet remained unwed.

And all the parish wondered: "If anybody knows, Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose?"

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain rills
With their tinkling, and their rippling, and their rushing filled the air,
With the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies, that hissed, and seethed,
and swirled;
Now shooting through the rapids, and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged, and wreathed in foam the dark boughs of the pine,

The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent
each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the
stream.

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices in
the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring
light,
And wandering gusts of dampness, and round us
far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the
sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of
gold and red,
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the
narrows sped.
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty
tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of
spray.

“Now, lads,” the sheriff shouted, “you are strong,
like Norway’s rock;
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the
lumber-lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters’ spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years
of toil.”

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbour would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant
Norsemen should.
But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a
lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made
the firm rock quake.

“Two hundred crowns!” the sheriff cried, and
breathless stood the crowd.
“Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!” in anxious
tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or
stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was
heard.

But as with trembling hands, and with fainting
hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging from the
wood.
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing
through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round
about.
“Fling her into the river!” we heard the matrons
shout;

“Chase her away, the silly thing; for God himself
scarce knows
Why ever He created that worthless Brier-Rose.”

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little
pensive smile
Across her fair face flitted that might a stone be-
guile;
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little
cock:
“Hand me a boat-hook, lads,” she said; “I think
I’ll break the lock.”

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of
young and old:
“Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue
was ever bold.”
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hand was
flung,
When, lo! into the river’s midst, with daring leaps,
she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and
blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-
sprite at play.
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color
through the mist—
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little, dainty
wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.
For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking sound,
And then a crash of thunder, which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky steep.
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrents swiftly bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst not weave or spin;
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER, Orator, President of Hamilton College. B. 1851, New York; resides at Clinton, N. Y.

Delivered in New York City at a banquet of the Republican Club, February 12, 1897.

✓ THANKS, under God, to him whose singular greatness is the token of all these greetings, we have a Republic, undivided and indivisible. ✓ Upon this radiant and solemn anniversary you are assembled to relight the torch of the wide-awake and the flambeau of mourning, gazing through all, upon yonder untorn emblem, the guerdon when freedom was re-born and the guidon of our forward marching. Beautiful flag! Dearer for his true sake who loved and maintained it! Having beamed over broken manacles may it never blush over broken promises! From fort and fleet, from school and capitol and home, let it float unsullied—the morning bloom of freedom and equal justice to all who hope because they remember. ✓ And if by foes without, or direr foes within, its true meaning shall ever be menaced, may it be protected and lifted higher yet by hands that shall take heart of grace in recalling him—knight of the ax and master of the pen, who held party as his instrument, politics as his opportunity, patriotism his motive, and the people's ultimate truth his goal.

What a personality, and what a story! How exhaustlessly fascinating its pathos! At first, as

we think of his heredity and environment, we wonder how such a man could have issued from such circumstances, but reflecting, we discern that those antecedents were not accidental, but providential, and that the God who intended the result furnished the disciplines. God was the tutor of this great commoner, and his career is a standing rebuke of dilettante idleness, and freezes the sneer upon the thin lips of caste. He inherited his father's frame and his mother's heart as his sole fortune. They were enough: they gave him that courage and that sympathy which were the outfit of a peerless manhood.

Humanly speaking, he was never "brought up"; he came up, by hardest struggle through dismal lack and stark necessity. But he came up, and up he stands, distinctly the typical American nobleman. And no cradle of Plantagenet or of Hanover, of Hapsburg, Bourbon, or Brandenburg, ever rocked so much of immortal renown.

Farm-hand, flat-boatman, store clerk, land surveyor, militiaman, country lawyer—then all at once the heart and will of a party; nay, of a people; then the object lesson of the world; then the lament of a generation; then immortal! The path fitted the goal!

From the outset his remarkable estimating of men, his keen perception of aptitude, his dignified independence, his finality of cautious decision, stood revealed. Fast went the strange, foreboding days. Then rang out the awful trumpet. Then sounded

out mightily the first of those proclamations demanding the great price of freedom; and from the lumber camps of the Androscoggin and the Escanaba; from the quarries of Vermont and New Hampshire; from the fishing smacks of Massachusetts and the spindles of Rhode Island; from the colleges of Connecticut and New York and Ohio; from the mines of Pennsylvania and Michigan; from the counting rooms of the cities of Sam Adams and Alexander Hamilton and Ben Franklin and cities a hundred more; from the Adirondacks and the Alleghanies and the far Sierras; from village and prairie and lakeside and highway, there arose the answer of the free: "All up!"

What words he spoke—this unconditional man! What a repertoire are his untarnished phrases of patriotism and high devotion! His proclamations were battles, conclusions, anthems. Apt in adage and apothegm, his illustrated speech, so homely yet so constructive, was like that of *Æsop*. Lincoln had that true oratory which, in Webster's words, "does not consist in speech, but exists in the man, in the occasion, and in the subject." Candor, conviction, clearness—these were his. "All facts and principles had to run through the crucible of an inflexible judgment."

This homely oracle, though never clouded by abstractions, was withal a supreme idealist. He saw above the storm the white-winged Angel of Peace, and therefore he urged forward the necessary war. His courage was rooted in his sublime

faith. "Whatsoever shall appear to be God's will I will do," was his constant attitude, and than that naught can deeper go. Diplomat, strategist, master of speech, monarch of occasion, humane, believing, often did he weep, but never did he flinch or falter!

Oh, piteous end! "Fallen, cold and dead," the captain lies. That face with all its rugged honesty, its homely beauty, its lines of leadership in suffering, its august peace is gone! The long columns that tread Pennsylvania Avenue, with the smoke of the great sacrifice behind them, shall not salute the chief!

But those other squadrons, invisible, that crowd the air—"the great cloud of witnesses"—there is he, passed over to the ranks of the immortal great. At its very meridian, snatched from our skies, that soul shines on, and will shine—"till the stars are cold."

The completions of such a life are not withheld—they are transfused. We are to-day what Lincoln helped us to become. His work is not yet done. The tale, fit for the foundation of a mighty drama, worthy of a deathless epic, will never be exhausted while the last American remains who is a man. The hills sink as we leave them—the mountains rise. Once more, all true Americans, by this immutable renown are you bidden to that patriotism to which every other narrower title is but subordinate and instrumental. This people's-man certifies to us that the Republic must voice the people, else

it shall sink into autocracy, plutocracy, oligarchy, anarchy!

God purge us of bad men and their bad ways!
Still sings Columbia:

“ Bring me men to match my mountains,
Bring me men to match my plains—
Men with empires in their purpose
And new eras in their brains ;
Pioneers to clear thought’s marshlands
And to cleanse old error’s fen ;
Bring me men to match my mountains—
Bring me men ! ”

We must summon to our ranks and be worthy
to keep there all who love our Nation’s truth.

“ Oh, Ship of State—
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

“ Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o’er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee ! ”

THE DROP OF WATER.

(*Inquisition—Ca. 1560.*)

By HARRY STACKPOLE.

THEY have chained me in the central hall,
And are letting drops of water fall
On my forehead so close to the granite wall;
Drop—drop.

They were cold at first, but they now are warm,
And I feel a prick like the prick of a thorn,
Which comes with the fall of each drop so warm;
Drop—drop.

A circle I feel beginning to form.
A circle of fire round each drop so warm,
A circle that throbs to the prick of the thorn;
Drop—drop.

The circle is growing between my eyes,
Each drop that falls increases its size,
And a flame of fire upward flies;
At each
Drop—drop.

It's growing larger—my God! the pain
Of this awful, damnable circular flame,
Cutting its way through my throbbing brain;
Drop—drop.

It's growing larger, dilating my brain,
Before its circular throbbing flame,
Till I feel like a universe of pain;
Drop—drop.

Suns of fire are falling fast,
Drop—drop.
On to my brain—O God, can this last?
Drop—drop.

The stars of the universe all beat time,
As each raging sun of heat and flame
Falls with a measured throb on my brain;
Drop—drop.

Time has grown as large as my brain,
Drop—drop.

Ten million years of agonized pain
Lie between the fall of each sun of flame;
Drop—drop.

Something is coming!
Drop—drop.

Something is going to happen!
Drop—

Something has snapped!
The falling suns cease!
O God! can it be that you've sent me release?
Is this death, this feeling of exquisite peace?
It is death.

AN UNKNOWN HERO.

By ERNEST LUDLOW BOGART, Author, Teacher. B. 1870,
New York; resides at Yonkers, N. Y.

YES, I've worked here, inside this mine, twelve
years.

Accidents? Well, yes! now and then they come,
Though mostly they're hushed up, so no one hears
What's happened, 'cept the men. It's troublesome

If one comes 'round the mines and interferes.
You aint ever heard how I lost my chum
Here in this valley, have you, years ago?
I thought perhaps you might have heard of Joe.

We two were always friends; when we were boys
We both picked slate. Then, as we grew in
strength

And years, we both drove carts, and in their noise
We worked together still, until at length
Joe was promoted to a miner's place,
Which he refused because I couldn't go.
Then I worked harder for a three-months' space,
And we was raised together—me and Joe.

So we two stuck together, Joe and me,
Worked, played, ate, slept together, side by side;
And when I married, 'twas the same—we three
Still stayed together—poor but satisfied.
Each day Nan filled our pails with the same food,
Which we then ate together at the mine;
Perhaps below, in dark, cool solitude,
Or in the "breaker," on some steep incline.

The first child that was born to me and Nan
We named after Joe—my name's just Dan;
And you couldn't have found a prouder man
Than Joe, if they'd made him a lord or king,
When he walked from church with the little thing.
So we lived—Nan and Joe and me—we three,
And from Joe not a bit of jealousy
For the love of child—or wife—toward me.

One day we both worked at a vein alone,
Off to one side of the regular run,
When suddenly a monstrous mass of stone
Followed the blow of my pick; then a ton
Of coal and rock rushed down and shut us in.
It shut off the entrance and blocked the door,
Hurling us both with a shock to the floor,
And seemed to seal our graves—and us within.

I almost was afraid to call Joe's name,
For fear he couldn't answer, but was dead.
But no! He pulled me to my feet, sore, lame,
Yet living. Then, before a word was said,
We both put out our dim lamp's feeble flame
Which all too long upon the air had fed.
Our tools were buried, but we had one pail
Of food to live on till they broke our jail.

We knew we should be missed before the night;
But then it might be days ere we were found,
And more before they could break through the
mound

Of rock that cut us off from life and light.
The air we breathed might last us for a week;
The scanty pail of food not half so long,
So we began with eager haste to wreak
Our fury on the walls while we were strong.

So four days went by. With our fingers torn
And broken to the bone, we still worked on,
Helpless yet hoping, weakened much and worn;
Our common store of food now almost gone.

Yet Joe, somehow, was weakened more than me;
Had to quit work, laid still, and tried to sleep.
Then three days more of awful agony,
While we could only wait, and pray, and weep.

At last, to me Joe's weakness was made clear:
One bit of bread was left, as well I knew.
Which when I went to get, with sudden fear
Instead of one I found that there were two.
My God! it meant that he was dying here,
Starving himself for me, his friend—me, who
Would die for him. It meant he had denied
Himself for me—living here at his side.

I threw myself beside him with a cry,
At which he knew I had found out the lie
Which he had lived—or rather died; then I
Dashed at the walls, then, bleeding, fell and wept
To think how he had suffered, yet had kept
His secret. Now he whispered, "Dan, I'm glad
To die for you—and Nan—and Joe—but sad
To leave you so. You make 'em happy, lad."

The next day they saved me—but Joe was dead;
Died as the sound of the first pick was heard
Which broke in our walls. The last thing he said
Was, "Dan—old fellow—don't you say a word—
To Nan—of this. There wa'n't quite enough
· bread—

For both." Then he fainted. His lips just stirred
With a whisper of "Dan—kiss—little Joe"—
And he died—died for me, five years ago.

Little Joe? Why, yes, that's him over there
With his sister. Nan seems to like him best
Of all the children, and we both declare
He looks like Joe. We have been blessed
With three, but something in his name or air
Brings back old Joe. Well, that's the end—the
rest

Will come. I aint so good as many men,
But I think, somehow, I'll see Joe again.

THANATOPSIS.

By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, Poet, Editor. B. 1794,
Massachusetts; d. 1878, New York City.
"Thanatopsis" was written at the age of eighteen.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—

Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round
all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—

Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

CLOSE TO NINETY.

By JOHN HOWARD BRYANT, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts ; lives in Princeton, Ill.

Only surviving brother of William Cullen Bryant.

This poem, written in January, 1897, was evoked by the action of a Bryant literary society in Bellefontaine, O., in making him an honorary member.

The Rochester *Times* remarks that "he is unknown to fame, but not for want of native ability, which, judging from this freshly written gem, might have made him as illustrious as his brother."

HERE now I stand, upon life's outer verge,
Close at my feet an ocean wide and deep,
Dark, sullen, silent, and without a surge,
Where earth's past myriads lie in dreamless sleep.
'Tis here I stand without a thrill of fear,
In loneliness allied to the sublime;

The broken links of love that bound me here,
Lie shattered on the treacherous shoal of time.
But still I cling to friends who yet remain,
Cling to the glorious scenes that round me lie,
Striving to stay the haste of years in vain
As swifter yet the wingèd moments fly.
Idly, I seek the future to explore,
I partly know what is, but naught that is before.

THE NEW SOUTH.

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Orator, Journalist. B. 1851,
Georgia; d. 1889.
From "The Life and Labors of H. W. Grady," Franklin
Publishing Co., Richmond, Va.

A SOLDIER lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of the wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter-bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die. With pleading eyes through the darkness this poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent

over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again he left him, not to death, but with hope; all night long those words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips—"if he but lives till sundown he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down in its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed strong stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I shall see it again. I will walk down the shady lane; I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the

orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes, and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arms around his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knee and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness, and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I shall see her again and I shall rest my head at my old place, on her knees,

and weep away all memory of this desolate night."

And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on the ebbing life and held on the stanch until the sun went down and the stars came out and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came, and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field strewn with the wrecks of government and institutions, of theories and of faiths, that have gone down in the ravages of years. On this field, sown with her problems, lies the South. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until tomorrow's sundown ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch, as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us stanch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends, let us minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field, and the Great Physician shall lead her up: from trouble into content; from suffering into peace; from death to life.

A COURT LADY.

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, Poet. B. 1809, England; d. 1861, Florence, Italy.

HER hair was tawny with gold, her eyes with purple
 were dark,

Her cheeks' pale opal burnt with a red and restless
 spark.

Never was lady of Milan nobler in name and in
 race;

Never was lady of Italy fairer to see in the face.

Never was lady on earth more true as woman and
 wife,

Larger in judgment and instinct, prouder in manners and life.

She stood in the early morning and said to her
 maidens, " Bring

That silken robe made ready to wear at the court
 of the king.

" Bring me the clasps of diamond, lucid, clear of
 the mote;

Clasp me the large at the waist, and clasp me the
 small at the throat.

" Diamonds to fasten the hair, and diamonds to
 fasten the sleeves,

Laces to drop from their rays, like a powder of
 snow from the eaves."

Gorgeous she enter'd the sunlight which gather'd
her up in a flame,
While, straight in her open carriage, she to the hos-
pital came.

In she went at the door and gazing from end to
end,
“ Many and low are the pallets, but each is the
place of a friend.”

Up she pass'd through the wards, and stood at a
young man's bed:
Bloody the band on his brow, and livid the droop
of his head.

“ Art thou a Lombard, my brother? Happy art
thou,” she cried,
And smiled like Italy on him: he dream'd in her
face and died.

Pale with his passing soul, she went on still to a
second:
He was a grave hard man, whose years by dun-
geons were reckon'd.

Wounds in his body were sore, wounds in his life
were sorer.
“ Art thou a Romagnole?” Her eyes drove light-
nings before her.

“Austrian and priest had join'd to double and
tighten the cord
Able to bind thee, O strong one,—free by the
stroke of a sword.

“Now be grave for the rest of us, using the life
overcast
To ripen our wine of the present (too new), in
glooms of the past.”

Down she stepp'd to a pallet where lay a face like
a girl's,
Young, and pathetic with dying,—a deep black
hole in the curls.

“Art thou from Tuscany, brother? and seest thou,
dreaming in pain,
Thy mother stand in the piazza, searching the list
of the slain?”

Kind as a mother herself, she touch'd his cheeks
with her hands:

“Blessed is she who has borne thee, although she
should weep as she stands.”

On she pass'd to a Frenchman, his arm carried off
by a ball:
Kneeling, . . . “O more than my brother! how
shall I thank thee for all?

“ Each of the heroes around us has fought for his
land and line,
But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of a
wrong not thine.

“ Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dis-
possess'd:
But blessed are those among nations, who dare to
be strong for the rest!”

Ever she pass'd on her way, and came to a couch
where pin'd
One with a face from Venetia, white with a hope
out of mind.

Long she stood and gazed, and twice she tried at
the name,
But two great crystal tears were all that falter'd and
came.

Only a tear for Venice?—she turned as in passion
and loss,
And stoop'd to his forehead and kiss'd it, as if she
were kissing the cross.

Faint with that strain of heart she mov'd on then to
another,
Stern and strong in his death. “ And dost thou
suffer, my brother?”

Holding his hands in hers:—"Out of the Piedmont lion
Cometh the sweetness of freedom! sweetest to live
or to die on."

Holding his cold rough hands,—"Well, oh, well
have ye done
In noble, noble Piedmont, who would not be noble
alone."

Back he fell while she spoke. She rose to her feet
with a spring,—
"That was a Piedmontese! and this is the Court of
the King."

PUBLIC OPINION.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts ;
d. 1884.

Oration delivered before the Massachusetts Anti-slavery
Society, at the Melodeon, Wednesday evening, January
28, 1852.

No matter where you meet a dozen earnest men
pledged to a new idea—wherever you have met
them, you have met the beginning of a revolution.
Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution
is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes
out of the past. Its foundations are laid far
back. The child feels; he grows into a man, and
thinks; another, perhaps, speaks, and the world
acts out the thought. And this is the history of

modern society. The beginning of great changes is like the rise of the Mississippi. A child must stoop and gather away the pebbles to find it. But soon it swells broader and broader, bears on its ample bosom the navies of a mighty republic, fills the Gulf, and divides a continent.

This is a reading and thinking age, and great interests at stake quicken the general intellect. Nothing but Freedom, Justice, and Truth is of any permanent advantage to the mass of mankind. To these society, left to itself, is always tending. In our day, great questions about them have called forth all the energies of the common mind. The time has been when men cased in iron from head to foot, and disciplined by long years of careful instruction, went to battle. Those were the days of nobles and knights; and in such times ten knights, clad in steel, feared not a whole field of unarmed peasantry, and a hundred men-at-arms have conquered thousands of the common people, or held them at bay. Those were the times when Winkelried, the Swiss patriot, led his host against the Austrian phalanx, and, finding it impenetrable to the thousands of Swiss who threw themselves on the serried lances, gathered a dozen in his arms, and, drawing them together, made thus an opening in the close-set ranks of the Austrians, and they were overborne by the actual mass of numbers. Gunpowder came, and then any finger that could pull a trigger was equal to the highest born and the best disciplined; knightly armor, and horses clad in steel, went to

the ground before the courage and strength which dwelt in the arm of the peasant, as well as that of the prince. What gunpowder did for war, the printing-press has done for the mind, and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of special education, but every reading man is his judge. Every thoughtful man, the country through, who makes up an opinion, is his jury to which he answers, and the tribunal to which he must bow.

All hail, Public Opinion! Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty: power is ever stealing from the many to the few. The manna of popular liberty must be gathered each day, or it is rotten. Only by unintermittent agitation can a people be kept sufficiently awake to principle not to let liberty be smothered in material prosperity. . .

The Dutch, a thousand years ago, built against the ocean their bulwarks of willow and mud. Do they trust to that? No. Each year the patient, industrious peasant gives so much time from the cultivation of his soil and the care of his children to stop the breaks and replace the willow which insects have eaten, that he may keep the land his fathers rescued from the water, and bid defiance to the waves that roar above his head, as if demanding back the broad fields man has stolen from their realm.

As health lies in labor, and there is no royal road to it but through toil, so there is no republican road to safety but in constant distrust.

THE FIGHT OF PASO DEL MAR.

By BAYARD TAYLOR, Poet, Author, Lecturer. B. 1825,
Pennsylvania; d. 1878, Berlin, Germany.

GUSTY and raw was the morning,
A fog hung over the seas
And its gray skirts, rolling inland,
Were torn by the mountain trees;
No sound was heard but the dashing
Of waves on the sandy bar,
When Pablo of San Diego
Rode down to the Paso del Mar.

The pescador out in his shallop,
Gathering his harvest so wide,
Sees the dim bulk of the headland
Loom over the waste of the tide;
He sees, like a white thread, the pathway
Wind round on the terrible wall,
Where the faint, moving speck of the rider
Seems hovering close to its fall.

Stout Pablo of San Diego
Rode down from the hills behind;
With the bells on his gray mule tinkling
He sang through the fog and wind.
Under his thick, misted eyebrows
Twinkled his eye like a star,
And fiercer he sang as the sea-winds
Drove cold on the Paso del Mar.

Now Bernal, the herdsman of Chino,
Had traveled the shore since dawn,
Leaving the ranches behind him—
Good reason had he to be gone!
The blood was still red on his dagger,
The fury was hot in his brain,
And the chill, driving scud of the breakers
Beat thick on his forehead in vain.

With his poncho wrapped gloomily round him,
He mounted the dizzying road,
And the chasms and steeps of the headland
Were slippery and wet, as he trod:
Wild swept the wind of the ocean,
Rolling the fog from afar,
When near him a mule-bell came tinkling,
Midway on the Paso del Mar.

“ Back! ” shouted Bernal, full fiercely,
And “ Back! ” shouted Pablo in wrath
As his mule halted, startled and shrinking,
On the perilous line of the path.
The roar of devouring surges
Came up from the breakers’ hoarse war;
And “ Back, or you perish! ” cried Bernal,
“ I turn not on Paso del Mar! ”

The gray mule stood firm as the headland:
He clutched at the jingling rein,
When Pablo rose up in his saddle
And smote till he dropped it again.

A wild oath of passion swore Bernal
And brandished his dagger, still red,
While fiercely stout Pablo leaned forward
And fought o'er his trusty mule's head.

They fought till the black wall below them
Shone red through the misty blast;
Stout Pablo then struck, leaning farther,
The broad breast of Bernal at last.
And, frenzied with pain, the swart herdsman
Closed on him with terrible strength,
And jerked him, despite of his struggles,
Down from the saddle at length.

They grappled with desperate madness,
On the slippery edge of the wall;
They swayed on the brink, and together
Reeled out to the rush of the fall.
A cry of the wildest death anguish
Rang faint through the mist afar,
And the riderless mule went homeward
From the fight of the *Paso del Mar.*

THE NATIONAL FLAG.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, Clergyman, Orator, Author.
B. 1813, Connecticut; d. 1887, Brooklyn.
From "Patriotic Addresses," copyright by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y.

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads

chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too. Not another flag on the globe has such an errand, or goes forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no ramping lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of

Dawn. It means *Liberty*; and the galley-slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God,—“The people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.”

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, it means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man*. Every color means liberty; every thread means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

This American flag was the safeguard of liberty. Not an atom of crown was allowed to go into its insignia. Not a symbol of authority in the ruler was permitted to go into it. It was an ordinance of liberty by the people for the people. *That* it meant, *that* it means, and, by the blessing of God, *that* it shall mean to the end of time!

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee, *that it may be displayed.*"

And displayed it shall be. Advanced full against the morning light, and borne with the growing and glowing day, it shall take the last ruddy beams of the night, and from the Atlantic wave, clear across with eagle flight to the Pacific, that banner shall float, meaning all the liberty which it has ever meant! From the North, where snows and mountain ice stand solitary, clear to the glowing tropics and the Gulf, that banner that has hitherto waved shall wave and wave forever—every star, every band, every thread and fold significant of Liberty!

DON'T GIVE UP.

By PHÆBE CARY, Poet. B. 1824, Ohio; d. 1871, Rhode Island.

If you've tried and have not won,
Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again and grown
Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat
Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
That's the test that tries you!

NATIONAL LIFE.

By RUFUS CHOATE, Orator, Lawyer. B. 1799, Massachusetts; d. 1859, Nova Scotia.

BUT if you would contemplate nationality as an active virtue, look around you. Is not our own history one witness and one record of what it can do? This day and all which it stands for—did it not give us these? This glory of the fields of that war, this eloquence of that revolution, this one wide sheet of flame which wrapped tyrant and tyranny and swept all that escaped from it away, forever and forever; the courage to fight, to retreat, to rally, to advance, to guard the young flag by the young arm and the young heart's blood, to hold up and

hold on till the magnificent consummation crowned the work—were not all these imparted as inspired by this imperial sentiment? Has it not here begun the master-work of man, the creation of a national life? Did it not call out that prodigious development of wisdom, the wisdom of constructiveness which illustrated the years after the war, and the framing and adopting of the Constitution? Has it not, in the general, contributed to the administering of that government wisely and well since? Look at it! It has kindled us to no aims of conquest. It has involved us in no entangling alliances. It has kept our neutrality dignified and just. The victories of peace have been our prized victories. But the larger and truer grandeur of the nations, for which they are created and for which they must, one day, before some tribunal give account—what a measure of these it has enabled us already to fulfill! It has lifted us to the throne, and set on our brow the name of the Great Republic. It has taught us to demand nothing wrong, and to submit to nothing wrong; it has made our diplomacy sagacious, wary, and accomplished; it has opened the iron gate of the mountain, and planted our ensign on the great, tranquil sea; it has made the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; it has quickened to life the giant brood of useful arts; it has whitened lake and ocean with the sails of a daring, new, and lawful trade; it has extended to exiles, flying as clouds, the asylum of our better liberty; it has kept us at rest within all

our borders; it has repressed without blood the intemperance of local insubordination; it has scattered the seeds of liberty, under law and under order, broadcast; it has seen and helped American feeling to swell into a fuller flood; from many a field and many a deck, though it seeks not war, makes not war, and fears not war, it has borne the radiant flag all unstained; it has opened our age of lettered glory; it has opened and honored the age of the industry of the people!

MUCKLE-MOUTH MEG.

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. B. 1812, England; d. 1889, Venice.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

FROWNED the Laird on the Lord: "So, red-handed
I catch thee?

Death-doomed by our Law of the Border!
We've a gallows outside and a chiel to dispatch
thee:
Who trespasses—hangs: all's in order."

He met frown with a smile, did the young English
gallant:

Then the Laird's dame: "Nay, husband, I beg!
He's comely: be merciful! Grace for the callant
If he marries our Muckle-mouth Meg!"

“ No mile-wide-mouthed monster of yours do I marry:

Grant rather the gallows!” laughed he.

“ Foul fare kith and kin of you—why do you tarry?”

“ To tame your fierce temper!” quoth she.

“ Shove him quick in the Hole, shut him fast for a week:

Cold, darkness, and hunger work wonders:

Who lion-like roars now, mouse-fashion will squeak,

And ‘it rains’ soon succeeds to ‘it thunders.’ ”

A week did he bide in the cold and the dark—

Not hunger: for duly at morning

In flitted a lass, and a voice like a lark

Chirped, “ Muckle-mouth Meg still ye’re scorning?

“ Go hang, but here’s parritch to hearten ye first!”

“ Did Meg’s muckle-mouth boast within some Such music as yours, mine should match it or burst:

No frog jaws! So tell folk, my Winsome!”

Soon week came to end, and, from Hole’s door set wide,

Out he marched, and there waited the lassie:

“ Yon gallows, or Muckle-mouth Meg for a bride! Consider! Sky’s blue and turf’s grassy:

“ Life’s sweet: shall I say ye wed Muckle-mouth Meg? ”

“ Not I,” quoth the stout heart: “ too eerie
The mouth that can swallow a bubblyjock’s egg;
Shall I let it munch mine? Never, Dearie! ”

“ Not Muckle-mouth Meg? Wow, the obstinate
man!

Perhaps he would rather wed me! ”

“ Ay, would he—with just for a dowry your can! ”

“ I’m Muckle-mouth Meg,” chirruped she.

ROUND.

By CHARLES DICKENS, Novelist. B. 1812, England; d. 1870.

HAIL to the merry Autumn days, when yellow
corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the
monarch’s wine!

Hail to the merry harvest-time, the gayest of the
year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing,
and good cheer!

’Tis pleasant on a fine Spring morn to see the buds
expand,
’Tis pleasant in the Summer time to view the teem-
ing land.

'Tis pleasant on a Winter's night to crouch around
the blaze,—
But what are joys like these, my boys, to Autumn's
merry days!
Then hail to merry Autumn days, when yellow
corn-fields shine,
Far brighter than the costly cup that holds the
monarch's wine!
And hail to merry harvest-time, the gayest of the
year,
The time of rich and bounteous crops, rejoicing,
and good cheer!

GRANT, THE SOLDIER AND STATESMAN.

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Statesman, ex-Governor of Ohio,
President of the United States. B. 1843, Niles, O.

President McKinley served in the Civil War, attaining
the rank of major, and at the close of the War entered the
profession of the law. From 1877 to 1891 he was a repre-
sentative in Congress from Ohio. He was elected Gov-
ernor of Ohio in 1891, and re-elected in 1893. In November,
1896, he was elected President of the United States.

An oration delivered at the dedication of the monument
to General Grant at Riverside Park, New York City, April
27, 1897.

General Grant died July 23, 1885, at Mount McGregor,
N. Y., after an heroic struggle with a deadly disease.

A GREAT life, dedicated to the welfare of the
nation, here finds its earthly coronation. Even if
this day lacked the impressiveness of ceremony and
was devoid of pageantry, it would still be memora-
ble, because it is the anniversary of the birth of the

most famous and best beloved of American soldiers. Architecture has paid high tribute to the leaders of mankind, but never was a memorial more worthily bestowed or more gratefully accepted by a free people than the beautiful structure before which we are gathered.

In marking the successful completion of this work we have, as witnesses and participants, representatives of all branches of our Government, the resident officials of foreign nations, the governors of States, and the sovereign people from every section of the country, who join in the august tribute to the soldier, patriot, and citizen.

Almost twelve years have passed since the heroic vigil ended and the heroic spirit of Ulysses S. Grant took its flight. Lincoln and Stanton had preceded him, but of the mighty captains of the war, Grant was the first to be called. Sherman and Sheridan survived him, but have since joined him on the other shore. The great heroes of the civil strife on land and sea, for the most part, are now dead. Thomas and Hancock, Logan and McPherson, Farragut, Dupont and Porter, and a host of others have passed forever from human sight. Those remaining grow dearer to us, and from them and the memory of those who have departed, generations yet unborn will draw their inspiration and gather strength for patriotic purpose.

A great life never dies; great deeds are imperishable; great names immortal. General Grant's services and character will continue undiminished

in influence and advance in the estimation of mankind so long as liberty remains the corner stone of free government, and integrity of life the guarantee of good citizenship.

Faithful and fearless as a volunteer soldier, intrepid and invincible as Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Union, calm and confident as President of a reunited and strengthened nation, which his genius had been instrumental in saving, he has our homage, and that of the world. We love him all the more for his home life and homely virtues. His individuality, his bearing and speech, his simple ways, had a flavor of rare and unique distinction, and his Americanism was so true and uncompromising that his name will stand for all time as the embodiment of liberty, loyalty, and national unity.

Victorious in the work which, under Divine Providence, he was called upon to do; clothed with almost limitless power, he was yet one of the people —patient, patriotic, and just. Success did not disturb the even balance of his mind, while fame was powerless to swerve him from the path of duty. Great as he was in war, he loved peace, and told the world that honorable arbitration of differences was the best hope of civilization.

With Washington and Lincoln, Grant had an exalted place in the history and the affections of the people. To-day his memory is held in equal esteem by those whom he led to victory and by those who accepted his generous terms of peace.

The veteran leaders of the Blue and Gray here meet not only to honor the name of Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit, which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion—which we pray God to speed—will be the nation's greatest glory.

It is right, then, that General Grant should have a memorial commensurate with his greatness, and that his last resting place should be the city of his choice, to which he was so attached in life and of whose ties he was not forgetful even in death. Fitting, too, is it that the great soldier should sleep beside the noble river on whose banks he first learned the art of war, and of which he became master and leader without a rival.

But let us not forget the glorious distinction with which the metropolis among the fair sisterhood of American cities has honored his life and memory. With all that riches and sculpture can do to render the edifice worthy of the man, upon a site unsurpassed for magnificence, has this monument been reared by New York as a perpetual record of his illustrious deeds, in the certainty that, as time passes, around it will assemble, with gratitude and reverence and veneration, men of all climes, races, and nationalities.

New York holds in its keeping the precious dust of the Silent Soldier, but his achievements—what he and his brave comrades wrought for mankind—

are in the keeping of seventy millions of American citizens, who will guard the sacred heritage forever and forevermore.

Patriotism.

By HANNAH MORE, Author, Poet. B. 1745, England; d. 1833.

Selected from the tragedy, "The Inflexible Captive," based on the opera, "Regulus," by Metastasio, one of her literary models.

Marcus Atilius Regulus was a favorite hero of the Roman writers. Chosen a second time consul in 256 B. C., he led a force against Carthage, and although at first successful he was finally defeated and captured 255 B. C. After five years of captivity he was sent to Rome with the Carthaginian envoys. Although his own safety depended upon peace he urged the Roman Senate not to grant terms of peace to Carthage, and returning to the latter city, he was put to death by the enraged citizens.

OUR country is a whole, my Publius,
Of which we all are parts; nor should a citizen
Regard his interests as distinct from hers;
No hopes or fears should touch his patriot soul,
But what affects her honor or her shame.
E'en when in hostile fields he bleeds to save her,
'Tis not his blood he loses, 'tis his country's;
He only pays her back a debt he owes.
To her he's bound for birth and education,
Her laws secure him from domestic feuds,
And from the foreign foe her arms protect him.
She lends him honors, dignity, and rank,
His wrongs revenges, and his merit pays;
And, like a tender and indulgent mother,
Loads him with comforts, and would make his state

As blessed as nature and the gods designed it.
Such gifts, my son, have their alloy of pain,
And let th' unworthy wretch, who will not bear
His portion of the public burden, lose
Th' advantages it yields; let him retire
From the dear blessings of a social life,
And from the sacred laws which guard those blessings,

Renounce the civilized abodes of man,
With kindred brutes one common shelter seek
In horrid wilds, and dens, and dreary caves,
And with their shaggy tenants share the spoil;
Or if the savage hunters miss their prey,
From scattered acorns pick a scanty meal;
Far from the sweet civilities of life
There let him live, and vaunt his wretched freedom;
While we, obedient to the laws that guard us,
Guard them, and live or die, as they decree.

THE LIGHT ON DEADMAN'S BAR.

By EBEN EUGENE REXFORD, Poet. B. 1848, New York.

THE lighthouse keeper's daughter looked out
across the bay
To the north, where, hidden in tempest, she knew
the mainland lay;
The waters were lashed to fury by the wind that
swept the sea.
"Father won't think of crossing in a storm like
this," said she,

" 'Twould be death to undertake it—and yet, when
he thinks of the light,
He may try to reach the island. Perhaps," and her
eyes grew bright
With the thought, " if I go and light it before the
night shuts down,
He may see it from the mainland, and stay all night
in the town.
I'm sure that I can do it," she whispered, under her
breath,
And her heart was strong with the courage that
comes with the thought of death
When it threatens to strike our loved ones. " For
father's sake," cried she,
" I'll light the lamp and tend it. Perhaps some
ship at sea
May see it shine through the darkness and steer by
its warning star
Past the rocks and reefs of danger that lie on Dead-
man's Bar."

She climbed the winding stairway with never a
thought of fear,
Though the demon of the tempest seemed shouting
in her ear;
She seemed to feel the tower in the wild wind reel
and rock,
As it shivered from foot to turret in the great
waves' thunder-shock;
But she thought not so much of danger to herself
as to those at sea,

And the father off on the mainland, as up the stair
climbed she,
Till at last she stood in the turret before the lamp
whose light
Must be kindled to flash its warning across the
stormy night.

'Twas an easy task to light it, and soon its ray
shone out
Through the murky gloom that gathered the clos-
ing day about;
But a fear rose up in her bosom as the light began
to burn—
Could she set the wheels in motion that made the
great lamp turn?
If the light in the tower turned not, those who saw
it out at sea
Might think it was North Point beacon or the light
on Ste. Marie,
And woe to the ships whose courses were steered
by a steady light
From the point where a turning signal should show
its star at night.

“ If only my father had told me how to start the
wheels! ” she cried,
As she sought to put them in motion; but all in
vain she tried
To set the great lamp turning; the stubborn wheels
stood still.

“It shall turn!” she cried; “it must turn!” and
strong of heart and will,
She roused to the task before her, and with her
hands she swung
The great lamp in a circle on the arm from which
it hung.

Now it was flashing seaward, and now it flashed
toward the land,
And those who saw the beacon would think not
that the hand
Of a little girl was turning the light up there in the
storm,
To warn the ships from the dangers with which the
low reefs swarm.
Steadily round she swung it as darkness fell over
the sea;
“Father will see it believing the wheels are at
work,” laughed she.

Darkness closed in about her as round and round
she swung
The lamp in its iron socket. The tempest demons
sung
Their fierce, wild songs above her; below the mad-
dened waves
Howled at the light that was cheating the pitiless
sea of graves.
No thought of fear came to her up there alone in
the night—
Her thoughts were all of the sailors and the turn-
ing of the light.

The lonesome hours went by her on weary feet and slow;
Sometimes, before she knew it, her drowsy lids drooped low;
Then the thought of what might happen if she let the light stand still
Was like a voice that roused her and sent a mighty thrill
Tingling through all her being. So steadily round she swung
The lamp, and smiled to see its gleam across the dark night flung.
"I wonder if father sees it? If he does, he's glad," thought she;
"It may be that Brother Benny is somewhere out at sea.
Who knows but what I am doing may save his ship and him?"
And then, for one little moment, the brave girl's eyes grew dim,
But her heart and her arm grew stronger with purpose high and grand
As she thought of the sailor brother whose fate she might hold in her hand.

So with hands that never faltered through all that long, long night
She kept the great lamp turning till broke the ruddy light
Of morning over the waters. "Now I can sleep," said she,

With one last thought of her father and the brother
out at sea;
Then the hands that were, oh, so weary! fell heavily
at her side,
And she slept to dream of the beacon at the turn-
ing of the tide.

When she woke from her long, deep slumber the
sun was high in the sky;

Her father sat by her bedside, and another was
standing by;

“Benny,” she cried, in gladness, “did you see the
light last night?

I thought of you while I turned it, and, oh, I hoped
you might!”

“My brave little sister,” he answered, “do you
know what you did last night?

You saved the lives of two score men when you
tended Deadman’s Light.

’Twas a grand night’s work, my sister—a brave
night’s work to save

Two score of home-bound fishermen from a yawn-
ing ocean grave.

Over there on the mainland they’re talking of you
to-day

As the girl that saved the good ship *Jane*. ‘God
bless the child!’ they say;

And in many a home they’ll speak, dear, your name
in prayer to-night,

As they think of what they owe to her who tended
Deadman’s Light.”

By ROBERT COLLYER, Clergyman, Author, Lecturer. B. 1823, England; lives in New York City.

This poem was recited at the conclusion of an address to students at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., September 17, 1880.

SPEAK thou the truth, let others fence,
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense,
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop.
Though thou shouldst see thy heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind: though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream,
The safe must first be *tried*.

Show thou the light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down,
The smallest spark may send a beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe unto him, on safety bent,
Who creeps from age to youth
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought thy speech.
What thou hast not by striving bought
Presume thou not to teach.

Then each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

WOMAN AS FRIEND.

By JOHN LORD, Clergyman, Lecturer. B. 1812, New Hampshire; d. 1894, Connecticut.

Taken from "Paula," one of a series of lectures on distinguished women, in "Beacon Lights of History," published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y.

Paula was an illustrious Roman lady of rank and wealth, whose friendship for Saint Jerome, in the latter part of the fourth century, has made her historical.

WHATEVER the heights to which woman is destined to rise, and however exalted the spheres she may learn to fill, she must remember that it was friendship which first distinguished her from Pagan women, and which will ever constitute one of her most peerless charms. Long and dreary has been her progress from the obscurity to which even the Middle Ages doomed her, with all the boasted admiration of chivalry, to her present free and exalted state. She is now recognized to be the equal of man in her intellectual gifts, and is sought out everywhere as teacher and as writer. She may be-

come whatever she pleases—actress, singer, painter, novelist, poet, or queen of society; sharing with man the greatest prizes bestowed on genius and learning. But her nature cannot be half developed, her capacities cannot be known, even to herself, until she has learned to mingle with man in the free interchange of those sentiments which keep the soul alive, and which stimulate the noblest powers. Then only does she realize her æsthetic mission. Then only can she rise in the dignity of a guardian angel, an educator of the heart, a dispenser of the blessings by which she would atone for the evil originally brought upon mankind. Now, to administer this antidote to evil, by which labor is made sweet, and pain assuaged, and courage fortified, and truth made beautiful and duty sacred—this is the true mission and destiny of woman. She made a great advance from the pollutions and slaveries of the ancient world when she proved herself, like Paula, capable of a pure and lofty friendship, without becoming entangled in the snares and labyrinths of an earthly love; but she will make a still greater advance when our cynical world shall comprehend that it is not for the gratification of passing vanity, or foolish pleasure, or matrimonial ends that she extends her hand of generous courtesy to man, but that he may be aided by the strength she gives in weakness, encouraged by the smiles she bestows in sympathy, and enlightened by the wisdom she has gained by inspiration.

GINEVRA.

By SAMUEL ROGERS, Poet. B. 1763, England; d. 1855.

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; . . .

A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race;
Done by Zampieri—but I care not whom.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said " Beware!" her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to
foot,

An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart,—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs

Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor,
That, by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent Sire;

The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, forever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;

Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, forthwith,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long might'st thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the Gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said

By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
" Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone;
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
" Ginevra."

There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself;
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

By RUFUS CHOATE, Orator, Lawyer. B. 1799, Massachusetts; d. 1859, Nova Scotia.

An oration delivered in Boston on the eighty-second anniversary of American Independence, July 5, 1858.

IT is well that in our year, so busy, so secular, so discordant, there comes one day when the word is, and when the emotion is, "Our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."

Happy, if such a day shall not be desecrated by our service! Happy, if for us that descending sun shall look out on a more loving, more elevated, more united America! It is the spirit of the day

which we would cherish. It is our great annual national love-feast which we keep; and if we rise from it with hearts larger, beating fuller, with feeling purer and warmer for America, what signifies it how frugally, or how richly, or how it was spread; or whether it was a strain on the organ, the trumpet tones of the Declaration, the prayer of the good man, the sympathy of the hour, or what it was, which wrought to that end?

I do not, therefore, say that such an anniversary is not a time for thanksgiving to God, for gratitude to men, the living and the dead, for tears and thoughts too deep for tears, for eulogy, for exultation, for all the memories and for all the contrasts which soften and lift up the general mind. I do not say, for example, that to dwell on that one image of progress which is our history; that image so grand, so dazzling, so constant; that stream now flowing so far and swelling into so immense a flood, but which burst out a small, choked, uncertain spring from the ground at first; that transition from the Rock at Plymouth, from the unfortified peninsula at Jamestown, to this America which lays a hand on both the oceans—from that heroic yet feeble folk whose allowance to a man by the day was five kernels of corn, for three months no corn, or a piece of fish, or a molded remainder biscuit, or a limb of a wild bird; to whom a drought in spring was a fear and a judgment, and a call for humiliation before God; who held their breath when a flight of arrows or a war-cry broke the innocent

sleep or startled the brave watching—from that handful, and that want, to these millions, whose area is a continent, whose harvest might load the board of famishing nations, for whom a world in arms has no terror—I do not say that meditations such as these might not teach or deepen the lesson of the day. All these things, so holy and beautiful, all things American, may afford certainly the means to keep America alive. That vast panorama unrolled by our general history, or unrolling; that eulogy, so just, so fervent, so splendid, so approved; that electric, seasonable memory of Washington; that purchase and that dedication of the dwelling and the tomb, the work of woman and the orator of the age; that record of his generals, that visit to battle-fields; that reverent wiping away of dust from great urns; that speculation, that dream of her past, present, and future; every ship builded on lake or ocean; every treaty concluded; every acre of territory annexed; every cannon cast; every machine invented; every mile of new railroad and telegraph undertaken; every dollar added to the aggregate of national or individual wealth—these all, as subjects of thought, as motives to pride and care, as teachers of wisdom, as agencies of probable good, may work, may insure, that earthly immortality of love and glory for which this celebration was ordained.

HIS MOTHER'S SONG.

ANONYMOUS.

BENEATH the hot, midsummer sun,
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream,
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the idle hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know,
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here.
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"Sing us one more," the captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

“ We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
‘ All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.’ ”

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

THE AGE OF IMPROVEMENT.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782,
New Hampshire; lived in Massachusetts after 1804 and in
Washington, D. C.; d. 1852, Massachusetts.
Selected from an oration delivered at Bunker Hill at the
laying of the corner stone of the monument, June 17, 1825.

LET us thank God that we live in an age when
something has influence besides the bayonet, and
when the sternest authority does not venture to
encounter the scorching power of public reproach.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection that while, in the fullness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let her cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven. And, now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. And let us endeavor to comprehend, in all its magnitude, and to feel, in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far, our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its general interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged by the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever.

OVER THE CROSSING.

ANONYMOUS.

“SHINE? shine, sor? Ye see I’m just a-dyin’
Ter turn yer two boots inter glass,
Where ye’ll see all the sights in the winders
’Ithout lookin’ up as yer pass—

Seen me before? I've no doubt, sor;
I'm punctooal haar, yer know,
Waitin' along the crossin'
 Fur a little un, name o' Joe;
My brother, sor, an' a cute un,
 Ba'ly turned seven, an' small,
But gettin' his livin' grad'ely
 Tendin' a bit uv a stall
Fur Millerkins, down the ev'neue,
 Yer kin bet that young un's smart—
Worked right in like a vet'run
 Since th' old un gin 'im a start.

“ Folks say he's a picter o' father,
 Once mate o' the *Lucy Lee*—
Lost when Joe wor a baby.
 Way off in some furrin sea.
Then mother kep' us together,
 Though nobody thought she would,
An' worked an' slaved an' froze an' starved
 Uz long uz ever she could.
An' since she died an' left us,
 A couple o' year ago,
We've kep' right on in Cragg alley
 A housekeepin'—I an' Joe.
I'd just got my kit when she went, sor,
 An' people helped us a bit.
So we managed to get on somehow;
 Joe wus allus a brave little chit—
An' since he's got inter bisness,
 Though we don't ape princes an' sich,

'Taint o' n we git right hungry,
An' we feel pretty tol'able rich.

"I used to wait at the corner,
Jest over th' other side,
But the notion o' bein' tender
Sort o' ruffled the youngster's pride,
So now I only watches
To see that he's safe across—
Sometimes it's a bit o' waitin',
But, bless ver, 'taint no loss!
Look! there he is now, the rascal!
Dodgin' across the street,
Ter s'prise me—an'—look! I'm goin'—
He's down by the horses' feet!"

Suddenly all had happened—
The look, the cry, the spring,
The shielding Joe as a bird shields
Its young with sheltering wing;
Then up the full street of the city
A pause in the coming rush,
And through all the din and the tumult
A painful minute of hush;
A tumble of scattered brushes,
As they lifted him up to the walk,
A gath'ring of curious faces,
And snatches of whispered talk;
Little Joe all trembling beside him
On the flagging, with gentle grace
Pushing the tangled, soft brown hair
Away from the still, white face.

At his touch the shut lids lifted,
And swift over lip and eye
Came a glow as when the morning
Flushes the eastern sky;
And a hand reached out to his brother,
As the words came low but clear:
“ Joe, I reckon ye mind our mother—
A minute back she wor here,
Smilin’ an’ callin’ me to her!
I tell ye, I’m powerful glad
Yer such a brave, smart youngster,
The leavin’ yer aint so bad;
Hold hard to the right things she learnt us,
An’ allus keep honest an’ true;
Good-by, Joe—but mind, I’ll be watchin’
Just—over—the crossin’—fur you!”

EDUCATION.

By JOHN RUSKIN, Author, Critic. B. London, 1819.
“ The most eloquent and original of all writers upon art.”
An extract from “ The Stones of Venice,” published
1851-53.

EDUCATION, then, briefly, is the leading human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves also makes them most serviceable to others. True education, then, has respect, first to the ends which are

proposable to the man, or attainable by him; and, secondly, to the material of which the man is made. So far as it is able, it chooses the end according to the material: but it cannot always choose the end, for the position of many persons in life is fixed by necessity; still less can it choose the material; and, therefore, all it can do is to fit the one to the other as wisely as may be.

But the first point to be understood is that the material is as various as the ends; that not only one man is unlike another, but every man is essentially different from every other, so that no training, no forming, nor informing, will ever make two persons alike in thought or in power. One man is made of agate, another of oak; one of slate, another of clay. The education of the first is polishing; of the second, seasoning; of the third, rending; of the fourth, molding. It is of no use to season the agate; it is vain to try to polish the slate; but both are fitted, by the qualities they possess, for services in which they may be honored.

One great fallacy into which men are apt to fall when they are reasoning on this subject is: that light, as such, is always good; and darkness, as such, always evil. Far from it. Light untempered would be annihilation. It is good to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; but, to those that faint in the wilderness, so also is the shadow of the great rock in a weary land. If the sunshine is good, so also is the cloud of the latter rain. Light is only beautiful, only available for

life when it is tempered with shadow; pure light is fearful, and unendurable by humanity. And it is not less ridiculous to say that light, as such, is good in itself, than to say that darkness is good in itself. Both are rendered safe, healthy, and useful by the other; the night by the day, the day by the night; and we could just as easily live without dawn as without sunset, as long as we are human. Of the celestial city we are told that there shall be "no night there," and then we shall know even as also we are known: but the night and the mystery have both their service here; and our business is not to strive to turn the night into day, but to be sure that we are as they that watch for the morning.

POOR-HOUSE NAN.

By LUCY M. BLINN.

DID you say you wished to see me, sir? Step in;
'tis a cheerless place,

But you're heartily welcome all the same; to be
poor is no disgrace!

Have I been here long? Oh, yes, sir! 'tis thirty
winters gone

Since poor Jim took to crooked ways and left me
all alone!

Jim was my son, and a likelier lad you'd never wish
to see,

Till evil counsels won his heart and led him away
from me.

'Tis the old, sad, pitiful story, sir, of the devil's winding stair,
And men go down—and down—and down—to blackness and despair;
Tossing about like wrecks at sea, with helm and anchor lost,
On and on, through the surging waves, nor caring to count the cost;
I doubt sometimes if the Saviour sees, He seems so far away, •
How the souls He loved and died for, are drifting—drifting astray!

Indeed, 'tis little wonder, sir, if woman shrinks and cries,
When the life-blood on Rum's altar spilled is calling to the skies!
Small wonder if her own heart feels each sacrificial blow,
For isn't each life a part of hers? each pain her hurt and woe?
Read all the records of crimes and shame—'tis bitterly, sadly true;
Where manliness and honor die, there some woman's heart dies too.
I often think, when I hear folks talk so prettily and so fine
Of "alcohol as needful food"; of the "moderate use of wine";
How "the world couldn't do without it, there was clearly no other way

But for man to drink, or let it alone, as his own
strong will might say,”
That “to use it, but not abuse it, was the proper
thing to do”;
How I wish they’d let old Poor-house Nan preach
her little sermon too!

I would give them scenes in a woman’s life that
would make their pulses stir,
For I was a drunkard’s child and wife—aye, a
drunkard’s mother, sir!
I would tell of childish terrors, of childish tears and
pain,
Of cruel blows from a father’s hand when rum had
crazed his brain;
He always said he could drink his fill, or let it
alone, as well;
Perhaps he might, he was killed one night in a
brawl—in a grogshop hell!

I would tell of years of loveless toil the drunkard’s
child had passed,
With just one gleam of sunshine, too beautiful to
last.
When I married Tom I thought for sure I had
nothing more to fear;
That life would come all right at last; the world
seemed full of cheer.
But he took to moderate drinking. He allowed
’twas a harmless thing,
So the arrow sped, and my bird of Hope came
down with a broken wing!

Tom was only a moderate drinker; ah, sir, do you
bear in mind
How the plodding tortoise in the race left the leap-
ing hare behind?
'Twas because he held right on and on, steady and
true, if slow,
And that's the way, I'm thinking, that the moder-
ate drinkers go!
Step over step—day after day—with sleepless, tire-
less pace,
While the toper sometimes looks behind and tarries
in the race!

Ah, heavily in the well-worn path poor Tom walked
day by day,
For my heartstrings clung about his feet and
tangled up the way;
The days were dark, and friends were gone, and life
dragged on full slow,
And children came, like reapers, and to a harvest
of want and woe!
Two of them died, and I was glad when they lay
before me dead;
I had grown so weary of their cries—their pitiful
cries for bread.

There came a time when my heart was stone: I
could neither hope nor pray;
Poor Tom lay out in the Potter's field, and my boy
had gone astray;

My boy who'd been my idol, while, like hounds
athirst for blood,
Between my breaking heart and him the liquor-
seller stood,
And lured him on with pleasant words, his plea-
sures and his wine:
Ah, God! have pity on other hearts, as bruised and
hurt as mine.

There were whispers of evil-doing, of dishonors,
and of shame,
That I cannot bear to think of now, and would not
dare to name!
There was hiding away from the light of day, there
was creeping about at night,
A hurried word of parting—then a criminal's
stealthy flight!
His lips were white with remorse and fright when
he gave me his good-by kiss;
And I've never seen my poor lost boy from that
black day to this.

Ah! none but a mother can tell you, sir, how a
mother's heart will ache,
With the sorrow that comes of a sinning child, with
grief for a lost one's sake.
When she knows the feet she trained to walk have
gone so far astray,
And the lips grown bold with curses that she taught
to sing and pray;

A child may fear—a wife may weep, but of all sad things, none other
Seems half so sorrowful to me as being a drunkard's mother.

They tell me that down in the vilest dens of the city's crime and murk,
There are men with the hearts of angels, doing the angels' work;
That they win back the lost and the straying, that they help the weak to stand
By the wonderful power of loving words—and the help of God's right hand!
And often and often, the dear Lord knows, I've knelt and prayed to Him,
That somewhere, somehow, 'twould happen, that they'd find and save my Jim!

You'll say 'tis a poor old woman's whim; but when I prayed last night,
Right over yon eastern window there shone a wonderful light!
(Leastways it looked that way to me) and out of the light there fell
The softest voice I had ever heard; it rung like a silver bell;
And these were the words: "The prodigal turns, so tired by want and sin,
He seeks his father's open door—he weeps—and enters in."

Why, sir, you're crying as hard as I; what—is it
really done?
Have the loving voice and the Helping Hand
brought back my wandering son?
Did you kiss me and call me "Mother"—and hold
me to your breast,
Or is it one of the taunting dreams that come to
mock my rest?
No—no! thank God, 'tis a dream come true! I can
die, for He's saved my boy! . . .

LONDON HOUSE-TOPS.

By SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON. Novelist, Statesman.
B. 1805, England; d. 1873.
An extract from his novel, "The Caxtons."

IT is not enough to secure a lodging in the attic; your attic must be unequivocally a back attic; the house in which it is located must be slightly elevated above its neighbors; the sight must be so humored that you cannot catch a glimpse of the pavements: if you once see the world beneath, the whole charm of that world above is destroyed. Taking for granted that you have secured these requisites, open your window and contemplate the extraordinary scene which spreads before you. You find it difficult to believe life can be so tranquil on high while it is so noisy and turbulent below. Eliot Warburton recommends you to sail down the Nile if you want to lull the vexed spirit.

It is easier and cheaper to hire an attic in Holborn! You don't have the crocodiles, but you have animals no less hallowed in Egypt—the cats! And how harmoniously the tranquil creatures blend with the prospect—how noiselessly they glide along at the distance, pause, peer about, and disappear. It is only from the attic that you can appreciate the picturesque which belong to our domesticated tigerskin! The goat should be seen on the Alps, and the cat on the house-top.

Look at that desolate house with no roof at all—gutted and skinned by the last London fire! You can see the poor white-and-green paper still clinging to walls and the chasm that was once a cupboard, and the shadows gathering black on the aperture that was once a hearth. Seen above, what a compassionate, inquisitive charm in the skeleton ruin! How your fancy runs riot—re-peopling the chambers, hearing the last cheerful good-night of that destined Pompeii—creeping on tiptoe with the mother, when she gives her farewell look to the baby. Now all is midnight and silence; then the red, crawling serpent comes out. Lo! his breath; hark! his hiss. Now, spire after spire he winds and he coils; now he soars up erect—crest superb and forked tongue—the beautiful horror! Then the start from the sleep, and the doubtful awaking, and the run here and there, and the mother's rush to the cradle; the cry from the window and the knock at the door, and the spring of those on high toward the stair that leads to safety below, and the

smoke rushing up! And they run back stifled and blinded, and the floor heaves beneath them like a bark on the sea. Hark! the grating wheels thundering low; near and nearer comes the engine. Fix the ladders!—there! there! at the window, where the mother stands with the babe! Splash and hiss comes the water; pales, then flares out the fire; foe defies foe; element, element. How sublime is the war! But the ladder! the ladder!—there at the window! All else are saved; the clerk and his books! the lawyer with that tin box of title-deeds; the landlord, with his policy of insurance; the miser, with his banknotes and gold; all are saved—all, but the babe and the mother. What a crowd in the streets! how the light crimsons over the gazers, hundreds on hundreds! All those faces seem as one face, with fear. Not a man mounts the ladder. Yes, there—gallant fellow! God inspires—God shall speed thee! How plainly I see him! His eyes are closed, his teeth set. The serpent leaps up, the forked tongue darts upon him, and the reek of its breath wraps him around. The crowd has ebbed back like a sea, and the smoke rushes over all. Ha! what dim forms are those on the ladder? Near and nearer—crash come the roof-tiles. Alas, and alas! no! a cry of joy—a “Thank Heaven!” and the women force their way through the men to come round the child and mother.

TO A SKELETON.

ANONYMOUS.

[The MS. of this poem, which appeared during the first quarter of the present century, was said to have been found in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in London, near a perfect human skeleton, and to have been sent by the curator to the *Morning Chronicle* for publication. It excited so much attention that every effort was made to discover the author, and a responsible party went so far as to offer a reward of fifty guineas for information that would discover its origin. The author preserved his incognito, and, we believe, has never been discovered.]

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full:
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot?
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;

If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them,
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

WHO PLANTS A TREE.

By LUCY LARCOM, Poet, Editor. B. 1826, Massachusetts.
Resides at Beverly, Mass.

HE who plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.

So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.

Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.

Every day a fresh reality,
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.

If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,
He plants peace;
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.

Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,
He plants love;

Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.

Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant-life does the rest.

Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP.

By WENDELL PHILLIPS, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts;
d. 1884.

EPHESUS was upside down. The manufacturers of silver boxes for holding heathen images had collected their laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image-worship, and consequently very much damaging their business. There was a great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the street, violently gesticulating, and calling one another hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmiths; others, the policy of Paul.

Finally they called a convention. When they

assembled, they all wanted the floor, and all wanted to talk at once. Some wanted to denounce, some to resolve. At last the convention rose in a body, all shouting together, till some were red in the face and sore in the throat, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

Well, the whole scene reminds me of the excitement we witness at the autumnal elections. While the goddess Diana has lost her worshipers, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and call it political party. While there are true men, Christian men, standing in both political parties, who go into the elections resolved to serve their city, their State, their country, in the best possible way, yet in the vast majority it is a question between the pease and the oats. One party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" when in truth both are crying, if they were but honest enough to admit it, "Great is my pocket-book!"

What is the duty of Christian citizenship? If the Norwegian boasts of his home of rocks, and the Siberian is happy in his land of perpetual snow,—if the Roman thought the muddy Tiber was the favored river of heaven, and the Chinese pitied everybody born out of the Flowery Kingdom,—shall not he, in this land of glorious liberty, have some thought and love for country? There is a power higher than the ballot-box, the gubernatorial chair, or the President's house. To preserve

the institutions of our country, we must recognize this power in our politics.

See how men make every effort to clamber into higher positions, but are cast down. God opposes them. Every man, every nation, that proved false to divine expectation, down it went. God said to the house of Bourbon, "Remodel France, and establish equity." It would not do it. Down it went. God said to the house of Stuart, "Make the people of England happy." It would not do it. Down it went. He said to the house of Hapsburg, "Reform Austria, and set the prisoners free." It would not do it. Down it went. He says to men now, "Reform abuses, enlighten the people, make peace and justice to reign." They don't do it, and they tumble down.

How many wise men will go to the polls high with hope, and be sent back to their firesides! God can spare them. If he could spare Washington before free government was tested; Howard, while tens of thousands of dungeons remained unvisited; Wilberforce, before the chains had dropped from millions of slaves—then Heaven can spare another man. The man who for party forsakes righteousness goes down, and the armed battalions of God march over him.

THE RISING IN 1776.

By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, Poet. B. 1822, Pennsylvania; d. 1872, New York.

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And, calmly as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.

The pastor rose: the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might,—
“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right.”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

“Who dares”—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
“Come out with me in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?”
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, “I!”

DOROTHY'S MUSTN'TS.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, Poet, Author. B. 1845, Wisconsin ; resides in New York City.

From *In Sunny Hours*.

“ I'M sick of ‘ mustn'ts,’ ” said Dorothy D.,
“ Sick of ‘ mustn'ts ’ as I can be.

“ From early morn till the close of day
I hear a ‘ mustn't ’ and never a ‘ may.’
It's ‘ You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,’
And ‘ You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed ’;

“ ‘ You mustn't cry when I comb your curls ’;
‘ You mustn't play with those noisy girls ’;
‘ You mustn't be silent when spoken to ’;
‘ You mustn't chatter as parrots do ’;

“ ‘ You mustn't be pert,’ and ‘ You mustn't be
proud ’;
‘ You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud ’;
‘ You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress ’;
‘ You mustn't nod in place of yes.’

“ So all day long the ‘ mustn'ts ’ go
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin ‘ mustn'ts ’ with great big eyes
That stare at me in shocked surprise.

“Oh, I hope I shall live to see the day
When someone will say to me ‘Dear, you may,
For I’m sick of ‘mustn’ts,’” said Dorothy D.,
“Sick of ‘mustn’ts,’ as I can be.”

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

By WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, Orator, Statesman. B.
1860, Illinois; resides in Nebraska.

From an address delivered at Arlington Cemetery,
Washington, D. C., May 30, 1894.

THE essence of patriotism lies in a willingness to sacrifice for one's country, just as true greatness finds expression, not in blessings enjoyed, but in good bestowed. Read the words inscribed on the monuments reared by loving hands to the heroes of the past; they do not speak of wealth inherited, or of honors bought, or of hours in leisure spent, but of service done. Twenty years, forty years, a life, or life's most precious blood, he yielded up for the welfare of his fellows—this is the simple story which proves that it is now, and ever has been, more blessed to give than to receive.

The officer was a patriot when he gave his ability to his country and risked his name and fame upon the fortunes of war; the private soldier was a patriot when he took his place in the ranks and offered his body as a bulwark to protect the flag; the wife was a patriot when she bade her husband farewell and gathered about her the little brood

over which she must exercise both a mother's and a father's care; and, if there can be degrees in patriotism, the mother stood first among the patriots when she gave to the nation her sons, the divinely appointed support of her declining years, and, as she brushed the tears away, thanked God that he had given her the strength to rear strong and courageous sons for the battlefield.

To us who were born too late to prove upon the battlefield our courage and our loyalty, it is gratifying to know that opportunity will not be wanting to show our love of country. In a nation like ours, where the Government is founded upon the principle of equality and derives its just powers from the consent of the governed; in a land like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign and where no one cares to wear a crown, every year presents a battlefield and every day brings forth occasion for the display of patriotism.

We shall fall short of our duty if we content ourselves with praising the dead or complimenting the living, and fail to make preparations for those responsibilities which present times and present conditions impose upon us. Pericles, in speaking of those who fell at Salamis, explained the loyalty of his countrymen when he said:

“ It was for such a country, then, that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting, and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer in its behalf.”

The strength of a nation does not lie in forts,

nor in navies, nor yet in great standing armies, but in happy and contented citizens, who are ever ready to protect for themselves and to preserve for posterity the blessings which they enjoy. It is for us of this generation to so perform the duties of citizenship that a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

NATHAN HALE.

By FRANCIS MILES FINCH, Poet. B. 1827, New York. In 1881 he was elected an associate justice of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York.

Nathan Hale, Soldier, was born in Coventry, Conn., in 1755, and died in New York City, September 22, 1776. When he graduated from Yale in 1773, Dr. Munson of New Haven said of him that "he was in figure and deportment the most manly man I have ever met." When the news of Lexington reached the quiet village where he was teaching, a town meeting was held at which Hale said, "Let us march immediately, and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence."

He became eventually a captain in the "Connecticut Rangers," and while in the British lines openly making observations, drawings, and memoranda of fortifications, he was arrested and condemned as a spy. As he ascended the scaffold he said: "If I had ten thousand lives, I would lay them down in defense of my injured, bleeding country" and his last words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

To drum-beat and heart-beat,
A soldier marches by;
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,—
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag
And the armed sentry's tramp;
And the starlight and moonlight
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line,
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave and the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars
Like the glimmer of a lance,—
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound!
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy has found;
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom;
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow-trace of gloom,

But with calm brow and steady brow
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod;
And the brutal guards withhold
E'en the solemn Word of God!
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ had trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

From the Fame-leaf and the Angel-leaf,
From monument and urn,
The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn,
And on Fame-leaf and on Angel-leaf
The name of HALE shall burn.

THE WISEST FOOL.

By EVA LOVETT, Poet, Editor of the Young Folk's Page of the Brooklyn *Sunday Eagle*; resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIX fools, the story runs,
King Simon, wisest monarch he, and good,
Sent out to do the wisest thing they could
Between two suns.

They started forth in haste.
Said one: "The livelong day
All I possess on earth I'll give away.
Purest of joys I'll taste,
And do the wisest thing I know,
What wiser could I do below?"

Another cried: "Indeed,
You prove yourself the fool you claim to be.
I'll search for treasure, buy and sell, and see
What I can save against my sorest need;
The King's reward to whoso does the best—
I'm wiser than the rest."

The third said: "Most of men
Are fools, and I am surely not the least,
I'll travel west and east,
And give advice both with my tongue and pen,
Two fools are ever better far than one,
What wiser could I do before another sun?"

Said one: "The world is rife with woe,
Suffering, and sorrow; I will go
Out into all the highways, to and fro,
And heal the broken hearts, and soothe the strife,
Make easier the strange disease called life.

What better lot on me could fall,
Than to be slave to all?"

The next: "This starting out to see
How wise they are, it seems to me,
Proves them but fools the more.
I'll to my bed and snore,
I'll take the day to rest,
And on the morrow with a fresher zest,
When I amuse the master, he will say,
"Oh, Fool, you were the wisest yesterday."

The last fool started, halted, turned him round,
And bowing to the ground,
Took his old place again beside the King,
Saying: "Oh, Master! what the wisest thing
May be—I cannot tell,
And so I'll do the thing that's next my hand,
And that I'm here to do,—You understand
I am a fool. My Master,
Is it well?"

THE NATIONAL HYMN.

By JANET E. H. RICHARDS.

An address delivered at Washington, D. C., before the Daughters of the American Revolution, January, 1897.

THE idea of writing a National hymn to order in times of peace, without the inspiration of a nation's peril or the fear of losing a people's liberty, seems as absurd as to suppose that the poet Bryant might have written "Thanatopsis" to order as an obituary, or that Gray could have written his immortal Elegy as a funeral ode in obedience to a royal mandate.

Fancy Rouget de Lisle, for example, composing the immortal "Marseillaise," perhaps the most inspiring and famous of National hymns, without the inspiration of the French Revolution, the danger of losing the hard-won advantages already wrested by an oppressed people from a three years' struggle for liberty.

What less could have brought into being, in a single night, those ringing words set to that wonderful and martial air, the twin product of a mighty inspiration, born of a passionate desire for a nation's freedom!

Without the inspiring occasion, it is impossible that a national anthem, destined to survive, should be born. From the birth-throes only of a nation's peril, expressed perhaps in the guise of a devoted and enthusiastic patriotism, the nation's anthems have come forth. To which of our national hymns

has such an occasion given birth? To one, and one only, which is itself the strongest argument for exalting it above the rest and crystallizing public sentiment in favor of choosing it as the National American hymn—"The Star-Spangled Banner!"

You all know its history--how it was written by Francis Scott Key during the War of 1812, or, more accurately speaking, at the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, on September 12, 1814.

From the peril of a desperate occasion (the danger of renewed British domination) his inspiration sprang into being, and, seizing barrel-head for desk, on the blank sheet of a letter, with a piece of lead pencil, Francis Scott Key wrote those immortal words, at once an apostrophe to the flag and a summary of that battle, the peril and uncertainty of the night, the blessed triumph of the morning!

In times of peace, dear flag, we hail thee! In time of danger, inspired by this anthem, we will gladly rally to thy defense and shed our life's blood, if necessary, in order that we may proudly proclaim, after the heat and hardship of the struggle, "Our flag is still there!"

THE LADY OF THE CASTLE.

ANONYMOUS.

"OH! happy is he that giveth
Of his gifts unto the poor,
For the smile of the blessed Christ is his,
And his reward is sure."

'Twas at the bleak time of Winter
And a draught lay on the land,
And bread was scarce, and cries of want
Were heard on every hand,

When a beggar roamed through the village,
Meanly but cleanly clad;
Her back was bent 'neath the burden of age
And her face was pale and sad.

" Give me of your bread, good people,
Giye me of your bread," cried she;
" That I'm hungry and cold and ragged and old
You all must plainly see."

With many a look of anger
They drove her from the door;
Or if food they gave her, 'twas a moldy crust
Or a bone and nothing more.

At last at a little cottage,
And humbler than any there,
Where a poor old man, and his feeble wife,
Dwelt long with want and care,

She paused, that wretched wanderer,
And asked a while to rest
On the steps, but the old man with kindly smile
Urged in his ragged guest

And gave her a seat at the fireside,
While his good wife in a trice
From a fresh baked loaf of barley bread
Cut off an ample slice.

And this with a cup of water
They placed before their guest,
" 'Twas all they had," they smiling said,
But the food upon her prest.

" May the good Lord ne'er forgive us,
Nor e'er bestow us more,
If ever the hungry we turn away
Unfed from our cottage door.

" The little we have to offer is God's,
Not ours; do eat, we pray."
And the beggar ate of the barley bread
And thankfully went her way.

The lady up at the castle,
The castle stately and grand,
Invited the villagers to a feast
To be given by her hand.

And smiling they went to the castle,
And smiling they entered the hall,
Where a chair was set for everyone,
And a place was laid for all.

Said the lady, smiling sweetly,
“Come, friends, sit up and eat,”
And they gathered round that ample board
With glad and willing feet.

Then their eyes oped wide with wonder,
For they saw—oh—sore dismayed,
A moldy cake or a moldy crust
Beside each platter laid!

With scraps of cold potatoes
Which the swine would scarcely eat,
And tainted fish and rinds of cheese
And broken bits of meat.

While up in a place of honor
A table was set for two;
Groaning beneath its weight of food,
And dainties both sweet and new.

Then up spake this noble lady,
And sternly this she said:
“I was the beggar that roamed your streets
Yester'e'en, and asked for bread.

“I did it to test you people,
So anxious was I to know
How kind ye were to the hungry and poor
Amid this season of woe.

“ And this was what you gave me,
As you spurned me from your door,
These vile cold scraps, and these moldy crusts—
But these, and nothing more!

“ Not one in this whole large village
Save him with yon hoary head,
And his dear old wife, that asked me in
And gave me of their bread.

“ For them is yon table waiting
With richest viands stored.
Go! sit ye down, dear servants of Christ,
And feast ye at my board.

“ And want shall be thine no longer,
For a home I’ve given to thee,
Where every comfort of life shall be thine
Till life shall cease to be.

“ And ye go home, ye people,
Each with your moldy crust,
And bow your heads with very shame;
Ay, even to the dust.

“ And back to my noble castle,
Oh! never come again
Till ye learn with what measure ye mete, it shall
Be meted to you again,

“Oh! happy is he that giveth
Of his gifts unto the poor;
For the smile of the blessed Christ is his,
And his reward is sure.”

THE LONE STAR OF CUBA.

By DAVID GRAHAM ADEE, Poet ; resides at Washington,
D. C.

Reprinted from *The Evening Star* of Washington.

STRIKE for your altars
Lit by the Lone Star,
Triumph ne'er falters
From heroes afar!
Cuba, your valor
Illumines your face,
Flushes its pallor,
Upraising your race!

Tyrants shall never
Destroy your fair fame;
Freedom forever
Encircles your name!
Cuba, bright Queen
Of the Antilles isles,
Brilliant your sheen
As resplendent your smiles.

Cubans, arise,
For the battle fierce roars;
Gain the grand prize
Kept by Spain from your shores!

Win as the seaman
With ocean in fight
All that the freeman
Attains by the right;

Cubans, the God
Who gives strength to the brave
Bares the sharp sword
Your dear country to save;
Fills you again
With the patriot power
Despots of Spain
To withstand as a tower!

Cubans, awake,
From the slumber of night,
Tyranny shake
From your island of light!
Wheel into line
With the great and the free,
Let your star shine
O'er the land and the sea!

Strive ye in battle
As heroes have striven,
Men are not cattle
Like brutes to be driven!
Never lay by
Your good weapons of war
Till Liberty's sky
Beams with Cuba's Lone Star!

PEACE.

By CHARLES SUMNER, Statesman, Orator. B. 1811, Massachusetts; d. 1874, Washington, D. C.

Selected from the oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations," delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, July 4, 1845.

AND peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill—fields held sacred in the history of human freedom—shall lose their luster. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. . . .

Freedom is not an end in itself, but a means only; a means of securing justice and happiness—the real end and aim of states, as of every human heart. If these truths are impressed on your minds you will be ready to join in efforts for the abolition of war, and of all preparations for war, as indispensable to the true grandeur of our country.

To this great work let me summon you. That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists,—

when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace,—may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true Golden Age is before you, not behind you. . .

Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the Past from their fiery sepulchers demand it; the blood of millions, unjustly shed in war, crying from the ground, demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers "Peace." There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off forever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the

King of Glory in: the King of true Glory—of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty:

“ And let the whole earth be filled with his glory.”

It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot—the small island of Delos—dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be the first in PEACE, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.

JIM.

By NORA PERRY, Poet. B. 1841, Massachusetts.
From "Lyrics and Legends," copyright by Little, Brown
& Co.

OUT in a fog-bank we went down,—
Four-and-twenty men full told,
Fishermen all, from Provincetown,
None of 'em more than thirty year old.

We'd cleared the banks and were homeward bound,
With such a load as you never saw,—
Cod and mackerel fine and sound,
Twelve hundredweight without a flaw.

The wind was west and the sky was clear
When we set our sails that night for home;
Nobody had a thought of fear
An hour before the end had come.

Jim was whistlin'—a way he had—
A theater tune he'd heard somewhere;
I can hear it now, and can see the lad,
With his handsome shoulders broad and square.

He stood at the helm, and he knew his place,
Nobody knew it better than he.
One minute the moon lit up his face,
The next, I swear I couldn't see

Half a foot before me there!
Just as sudden as that it fell,
That white fog-bank,—a devil's snare,
It seemed to me, from the pit of hell.

Four-and-twenty men full told,
And never one of 'em saved but me.
None of 'em more than thirty year old,
As likely lads as ever you see.

Fisherman's luck, perhaps you say.
The parson said pretty nigh the same,
When he tried to comfort the folks that day,
Though he fixed it up by another name.

Well, it's five-and-thirty years to-night
Since we parted company, Jim and me,—
Since I saw him in that March moonlight,
His hand to the helm, his face to the sea.

Five-and-thirty years, and Jim,—
He's a young man still, I s'pose, while I,
My hair is white, and my eyes are dim.
But, mate, I've a notion, when I die,

He'll be at the helm and steer me through
The shoaling tide to my journey's end;
For Jim and me—well, I never knew
Such a fellow as Jim to stick to a friend.

And I've had a thought I've never told
In all these years before—that Jim
Would never have lost his grip and hold,
As somehow I lost my grip on him.

We went down into the fog together;
He was hurt from the first, but I had him fast
In a clutch like death, I thought; but whether
My strength or courage failed at the last

I never could tell, but only know
That all at once I found my hand
Loose and empty—God, what a blow!
Then I drifted alone to an empty land.

But I haven't much time here now to spend;
My hearing's dull and my eyes are dim.
What's that you ask, "afraid of the end?"
Afraid! why, the end is—Jim!

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1809, Kentucky; lived in Illinois and Washington, D. C.; d. Washington, D. C., 1865.

The battle of Gettysburg was fought July 1-3, 1863, between the Union forces under General Meade and the Confederate troops under General Lee. The Confederates were defeated.

At the dedication of the Cemetery, in which those slain in this battle were buried, November 19, 1863, President Lincoln delivered this brief address.

FOURSCORE-AND-SEVEN years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, con-

ceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Poet, Author, Professor.
B. 1809. Massachusetts ; d. 1894, Beverly, Mass.

From "Holmes' Poetical Works," published by Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And the coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their stream-
ing hair.

Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is borne
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting
sea!

OPPORTUNITY TO LABOR.

By THOMAS BRACKETT REED, Statesman. B. 1839, Maine ;
resides in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Reed has been a Member of Congress continuously
since 1876, and is now Speaker of the House of Representa-
tives.

From a speech delivered at Old Orchard Beach, Me.,
August 25, 1896.

WHAT seemed the great primeval curse that
in the sweat of his face should man eat bread has
been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of
the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound
hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power.

Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will. Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter, and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people who make up this great Republic, the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal and the diffusion among all of the riches to which the glories of "The Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all the jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glowworm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources, it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work, that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life

which begins with the cradle and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE HEATHER.

By PETER GRANT, Author ; resides at Chicago.

Reprinted from *The Scottish American* of February 17, 1897.

WHEN the sunbeams glint sae bonnie
 On the burnie's dancin' foam,
 An' the wee birds' blythesome chorus
 Tells that simmer days hae come,
 Then I'm houpin' tae forgaither
 Wi' the freens o' bygane days—
 When the bloom is on the heather
 An' the gowan on the braes.

Oh! I'll hear the skylark singin'
 As he wakes the caller morn;
 An' my een sae wistfu' gazin'
 On the glen where I was born;
 An' the bluebells saftly noddin'
 Tae the simmer breeze that blows—
 When the bloom is on the heather
 An' the blossom on the rose.

Oh! the neighbors' bairns will gather
Whaur I sit aneath the trees,
An' I'll tell them wondrous stories
O' the land ayont the seas;
An' their artless wiles shall banish
A' the sorrows I hae seen—
When the bloom is on the heather
An' the dewdrop on the green.

'Mang the scenes o' hame an' childhood
Mony a year shall backward roll,
Wi' the rush o' tender mem'ries
Thrangin' ower my waukened soul;
At the hint o' hairst regainin'
A' the freshness o' the spring—
When the bloom is on the heather
An' the bird upon the wing.

THE THRUSH'S SONG.

By W. MACGILLIVRAY.

DEAR, dear, dear,
In the rocky glen,
Far away, far away, far away,
The haunts of men;
There shall we dwell in love
With the lark and the dove,
Cuckoo and corn-rail,
Feast on the bearded snail,
Worm and gilded fly;

Drink of the crystal rill
 Winding adown the hill
 Never to dry,
 With glee, with glee, with glee,
 Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up here;
 Nothing to harm us, then sing merrily,
 Sing to the loved one, whose nest is near.

Qui, qui, queen, quip,
 Tiurru, tiurru, chipiwi,
 Too-tee, too-tee, chin-choo,
 Chirri, chirri, chooe
 Quin, qui, qui!

THE LOVE OF HOME.

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Orator, Journalist. B. 1851,
 Georgia; d. 1889, Georgia.

From "Life and Letters of H. W. Grady," copyright by
 H. C. Hudgins & Co., Richmond, Va.

THE man who kindles the fire on the hearth-stone of an honest and righteous home burns the best incense to liberty. He does not love mankind less who loves his neighbor most. George Eliot has said:

"A human life should be well rooted in some spot of a native land where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of the earth, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blest."

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway. I teach my child to love Georgia; to love the soil that he stands on; the body of my old mother; the mountains that are her springing breasts, the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home, deep-rooted and abiding, that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees; that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, persistent though put aside, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until, amid the scenes of his boyhood, he gathers up the broken threads of his life and owns the soil his conqueror—this—this lodged in the heart of the citizen—is the saving principle of our government. We note the barracks of our standing army with its rolling drum and its fluttering flag as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone, while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted.

THE THIRTY-NINE LOVERS.

(From the London *Graphic*.)

A VESSEL was voyaging over the sea,
And two score of passengers on board had she;
Thirty-and-nine of the masculine sort
And a charming young lady the captain brought.
The thirty-and-nine were all shot through by
Cupid,
But the charming young lady thought them all
rather stupid.

She saw them alone, and she saw them together,
How they looked in a calm, and after bad weather.
There were tall ones, and short ones,
Fat, lean, rich, and fady,
But all were alike deep in love with the lady.

She could not love them all, so what was to be
done?

She consulted the captain, who suggested some
fun.

“ To-morrow,” said he, “ if the day should be calm,
Just jump in the sea, it shall do you no harm,
And the first one that follows, to rescue your life,
Will have the first claim to make you his wife.”

The next day was calm, and over she fell,
And thirty-eight passengers followed as well.
One stayed where he was, for as he could not swim
He knew he’d be drowned, which was “ gone
goose” for him.

The lady was rescued, and the passengers too,
And they stood in a row as for a review,
Uninviting before, they now looked like drowned
 rats
From the soles of their feet to the crowns of their
hats.

She consulted the captain, whose look was a sly one:
“ If I were you, miss, I’d favor the dry one,”
 Which she did.

A CHRISTMAS CAMP ON THE SAN GABR'EL.

By AMELIA EDITH BARR, Author, Poet. B. 1831, England; lives in New York.

LAMAR and his Rangers camped at dawn on the
 banks of the San Gabr'el,
Under the mossy live-oaks, in the heart of a lonely
 dell;
With the cloudless Texas sky above, and the mes-
 quite grass below,
And all the prairie lying still, in a misty, silvery
 glow.

The sound of the horses cropping grass, the fall of
 a nut, full ripe,
The stir of a weary soldier, or the tap of a smoked-
 out pipe,

Fell only as sounds in a dream may fall upon a drowsy ear,
Till the captain said, " 'Tis Christmas Day! so, boys, we'll spend it here;

" For the sake of our homes and our childhood, we'll give the day its dues."

Then some leaped up to prepare the feast, and some sat still to muse,
And some pulled scarlet yupon-berries and wax-white mistletoe,
To garland the stand-up rifles,—for Christmas has no foe.

And every heart had a pleasant thought, or a tender memory,

Of unforgotten Christmas-tides that nevermore might be;

They felt the thrill of a mother's kiss, they heard the happy psalm,

And the men grew still, and all the camp was full of a gracious calm.

" Halt!" cried the sentinel; and lo! from out of the brushwood near

There came, with weary, fainting step, a man in mortal fear,—

A brutal man, with a tiger's heart, and yet he made his plea:

" I am dying of hunger and thirst, so do what you will with me."

They knew him well: who did not know the cruel
San Sabatan,—

The robber of the Rio Grande, who spared not any
man?

In low, fierce tones they spoke his name, and
looked at a coil of rope,

And the man crouched down in abject fear—how
could he dare to hope?

The captain had just been thinking of the books his
mother read,

Of a Saviour born on Christmas Day, who bowed
on the cross His head;

Blending the thought of his mother's tears with the
holy mother's grief,—

And when he saw San Sabatan, he thought of the
dying thief.

He spoke to the men in whispers, and they heeded
the words he said,

And brought to the perishing robber—water and
meat and bread.

He ate and drank like a famished wolf, and then lay
down to rest,

And the camp, perchance, had a stiller feast for its
strange Christmas guest.

But or ever the morning dawned again, the cap-
tain touched his hand:

“Here is a horse, and some meat and bread; fly to
the Rio Grande!

Fly for your life! We follow hard; touch nothing
on your way—
Your life was only spared because 'twas Jesus
Christ's birthday."

He watched him ride as the falcon flies, then turned
to the breaking day;
The men awoke, the Christmas berries were quietly
cast away;
And, full of thought, they saddled again, and rode
off into the west—
May God be merciful to them, as they were to their
guest!

ARBITRATION AND CIVILIZATION.

By SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, Statesman, Orator, Jurist. B. 1833, Ireland. Early in life he was a parliamentary leader-writer for a Catholic journal. He was called to the Bar in 1859 and became a Queen's Counsel in 1872. He was a Liberal member of Parliament in 1880, 1885, and 1886, and in the latter year he became Attorney General under Mr. Gladstone and was knighted. He is now Lord Chief Justice of England.

An extract from an address delivered at Convention Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., August 20, 1896, before the American Bar Association, at their Nineteenth Annual Convention.

WHO can say, in spite of the important respects in which the evils of war have been mitigated and the progress of international comity, that these times breathe the spirit of peace? There is war in the air. Nations armed to the teeth prize of peace, but there is no sense of peace. One sovereign bur-

dens the industry of his people to maintain military and naval armaments at war strength, and his neighbor does the like, and justifies it by the example of the other; and England, insular though she be, with her imperial interests scattered the world over, follows, or is forced to follow, in the wake. If there be no war, there is at best an armed peace. The normal cost of the armaments of war has of late years enormously increased. The annual interest on the public debt of the great Powers is a war tax. Behind this array of facts stands a tragic figure. It tells a dismal tale. It speaks of overburdened industries, of a waste of human energy unprofitably engaged, of the squandering of treasure which might have let light into many lives, of homes made desolate, and all this, too often, without recompense in the thought that these sacrifices have been made for the love of country or to preserve national honor or for national safety. When will governments learn the lesson that wisdom and justice in policy are a stronger security than weight of armament?

Ah ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie, like a shaft of light, across the land.

It is no wonder that men—earnest men—enthusiasts, if you like, impressed with the evils of war, have dreamt the dream that the millennium of peace might be reached by establishing a universal system of international arbitration.

The cry of peace is an Old World cry. It has echoed through all the ages, and arbitration has long been regarded as the handmaiden of peace. In our own times the desire has spread and grown strong for peaceful methods for the settlement of international disputes. The reason lies on the surface. Men and nations are more enlightened; the grievous burden of military armaments is sorely felt, and in these days when, broadly speaking, the *people* are enthroned, their views find free and forcible expression in a worldwide press.

Experience has shown that over a large area international differences may honorably, practically, and usefully be dealt with by peaceful arbitration. There have been since 1815 some sixty instances of effective international arbitration. To thirty-two of these the United States have been a party and Great Britain to some twenty of them.

But are we thence to conclude that the millennium of peace has arrived—that the dove bearing the olive branch has returned to the ark, sure sign that the waters of international strife have permanently subsided?

I am not sanguine enough to lay this flattering unction to my soul. Unbridled ambition, thirst for wide dominion, pride of power still hold sway, although, I believe, with lessened force and in some sort under the restraint of the healthier opinion of the world.

But further, friend as I am of peace, I would yet affirm that there may be even greater calamities

than war—the dishonor of a nation, the triumph of an unrighteous cause, the perpetuation of hopeless and debasing tyranny:

War is honorable,

In those who do their native rights maintain :
In those whose swords an iron barrier are,
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak ;
But is, in those who draw th' offensive blade
For added power or gain, sordid and despicable.

It behooves, then, all who are friends of peace and advocates of arbitration to recognize the difficulties of the question, to examine and meet these difficulties, and to discriminate between the cases in which friendly arbitration is, and in which it may not be, practically possible.

Must we then say that the sphere of arbitration is a narrow and contracted one? By no means! The sanctions which restrain the wrongdoer, the breaker of public faith, the disturber of the peace of the world, are not weak, and, year by year, they wax stronger. They are the dread of war and the reprobation of mankind. Public opinion is a force which makes itself felt in every corner and cranny of the world, and is most powerful in the communities most civilized. In the public press and in the telegraph it possesses agents by which its power is concentrated and speedily brought to bear where there is any public wrong to be exposed and reprobated. It year by year gathers strength as general enlightenment extends its empire and a higher moral altitude is attained by mankind. It has no

ships of war upon the seas or armies in the field, and yet great potentates tremble before it and humbly bow to its rule.

It would, indeed, be a reproach to our nineteen centuries of Christian civilization if there were now no better method for settling international differences than the cruel and debasing methods of war. May we not hope that the people of these States and the people of the mother land—kindred peoples—may, in this matter, set an example of lasting influence to the world? They are blood relations. They are indeed separate and independent peoples, but neither regards the other as a foreign nation.

We boast of our advance and often look back with pitying contempt on the ways and manners of generations gone by. Are we ourselves without reproach? Has our civilization borne the true marks? Must it not be said, as has been said of religion itself, that countless crimes have been committed in its name? Probably it was inevitable that the weaker races should in the end succumb; but have we always treated them with consideration and with justice? Has not civilization too often been presented to them at the point of the bayonet, and the Bible by the hand of the filibuster? And apart from races we deem barbarous, is not the passion for dominion and wealth and power accountable for the worst chapters of cruelty and oppression written in the world's history? Few peoples—perhaps none—are free from this re-

proach. What, indeed, is true civilization? By its fruit you shall know it. It is not dominion, wealth, material luxury; nay, not even a great literature and education widespread—good though these things be. Civilization is not a veneer; it must penetrate to the very heart and core of societies of men.

Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering; chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion; the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world; the love of ordered freedom; abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile; ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest sense, must make for peace. We have solid grounds for faith in the future. Government is becoming more and more, but in no narrow class sense, government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Populations are no longer moved and maneuvered as the arbitrary will or restless ambition or caprice of kings or potentates may dictate. And although democracy is subjected to violent gusts of passion and prejudice, they are gusts only. The abiding sentiment of the masses is for peace—for peace to live industrious lives and to be at rest with all mankind. With the prophet of old they feel—though the feeling may find no articulate utterance—“how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.”

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

By ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS.

Copyright G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York

IT is in battle, Antietam, some
Call it Sharpsburg, down in the corn
Shells are bursting, minié balls hum,
Saving the reapers trouble, and borne
Along the line from the charging right
Comes the roar of the midday fight.

Here are two regiments, one in gray,
The other in blue—so very near,
Barely a score of yards away,—
You fairly see the passions play
Across the faces and you hear—
I hear it now, the yell and cheer,
As firing into each other's faces,
The men load, fire, and drop in their places.

Fingers that never seem to tire
To load and fire and load and fire,—
Faces grimy with powder and sweat,—
Eyes with the gleam of the bayonet,—

One thought blazing in old and young,
The wish the minié ball always sung;
And that was frankly, murder, although
In battle we seldom call it so.

In such a fire one side must break;

And suddenly under the drifting smoke
I saw the gray line all but broke
And seemed to be flinching, when a man
Bearing a flag sprang out of the van,
Back to his own and face to the foe
Between the regiments, to and fro,
Flaunting his flag;—a moment or so
And all was over.

Perhaps you think
Men in the heat of battle shrink
From shooting a man for some gallant act,
Some deed like that—Ah, well! I know
In fiction they often tell us so,—
Hardly, I fear, it holds in fact;
“Shoot the fool with the flag!” they said:
A hundred minié balls stretched him dead.

Down he fell, all shrouded about
With the poor torn rag that he served so well;
We fired again, and then with a yell
Charged, and they broke to the rear in rout.
We wrenched the flag—it is war's hard way—
From the grasp of the dead man where he lay.

Dead? Oh, yes! but think of the life
He lived for reward in that little space
When far above the smoke and strife
His courage flew, and from his place,
Waving his flag from its riddled mast,
He sprang out, facing the shrinking line

And knew the next moment would be his last!—
Why, all he needed to be divine
Was death, and that came on apace!

Perhaps in some pleasant Southern State
Some there were to wonder and wait,—
To start at the beat of a passing drum
And long for a step that would never come.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

By MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN RIGGS, Author, Philanthropist. B. Philadelphia; resides in New York.

An extract from "Children's Rights," copyrighted in 1892 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

ONCE a child is born, one of his inalienable rights, which we too often deny him, is the right to his childhood.

If we could only keep from untwisting the morning-glory, only be willing to let the sunshine do it! Dickens said real children went out with powder and top-boots; and yet the children of Dickens' time were simple buds compared with the full-blown miracles of conventionality and erudition we raise nowadays.

There is no substitute for a genuine, free, serene, healthy, bread-and-butter childhood. A fine manhood or womanhood can be built on no other foundation; and yet our American homes are so often filled with hurry and worry, our manner of living is so keyed to concert pitch, our plan of existence so

complicated, that we drag the babies along in our wake, and force them to our artificial standards, forgetting that "sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste."

In the matter of clothing, we sacrifice children continually to the "Moloch of maternal vanity," as if the demon of dress did not demand our attention, sap our energy, and thwart our activities soon enough at best. And the right kind of children, before they are spoiled by fine feathers, do detest being "dressed up" beyond a certain point.

A tiny maid of my acquaintance has an elaborate Parisian gown, which is fastened on the side from top to bottom in some mysterious fashion, by a multitude of tiny buttons and cords. It fits the dear little mouse like a glove, and terminates in a collar which is an instrument of torture to a person whose patience has not been developed from year to year by similar trials. The getting of it on is anguish, and as to the getting of it off, I heard her moan to her nurse the other night, as she wriggled her curly head through the too-small exit, "Oh! only God knows how I hate gettin' peeled out o' this dress!"

The spectacle of a small boy whom I meet sometimes in the horse-cars, under the wing of his pre-destinate idiot of a mother, wrings my very soul. Silk hat, ruffled shirt, silver-buckled shoes, kid gloves, cane, velvet suit, with one two-inch pocket which is an insult to his sex,—how I pity the pathetic little caricature! Not a spot has he to locate

a top, or a marble, or a nail, or a string, or a knife, or a cooky, or a nut; but as a bloodless substitute for these necessities of existence, he has a toy watch (that will not go) and an embroidered handkerchief with cologne on it.

As to keeping children too clean for any mortal use, I suppose nothing is more disastrous. The divine right to be gloriously dirty a large portion of the time, when dirt is a necessary consequence of direct, useful, friendly contact with all sorts of interesting, helpful things, is too clear to be denied.

The children who have to think of their clothes before playing with the dogs, digging in the sand, helping the stableman, working in the shed, building a bridge or weeding the garden, never get half their legitimate enjoyment out of life. And unhappy fate, do not many of us have to bring up children without a vestige of a dog, or a sand heap, or a stable, or a shed, or a brook, or a garden! Conceive, if you can, a more difficult problem than giving a child his rights in a city flat. You may say that neither do we get ours; but bad as we are, we are always good enough to wish for our children the joys we miss ourselves.

Thrice happy is the country child, or the one who can spend a part of his young life among living things, near to Nature's heart. How blessed is the little toddling thing who can lie flat in the sunshine and drink in the beauty of the "green things growing," who can live among the other little animals, his brothers and sisters in feathers and fur; who can

put his hand in that of dear mother Nature, and learn his first baby lessons without any meddlesome middleman; who is cradled in sweet sounds "from early morn to dewy eve," lulled to his morning nap by hum of crickets and bees, and to his night's slumber by the sighing of the wind, the splash of waves, or the ripple of a river. He is a part of the "shining web of creation," learning to spell out the universe letter by letter as he grows sweetly, serenely, into a knowledge of its laws.

AUNT TABITHA.

ANONYMOUS.

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way;
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told;
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;
She would never endure an impertinent stare;
It is *horrid*, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety, you know—
But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* didn't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men;
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay—
Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's
day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa
How he dared to propose to my darling mamma;
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness! Who
knows?
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have
been!
And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shock-
ingly sad
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;
Let *me* perish—to rescue some wretched young
man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me *she* never did so!

FIVE MINUTES WITH A MAD DOG.

By W. POCKLINGTON.

LAST week I received orders to go to the Britannia public house, in Soho, and poison a large retriever belonging to the landlord. My master had seen the dog during his rounds, and found it in a dangerously rabid state. I filled a small bottle with hydrocyanic acid, and, taking a syringe, went off at once to see about it. There being no yard to the house, they had chained the dog down in the cellar to a staple in the wall. "'E's a very bad case, sir," said my guide, "an' I'll be glad when it's all over; for, although 'e was a great pet with us all, an' that fond of the kids you never see, it's awful to see 'im not know any of us, but when we goes near 'im to 'ave 'im come a-flying at us. Think 'e'll suffer much? There 'e goes! 'ear 'im! All day long 'e 'owls like that." I assured him it would soon be over without much pain, and descending some steps, we passed through a room in the basement that was dimly lit by a small and grimy window. Cases of wines and spirits were ranged against the walls, and we could hear the tramp of the thickly shod customers in the bar or taproom just above our heads. Opening a door, we passed into another room; this was lighted only by a small window in the room we had just left, as it shone through the now open door.

"He's in there," said the boy, pointing to another door in the wall opposite.

Thinking there was a window in the room, I pushed the door open, and immediately heard the rattle of a chain and the hoarse half howl, half growl of the poor beast, whose eyes I could see against the far wall gleaming through the dark. Window there was none.

"Why on earth didn't you bring a light?" I asked angrily; "you don't suppose I can poison him in the dark?"

"Thought I 'ad a match," said the boy, fumbling in his pockets; "there's a gas jet just inside the door."

I had no matches, so I sent him upstairs to get some, and, awaiting his return, sat down on an empty keg near the door.

The dog seemed uneasy, and, fancying the light through the doorway annoyed and distressed him, I pushed it to with my hand. The boy was some time gone, and I sat there thinking over the job. The air of the cellar was close, and the smell of the wet sawdust on the floor was most unpleasant. Clank went the dog's chain against the wall or the floor, as he moved uneasily about, wondering, I dare say, what was my errand there. Then the movement ceased for a time, or, partly absorbed in my thoughts, I failed to notice it. The next minute I started, feeling something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw two glaring eyes just at my knee. The dog was loose, the staple having

worked its way out of the damp and yielding mortar.

For a second or two I nearly lost consciousness. My heart seemed to stand still; but by an effort I kept from going off into a faint. I shall never forget the next few minutes as long as I live. I was alone in the dark, with this rabid beast rubbing against me, as if he were trying to find out who I was. Then he rested his nose on my knees and looked straight up into my face. I sat like a statue, knowing that at the slightest movement he would probably seize me, and knowing that such a bite in his advanced state of disease was almost certain death, and a horrible death too. Nerving myself, I sat perfectly still, calculating as well as I could my chances of escape. Presently the dog put first one paw, then the other, on my knee, and, standing on his hind legs, gently rubbed his head across my breast, then over my arms, and then commenced to explore my face, covering it with saliva. Yet I dared not move. I expected every instant he would seize me; the very beating of my heart might disturb and annoy him; and I felt that, come what might, I must fling him off and make a dash for the door.

Suddenly he ceased rubbing against me, and appeared to be listening. He could hear the steps of the boy descending the ladder. I also could hear it, and knew not whether to call to him or keep silent. The dog now dropped down to my knees again, still listening; and as the light of a candle

streamed through the crevices of the badly fitting door he crept into the far corner of the cellar, evidently dreading being put upon the chain again. Then I made a dash at the door, swung it open, and, banging it to behind me, sank more dead than alive on a case near the wall.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

ANONYMOUS.

Four hundred thousand men,
The brave—the good—the true,
In tangled wood, in mountain glen,
On battlefield, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you!
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you!
My friend, for me and you!

In many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
In many a cold and frozen camp
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp
And died for me and you!
From Western plains to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home—a heritage to gain;
To gain for me and you!
Our brothers mustered by our side;
They marched, they fought, and bravely died
For me and you!
My friend, for me and you!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged—those boys in blue—
'Mid surging smoke, the volleyed ball;
The bravest were the first to fall!
To fall for me and you!
These noble men—the nation's pride—
Four hundred thousand men have died,
My friend, for me and you!

In noisome prison hold
Their martyr spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you!
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men have died
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

A debt we never can repay
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day

Our children's children still shall say,
" They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you,
My friends, for me and you!

A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.

By CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON, in *Far and Near*. Resides in Massachusetts.

THERE is something that fills me with wonder,
That I've pondered and pondered again:
With so many remarkable children
Why so few remarkable men?

I have questioned Columbus:—he answered,
" That egg was a mere bagatelle!"
And at Delphi no hint of solution
From the lips of the Oracle fell.
I began on this problem at twenty,
Am no wiser at threescore and ten;—
In a world of remarkable children
Why so few remarkable men?

It was Oedipus answered me sadly,
Slowly shaking his hoary old locks
From a forehead that late had grown furrowed,
" That solution my intellect mocks;

I have pondered this riddle for ages;
This is something surpasses my ken:—
With so many remarkable children
Why so few remarkable men?"

It is certainly true of these children,
For, in doubt if my data were right,
I've appealed on all sides to the mothers,
And the fathers agreed with them quite.
Yet I turned, lest they might be mistaken,
To the aunts and the grandmothers then;
They were even more strong in conviction.
But oh, *where* their remarkable men?

I have thought it all over and over;
Not a ray on my darkness will fall;
When the world is so full of these children,
Who can tell what becomes of them all?
Ah, my hair that was golden is silvered;
I will lay down both problem and pen.
Oh, this world of remarkable children
And so few remarkable men!

WHAT IS WORTH WHILE.

By MRS. SAMUEL LINDSAY, *née* Anna Robertson Brown,
Ph. D., Author. Resides at Philadelphia.
An extract from "What Is Worth While," published by
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Boston.

THIS is the great danger, and a grave one it is,
that is apt, at some time or other, to confront us
all—the danger of substituting some intellectual

ambition for the ordinary human affections. I do not know how to speak strongly enough on this subject, and yet gently enough. Ambition is, in many ways, the most deadly foe we have—the most deadly foe to our character, I mean. Little by little that intellectual ambition will draw us away, if we are not careful, from our true place in life, and will make cold, unloved, and unhelpful women of us, instead of the joyous, affectionate, and unselfish women we might have been. We need not try to annihilate ambition, but let us keep it in bounds; let us see to it that it holds a just proportion in our lives. We need not let our talents lie idle, nor neglect to make the most of them; there is a place and a grand work for them all; but let us keep their development forever subordinate to simple human duties, usually at home. Very few lives are free—free to go and come, travel, read, study, write, think, paint, sing, at will. In the lives of most women these gifts are an aside in life, as it were, an underneath. Most of us are beset with loving calls of toil, care, responsibility, and quiet duties, which we must recognize, heed, obey.

We must love our mothers more than Greek dialects. If the instinct of daughter, sister, wife, or mother dies out of a college-bred woman, even in the course of a most brilliant career otherwise, the world will forget to love her; it will scorn her, and justly. If she does not make her surroundings homelike wherever she is, whether she be teacher, artist, musician, doctor, writer, daughter at home,

or a mother in her household; and if she herself is not cheery and loving, dainty in dress, gentle in manner, and beautiful in soul as every true woman ought to be, the world will feel that the one thing needful is lacking,—vivid, tender womanliness,—for which no knowledge of asymptotes or linguistics can ever compensate. It is better for a woman to fill a simple human part lovingly, better for her to be sympathetic in trouble and to whisper a comforting message into but one grieving ear, than that she should make a path to Egypt and lecture to thousands on ancient Thebes.

OUR COUNTRY.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts ; d. 1892, New Hampshire.

WE give thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

Tried as by furnace-fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
In future task before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep, but men remain
As wise, as true, and brave as they;
Why count the loss and not the gain?—
The best is that we have to-day.

From the warm Mexic Gulf, or where
Belted with flowers Los Angeles
Basks in the semi-tropic air,
To where Katahdin's cedar trees

Are dwarfed and bent by Northern winds
Thy plenty's horn is yearly filled;
Alone, the rounding century finds
Thy liberal soil by free hands tilled.

A refuge for the wronged and poor,
Thy generous heart has borne the blame
That, with them, through thy open door,
The Old World's evil outcasts came.

But, with thy just and equal rule,
And labor's need and breadth of lands,
Free press and rostrum, church and school,
Thy sure, if slow, transforming hands

Shall mold even them to thy design,
Making a blessing of the ban;
And Freedom's chemistry combine
The alien elements of the man.

Thy great world lesson all shall learn,
The nations in the school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain-tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplit.

Great without seeking to be great
By fraud or conquest, rich in gold,
But richer in the large estate
Of virtue which thy children hold.

With peace that comes of purity
And strength to simple justice due,
So run our loyal dreams of thee;
God of our fathers!—make it true.

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

THE MARTYR-SPY.

By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author, Editor. B. 1829,
Massachusetts; lives in New York, and is editor of
Harper's Magazine

From an address delivered at the unveiling of the Hale
statue, June 16, 1887, at Hartford, Conn.

IT is the deed and the memorable last words we think of when we think of Hale. For all the man's life, all his character, flowered and bloomed into immortal beauty in this one supreme moment of self-sacrifice, triumph, defiance. The ladder on which the deserted boy stood amidst the enemies of his country, when he uttered those last words, which all human annals do not parallel in simple patriotism—the ladder, I am sure, ran up

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THE "NEW WOMAN."

By E. MATHESON in *Chambers's Journal*.

SHE does not "languish in her bower,"
Or squander all the golden day
In fashioning a gaudy flower
Upon aworsted spray.
Nor is she quite content to wait,
Behind her "rose-wreathed lattice pane,"
Until beside her father's gate
The gallant "prince draws rein."

The brave "new woman" scorns to sigh
And count it "such a grievous thing"
That year on year should hurry by
And no gay suitor bring.
In labor's ranks she takes her place,
With skillful hands and cultured mind,
Not always foremost in the race,
But never far behind.

And not less lightly fall her feet
Because they tread the busy ways.
She is no whit less fair and sweet
Than maids of olden days,
Who, gowned in samite or brocade,
Looked charming in their dainty guise,
But dwelt like violets in the shade
With shy, half-opened eyes.

Of life she takes a clearer view,
And through the press serenely moves
Unfettered, free, with judgment true,
· Avoiding narrow grooves.
She reasons, and she understands,
And sometimes 'tis her joy and crown
To lift with strong yet tender hands
The burdens men lay down.

OUR COUNTRY.

By BENJAMIN HARRISON, Statesman, ex-President of the United States. B. 1833, Indiana.

Extract from a speech delivered in the New York Music Hall, November 1, 1894.

I WISH we could banish epithets from our public discussion. I wish we could get our people all to understand that when we have prosperous times they are good for everybody; not equally—one may gain more than another; but when we have good times everybody shares them in his measure. And when we have evil times every man shares the sorrow of them. We are in our social and civil life so knit together that it is an impossible condition of things when the times can be prosperous for some of our people and disastrous for others. Let us take that lesson to our hearts. Let us put bitterness out of them. Let us stop these envyings and these jealousies, and look at these questions from the standpoint of a common love for a com-

mon country and a brotherhood among the citizens of that land. I think that the great masses of every political creed and of every religion are patriotic lovers of their country, and that, according to their lights, they are willing to serve it. It is a country worthy of the love of us all. It has a noble history; a history illustrated by great deeds; a history sanctified by great sacrifices; a history that has set in the galaxy of the world's great statesmen some enduring names; a history that has set in the rolls of the military chieftains names that are at the top; a country that has fought a great war to a successful issue without a standing army; a country that has preserved a vast domain, domestic peace, and individual security; a country that has riches untold; a country whose flag the world recognizes as the emblem of a great Power resting upon the affection of its own people. It is worthy of our love. It should be before everything else but God. Wife, children, mother, lover—all these men have put aside for it, and they have poured out their blood in its defense, glad that they might thus contribute to the security of their country and the honor of the flag.

DECORATION DAY.

By HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, Poet. B. 1839, Rhode Island.

From "Songs of History, Poems and Ballads," copyright by New England Publishing Company, Boston.

WHENE'ER we meet the friends once fondly cherished,

And hands all warm with old affection take,
Then let us breathe the names of those who perished

On fields of honor, for their country's sake.

They come no more when springtime birds are singing,

When trills the swallow 'neath the shady eaves,
When light in air the summer bells are swinging
Above the ripple of the tender leaves.

They come no more when bugles sweet are blowing

The notes of peace, on Freedom's natal days;
They hear no more, in softened numbers flowing,
The strain that tells the patriot hero's praise.

They come no more when village bells are ringing

In fragrant airs, above the river calm;
They join no more the tuneful voices singing,
At rosy eve, the old familiar psalm.

They come no more when festive boards are laden,

They smile no more when Friendship charms
the hours,

They meet no more with airy steps the maiden
Whom loving hands have diademed with flowers.

'Tis ours to smile on other lips of beauty,
To other hearts in happy days to turn;
'Twas theirs to perish on the field of duty,
And rest in silence 'neath the moss and fern.

They gave their all:—our love to them returning
Shall make an altar near their ashes still,
When Sabbath sunsets on the vale are burning,
And summer twilights fade upon the hill.

NATURE.

By EDWARD EVERETT, Statesman, Orator, Author. B.
1794, Massachusetts; d. 1865, Boston.

An address delivered before the Union Agricultural
Society of Adams, Rodman, and Lorraine, Jefferson
County, New York, September 12, 1861.

IN the mysterious economy of Nature, the husbandman is the immediate co-worker with Providence; he learns to look upon the soil, with its recreative powers, the seed with its undeveloped germ of manifold increase, the elements of growth in earth, and water, and light, and air, as one vast system of machinery, waiting to be called into action for the sustenance of man, by his own industrious co-operation.

We have all looked with interest and pleasure on some noble factory, filled with ingenious machinery, constructed of metal, wood, and leather;

wheels and ratchets, and cams; motions direct, reciprocating, and eccentric; cylinders, and spindles, and looms, with all their springs, and screws, and bolts, skillfully fitted, and polished, and oiled, and geared, above and below, from the foundation to the roof; all waiting for the controlling hand of man to move the lever, and start the entire system into life and action.

So, and with admiration increased by all the superiority of the works of God over the works of man, when we look on this wondrous and beautiful earth, with all its capacities for the supply of human want,—the varieties of soil, clay, and lime and sand, in all their mixtures; enriching loams and marls; organic fertilizers; the bubbling spring, the irrigating stream, the sheltering wood and hill; the changing seasons; the strange circulation of vapor and cloud and rain; the solar ray shooting from the upper sky, latent heat and electric fire pervading all creation; the marvelous structure of the vegetable world; seed, and root, and stalk, and leaf, and bud, and flower, and fruit, and grain, each after its kind, endless in form and quality, the food, the cordial, the medicine, the clothing of man, drawing each its peculiar nutriment from the soil,—we may regard them as forming together one vast system of machinery, the work of the Divine Artificer, waiting for intelligent and industrious man to turn the furrow, and scatter the seed, and reap the harvest; and thus give their motion to the mystic spindles from which Nature draws out the

fibers of vegetable life; and the bountiful looms on which she weaves into the tissue of the year, for the comfort of her children, the gorgeous tints of spring and the golden fruits of autumn.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

ANONYMOUS.

JUST one more kiss for good-night, mamma;
Just one more kiss for good-night,
And then you may go to my dear papa,
And—yes—you may put out the light,
For I'll promise you truly I won't be afraid,
As I was last night. You'll see,
'Cause I'm going to be papa's brave little maid,
As he told me I ought to be.

But the shadows won't seem so dark, mamma,
If you'll kiss me a little bit more,
And you know I can listen and know where you are
If you only won't shut the door.
For if I can hear you talking, I think
It will make me so sleepy, maybe,
That I'll go to sleep just as quick as a wink
And forget—to cry like a baby.

You needn't be laughing, my mamma dear,
While you're hugging me up so tight.
You think I am trying to keep you here,
You and—I guess—the light.

Please kiss me good-night once more, mamma,
I could surely my promise keep
If you'd only stay with me just as you are,
And kiss me till—I go to sleep.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

By THOMAS CONRAD PORTER, Teacher, Author. B. 1822, Pennsylvania; resides at Easton, Pa., as Professor Emeritus at Lafayette College.

The extract given is a translation from Goethe. This beautiful lyric was written by the poet at night upon the wall of a little hermitage on the Kickbahn, a hill in the forest of Ilmenau, where he composed the last act of his "Iphigenia."

UEBER allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh';
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde;
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Over all the hill-tops
Quiet reigns now;
In all the tree-tops
Scarce stirs a bough,
By zephyr caressed;
Ceased in the grove has the little bird's song;
Wait! and ere long
Thou too shalt rest.

MR. HAINES'S ABLE ARGUMENT.

As recited by MR. EDWIN B. HAY, Washington, D. C.
From *Arkansaw Traveller*.

JUDGE MEXFORD, one of the sternest jurists in Kentucky, took his judgment seat one morning with an angry thump. The officers of the court spoke in whispers, and, from time to time, cast sly glances at an old fellow named Haines.

"Mr. Haines," said the judge severely, turning to the old man, "why did you, after having been regularly installed as a jurymen, fail to make your appearance here yesterday and the day before?"

"Your Honor, I——"

The judge snapped savagely. "I know what you are going to say, sir. You are going to put up a pitiful story about your wife being sick."

"No, your Honor, my wife is in 'bout ez good health ez any reasonable size woman I ever seed. She weighs about two hundred and forty, and——"

"Mr. Clerk," exclaimed the judge, "enter up a fine of ten dollars against this man for calling his wife a woman of reasonable size. Don't be flurried, Mr. Haines, for we have not reached the main issue. I suppose," added the judge, "that you were kept away on account of your own illness."

"No, your Honor, I aint had better health in twenty odd years than I've had lately."

"Ah!" said the judge, "your horse, then, must have jumped out of the lot and run away, leaving you in a helpless condition."

"No, your Honor, my ole nag has stuck right by me."

"Then, sir," said the judge, "you had no excuse whatever. Why should I not impose a fine of one hundred dollars on you? Ah, I see that you are going to throw yourself upon the mercy of the court. I'll show you what justice is, regardless of mercy."

"I aint goin' ter ax fur no mercy an' none sich, jedge," the old fellow replied. "I've jest nachully got a defense, an' atter yo' git through a-blowin' uv yo' ho'n w'y I'll set up my defense, an' let you walk round it, admirin' ov the piece ov work."

The judge became furious. "I think," he exclaimed, "that about six months in the county jail will teach you how to speak to this court with a little more respect. You talk, sir, as if you were going to build a house, and then see this court walk around with its hands under its coat tails, admiring it."

"Yas, jedge, that's putty much the way I talk. I aint much acquainted with you, understand, an' aint never felt uv yo' principles ez a man, an' in settin' up my defense I'll have ter take my chances on you bein' a man. Now jest listen ter me with the ear uv patience till I git through. Tuther day me and Zeb Gillispie—the gentleman who shot old man Stoveall two years ago come next June—wuz a-walkin' through the woods, an' whut should we do but find a kag all kivered with moss. Zeb aint a man that ken stan' much excitement, so he

drapped down on his knees right thar, he did, an' the beads uv sweat stood out on his forrid like warts on a toad fraug. I knowed that he wuz face to face with sumthin' uv a onusual natur, but somehow I couldn't zactly tell what it wuz, so I put my hand on Zeb's head an' says, 'Keerful, now, Zebbie, keerful!' He looked at me an' says, 'Bill, you don't know whut has tuck place. Man, this here kag all kivered with moss hyar wuz hid out by ole man Mason all durin' the war, an' is full uv licker.' Then I drapped. We spread our han's on that ar kag, an' lifted up our thanks thar in the wilderness. We tuck the kag ter my house, an' gun ter draw off some uv her life's blood. Jedge, I may not have a good idee erbout a good many things, but when it comes ter settin' in jedgment on licker, why, the folks out my way jest hand me the tin cup an' say nuthin'; and, sir, I wanter say that I never tasted sich licker ez that wuz. Why, sir, the fust drink uv it made me ricolleck with kindness a feller that shot at me—and, sir, the nex' drink made me plum furgit this here cou't. Me and Zeb tilted our cheers back agin the wall, an' cast looks uv deep tenderness on that ar kag. The hours that had been walkin' soon struck a trot, an' then, rollin' up ther britches, they galloped away. Could I, ez a man—I ax you, jedge, could I, ez much of a human ez I am, leave that kag an' come here an' lissen ter lawyers talk erbout the line fence, an' the hog that disappeared suddenly an' wuz afterward found under a nigger's bed?"

“ Mr. Haines,” said the judge, attempting to control himself, “ this court, with its coat tails, is walking around, admiring the beautiful architecture of your defense—Mr. Clerk, wipe out everything against Mr. Haines. Now, Mr. Haines, a word with you. Have you got any of that liquor left?”

“ The kag is still moist, yo’ Honor.”

“ How far do you live from here?”

“ ’Bout fifteen miles.”

“ Mr. Sheriff, this court stands adjourned until some time next week. Mr. Haines, give me your hand, sir.”

ULLABY.

By THOMAS DAVIDSON, Philoscpher, Author. B. 1840,
Scotland ; resides in Italy.

From “ Danaë ” (Roberts Brothers, copyright).

HUSH thee, sweet baby,
Hush thee to sleep!
Dark though thy way be
Over the deep.

Jove is not wearied
Watching the waves;
Neptune and Nereid,
All are his slaves.

Neptune is swinging
Thee on his breast;
Nereids are singing
Thee to thy rest.

Lights without number
Shine in the skies;
Night in thy slumber
Veileth thine eyes.

Morning will meet thee
Safe on the shore;
Princes shall greet thee:
“Wander no more!”

Hush thee, sweet baby,
Hush thee to sleep!
Dark though thy way be
Over the deep!

CASE OF GO HANG.

ANONYMOUS.

THE American Liner *Pennland* arrived last night from Liverpool with three hundred steerage passengers—German, English, and Irish. The candidates for an American hearth and home made their little procession to the wickets and meekly responded to the inquiries of the immigration inspectors, declaring well and truly whether they were millionaires in disguise and where they intended to locate. They went through in one, two, three order until a small immigrant appeared with black, horsetail hair and twisted eyes. The inspector

looked at him cautiously and asked his name on suspicion.

“Go Hang!”

“Don’t be fresh, Li Hung; what’s your name?”

“Go Hang!” answered the oblique-eyed mystery.

“Oh, it’s Go Hang, is it? Chinese, I suppose; where’s your papers?”

“No China; Ilish.”

“Irish, is it? Why didn’t you say Scandinavian?”

Go stuck to it that he was Irish. Inspector Hogan, who is a connoisseur in the ancient and modern tongues, was summoned as referee.

“Phwat!” exclaimed Hogan, as soon as he laid eyes on Go. “That moon-faced mandarin a Christian Oirishman! The bones o’ the Hogans would turn somersaults in their graves to hear ut. An’ phat is the name it has?”

“Go Hang.”

Inspector Hogan now put the mystery through a little civil service examination as to Ireland and its history.

“How far is ut from Dublin to Cork?”

Go made no response.

“Phwat wuz the last wurruds of th’ immortal Robert Emmet before th’ English kilt ’im?”

“Go Hang!” responded the mystery hesitatingly.

“Bedad! he’s roight!” cried Hogan, astonished. The immigrant perceived he had made an

impression, and plucked up some confidence. Hogan tried him again:

“ Phwat noble nayshun wuz Bryan Boru king of?”

“ Ilish?”

“ Be Heavens, ut’s witchcraft!” muttered Hogan, and he looked dazed. “ Oi’ll give ye a harrud wan now, and if ye answer ut, bedad! Oi’ll pass ye into th’ United States. Which soide wuz licked at th’ battle o’ Fontenoy?”

“ Ilish!”

“ Ye’re a loiar!”

The inspectors had to give it up, and they sent Go Hang back to the ship, until Collector Read could pass upon his case. Inspector Hogan, when summoned this morning to give his opinion, said:

“ He luks loike a Choinayman; he thinks loike an Orangeman, and he talks loike a loiar. He’s no good.”

TWO COLORS.

As recited by MR. EDWIN B. HAY, of Washington, D. C.
From the *Springfield Republican*.

“ OH, mother, what do they mean by blue?
And what do they mean by gray?”
I heard from the lips of a child
As she bounded in from her play.
The mother’s eyes were filled with tears;
She turned to her darling fair,

And smoothed away from the sunny brow
The treasure of golden hair.

“ Why, mother’s eyes are blue, my sweet,
And grandpa’s hair is gray.

And the love we bear our darling child
Grows stronger every day.”

“ But what did they mean? ” maintained the child,
“ For I saw two cripples to-day,
And one of them said he had ‘ fought for the blue,’
The other had fought ‘ for the gray.’

“ The one of the blue had lost a leg,
And the other had but one arm,
And both seemed worn and weary and sad,
Yet their greeting was kind and warm.
They told of battles in days gone by,
Till it made my blood run chill.
The leg was lost in the Wilderness fight
And the arm on Malvern Hill.

“ They sat on the stone by the farmyard gate
And talked for an hour or more,
Till their eyes grew bright and their hearts seemed
warm
With fighting their battles o’er;
And parted at last with a friendly grasp,
In a kindly, brotherly way,
Each asking God to speed the time
Uniting the blue and the gray.”

Then the mother thought of other days,
Two stalwart boys from her riven;
How they'd knelt at her side, and lisping, prayed:
“Our Father, which art in Heaven;”
How one wore the gray and the other the blue;
How they passed away from sight,
And had gone to the land where gray and blue
Merge in tints of celestial light.

And she answered her darling with golden hair,
While her heart was sorely wrung
With the thoughts awakened in that sad hour
By her innocent, prattling tongue:
“The blue and the gray are the colors of God,
They are seen in the sky at even,
And many a noble, gallant soul
Has found them passports to Heaven.”

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE'S a wonderful weaver
High up in the air.
And he weaves a white mantle
For cold earth to wear;
With the wind for its shuttle,
The cloud for its loom.
How he weaves, how he weaves,
In the light, in the gloom.

Oh, with finest of laces
 He decks bush and tree!
On the bare flinty meadows
 A cover lays he;
Then a quaint cap he places
 On pillar and post,
And he changes the pump
 To a grim, silent ghost.

But this wonderful weaver
 Grows weary at last,
And the shuttle lies idle
 That once flew so fast;
Then the sun peeps abroad
 On the work that is done;
And he smiles: "I'll unravel
 It all just for fun!"

THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

By EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, Jurist, Professor of Law. B.
1822, Vermont.

Extract from oration at the dedication of the Bennington
Battle Monument on the 115th anniversary of the battle,
August 16, 1891.

General John Stark, the hero of Bennington, attacked an
intrenched force under Colonel Frederick Baum and de-
feated it.

A short time after another force sent from Burgoyne's
army, under Colonel Breyman, was totally defeated. Only
about one hundred of the whole British force of a thousand
escaped.

HISTORY is full of battles. All its pages are
stained with blood. Instruments, for the most
part, of ambition, of tyranny, and of crime. It

would have been well for the world to be spared the misery they wrought. It would be well for its history if their memory could perish. But there have been battles nevertheless whose smoke went up like incense; consecrated in the sight of Heaven by the cause they maintained.

If battles were to be accounted great in proportion to the numbers engaged, Bennington would be but small. In comparison with Marathon, and Waterloo, and Gettysburg, it was in that view only an affair of outposts. But it is not numbers alone that give importance to battlefields. The fame of Thermopylæ would not have survived had the Greeks been a great army instead of three hundred. It is the cause that is fought for, the heroism and self-sacrifice displayed, and the consequences which follow, moral and political as well as military, that give significance to conflicts of arms. Judged by these standards, Bennington may well be reckoned among the memorable battles of the world.

It was, on our side, the people's fight. No Government directed or supplied it; no regular force was concerned; it was a part of no organized campaign. New Hampshire sent her hastily embodied militia, not the less volunteers. In Vermont and Massachusetts it was the spontaneous uprising of a rural and peace-loving population, to resist invasion, to defend their homes, to vindicate their right of self-government. Lexington and Bunker Hill were in this respect its only parallels in the Revolutionary War.

Full justice has been done, in history and tradition, to the bravery and patriotism of John Stark. But his great qualities as a general have not been set forth as they deserve. No better piece of military work was seen in the Revolution than he did in that brief and sudden campaign.

The British commander proceeded with the caution the importance of his expedition demanded. When he found that he must fight, and perceived the resolute and thorough soldiership of Stark's movements, he chose a position with excellent judgment, intrenched himself strongly, and placed his troops and guns to the best advantage. Stark could not wait as he would have done, for his enemy's advance. He was unable to subsist his ill-provided forces long, nor could he keep them from homes that were suffering for their presence. His only chance was to attack at once, and his dispositions for it, most ably seconded by Warner, his right-hand man, were masterly beyond criticism. He had no artillery, no cavalry, no transportation, no commissariat but the women on the farms. Half of his troops were without bayonets, and even ammunition had to be husbanded. He lacked everything but men, and his men lacked everything but hardihood and indomitable resolution. Upon all known rules and experience of warfare, the successful storming, by a hastily organized militia, of an intrenched position at the top of a hill, held by an adequate regular force, would have been declared impossible. But it was the impossible that hap-

pened, in a rout of the veterans that amounted to destruction. History and literature, eloquence and poetry, have combined to enshrine in the memory of mankind those decisive charges, at critical moments, by which great battles have been won, and epochs in the life of nations determined. I set against the splendor of them all that final onset up yonder hill and over its breastworks of those New England farmers, on whose faces desperation had kindled the supernatural light of battle which never shines in vain. They were fighting for all they had on earth, whether of possessions or of rights. They could not go home defeated, for they would have no homes to go to. The desolate land that Burgoyne would have left, New York would have taken. Not a man was on the field by compulsion, or upon the slightest expectation of personal advantage or reward. The spirit which made the day possible was shown in that Stephen Fay, of Bennington, who had five sons in the fight. When the first-born was brought home to him dead, "I thank God," he said, "that I had a son willing to give his life for his country."

OUR HOMEMAKER.

By ADELINE DUTTON TRAIN WHITNEY, Author. B. 1824
Massachusetts.

WHERE the mountains slope to the westward,

And their purple chalices hold

The new-made wine of the sunset,

Crimson and amber and gold—

In this old, wide-open doorway,

With the elm boughs overhead,

The house all garnished behind her.

And the plentiful table spread,

She has stood to welcome our coming,

Watching our upward climb,

In the sweet June weather that brought us,

Oh! many and many a time!

To-day, in the gentle splendor

Of the early summer noon—

Perfect in sunshine and fragrance,

Although it is hardly June—

Again is her doorway opened,

And the house is garnished and sweet;

But she silently waits for our coming,

And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting;

Not where she has met us before;

For over the pleasant threshold

She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,

And a lily is on her breast,

Her hands are folded together,
And the word on her lips is "rest."
And yet it looks like a welcome,
For her work is compassed and done;
All things are seemly and ready,
And her summer is just begun.
It is we who may not cross over;
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach, as we leave her there.
But we cannot think of her idle;
She must be a homemaker still;
God giveth that work to the angels
Who fittest the task fulfill;
And somewhere yet in the hill-tops
Of the country that hath no pain
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.

AMERICANISM.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. Author, Assistant Secretary of the Navy. B. 1858, New York; resides in Washington, D. C.

Selected from an article in *The Forum*.

WE Americans have many grave problems to solve, many threatening evils to fight, and many deeds to do, if, as we hope and believe, we have the wisdom, the strength, the courage, and the virtue to do them. But we must face facts as they are. We must neither surrender ourselves to a foolish

optimism, nor succumb to a timid and ignoble pessimism. Our nation is that one among all the nations of the earth which holds in its hands the fate of the coming years. We enjoy exceptional advantages, and are menaced by exceptional dangers; and all signs indicate that we shall either fail greatly or succeed greatly. I firmly believe that we shall succeed; but we must not foolishly blink the dangers by which we are threatened, for that is the way to fail. On the contrary, we must soberly set to work to find out all we can about the existence and extent of every evil, must acknowledge it to be such, and must then attack it with unyielding resolution. There are many such evils, and each must be fought after a separate fashion; yet there is one quality which we must bring to the solution of every problem,—that is, an intense and fervid Americanism. We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness, nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it.

We believe in waging relentless war on rank-growing evils of all kinds, and it makes no difference to us if they happen to be of purely native growth. We grasp at any good, no matter whence it comes. We do not accept the evil attendant

upon another system of government as an adequate excuse for that attendant upon our own; the fact that the courtier is a scamp does not render the demagogue any the less a scoundrel. But it remains true that, in spite of all our faults and shortcomings, no other land offers such glorious possibilities, to the man able to take advantage of them, as does ours; it remains true that no one of our people can do any work really worth doing unless he does it primarily as an American. Our soldiers and statesmen and orators; our explorers, our wilderness-winners, and commonwealth-builders, the men who have made our laws and seen that they were executed; and the other men whose energy and ingenuity have created our marvelous material prosperity—all these have been men who have drawn wisdom from the experience of every age and nation, but who have nevertheless thought, and worked, and conquered, and lived, and died, purely as Americans; and on the whole they have done better work than has been done in any other country during the short period of our national life.

THE SAND-PIPER.

By CELIA THAXTER, Poet. B. 1836, New Hampshire; resides at Appledore, Isles of Shoals.

ACROSS the narrow beach we flit,
One little sand-piper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sand-piper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stands out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach,
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sand-piper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,—
The little sand-piper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sand-piper, and I?

LIFE ON THE MOON.

By HERBERT A. HOWE, Author, Teacher. Professor of Astronomy in the University of Denver.

From "Elements of Descriptive Astronomy," published by Silver, Burdett & Co.

ENOUGH is known to show that there is no such animal or vegetable life on the moon as on the earth. It is a land of death. The sky is a pall of black, studded with stars by day as well as by night. The rising sun, unheralded by the beautiful sky tints which accompany the dawn on earth, darts his garish beams athwart the desolate landscape, causing the lofty peaks to cast long shadows which vie with the sky in blackness. No bird song greets him; there is no rustle of a breeze, or splash of a brook, or murmur of an ocean. Should "lips quiver and tongues essay to speak," no sound from them would break the eternal silence. Dark pits innumerable yawn on every hand. The silvery rims of mighty craters encircle abysses of darkness. As the sun slowly rises in the sky, the fierce chill of the departing night is slowly mitigated; but no manlike being welcomes returning warmth.

The earth hangs continually in mid-heaven, waxing from crescent to full and waning again, swiftly spinning on its axis and bringing into view an ever shifting panorama of cloud and continent and ocean. No star forgets to shine; the weird glory of the solar corona and the fantastic forms of the protuberances can be seen in all their beauty by

screening off the direct light of the sun. The Milky Way girdles the sky, bejeweled with thousands of glittering orbs. The eye is enchanted by the glories above, though the mind shrinks from contemplation of the desolation all about. After fourteen terrestrial days have elapsed, the long shadows stretch themselves eastward, the sun slowly sinks beneath the western horizon, and night with its terrible rigors of cold comes on apace. Such is a lunar day.

THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, Poet. B. 1807, Massachusetts ; d. 1892, New Hampshire.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
far away,

O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican
array,

Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or
come they near?

Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the
storm we hear.

“ Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of
battle rolls;

Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy
on their souls!”

Who is losing? who is winning?—“ Over hill and
over plain,

I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the
mountain rain.”

Holy Mother! keep our brothers! Look, Ximena,
look once more.

“ Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foe-
man, foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping
down its mountain course.”

Look forth once more, Ximena! “ Ah! the smoke
has rolled away:

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the
ranks of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop
of Minon wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the can-
non at their heels.

“ Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s
charging lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and
foot together fall;

Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows
the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on:

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost,
and who has won?

“ Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall,
O'er the dying rush the living: pray, my sisters,
for them all!

“ Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting: Blessed Mother, save my brain!
I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.
Now they stagger, blind and bleeding: now they fall, and strive to rise;
Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

“ O my heart's love! O my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee:
Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? canst thou see?
O my husband, brave and gentle! O my Bernal, look once more
On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o'er!”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and the funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young,
a soldier lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding
slow his life away;
But, as tenderly before him, the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol-
belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned
away her head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon
her dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his
struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parching
lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand
and faintly smiled:
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch
beside her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's
heart supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" mur-
mured he, and died!

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool,
gray shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain
over all!

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart
the battle rolled,
In the sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's
lips grew cold.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of
ours;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh
the Eden flowers;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity
send their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in
our air!

WASHINGTON AND THE NATION.

By WILLIAM MCKINLEY, Statesman, ex-Governor of Ohio,
President of the United States. B. 1853, Niles, O.
An address delivered at the dedication of the Washington
Monument at Philadelphia, May 15, 1897.

EVERY monument to Washington is a tribute to patriotism. Every shaft and statue to his memory helps to inculcate love of country, encourage loyalty, and establish a better citizenship. God bless every undertaking which revives patriotism and rebukes the indifferent and lawless!

A critical study of Washington's career only enhances our estimation of his vast and varied abilities. As Commander-in-Chief of the Colonial armies, from the beginning of the war to the proclamation of peace; as President of the Convention

which framed the Constitution of the United States, and as the first President of the United States under that Constitution, Washington has a distinction differing from that of all other illustrious Americans. No other name bears or can bear such a relation to the Government. Not only by his military genius—his patience, his sagacity, his courage, and his skill—was our National independence won, but he helped in the largest measure to draft the chart by which the Nation was guided, and he was the first chosen of the people to put in motion the new Government.

His was not the boldness of martial display or the charm of captivating oratory, but his calm and steady judgment won men's support and commanded their confidence by appealing to their best and noblest aspirations. And, withal, Washington was ever so modest that at no time in his career did his personality seem in the least intrusive. He was above the temptation of power. He spurned the suggested crown. He would have no honor which the people did not bestow.

An interesting fact—and one which I love to recall—is that the only time Washington formally addressed the Constitutional Convention during all its sessions over which he presided in this city, he appealed for a larger representation of the people in the National House of Representatives, and his appeal was instantly heeded. Thus he was ever keenly watchful of the rights of the people, in whose hands was the destiny of our Government

then and now. Masterful as were his military campaigns, his civil administration commands equal admiration. His foresight was marvelous; his conception of the philosophy of government, his insistence upon the necessity of education, morality, and enlightened citizenship to the progress and permanence of the republic cannot be contemplated even at this period without filling us with astonishment at the breadth of his comprehension and the sweep of his vision.

His was no narrow view of government. The immediate present was not his sole concern, but our future good his constant theme of study. He blazed the path of liberty. He laid the foundation upon which we have grown from weak and scattered colonial governments to a united republic, whose domains and power, as well as whose liberty and freedom, have become the admiration of the world. Distance and time have not detracted from the fame and force of his achievements, or diminished the grandeur of his life and work. Great deeds do not stop in their growth, and those of Washington will expand in influence in all the centuries to follow.

The bequest Washington has made to civilization is rich beyond computation. The obligations under which he has placed mankind are sacred and commanding. The responsibility he has left for the American people to preserve and perfect what he accomplished is exacting and solemn.

Let us rejoice in every new evidence that the

people realize what they enjoy and cherish with affection the illustrious heroes of Revolutionary story whose valor and sacrifices made us a nation. They live in us, and their memory will help us keep the covenant entered into for the maintenance of the freest government of earth.

The Nation and the name of Washington are inseparable. One is linked indissolubly with the other. Both are glorious, both triumphant. Washington lives and will live because what he did was for the exaltation of man, the enthronement of conscience, and the establishment of a government which recognizes all the governed. And so, too, will the Nation live victorious over all obstacles, adhering to the immortal principles which Washington taught and Lincoln sustained.

DECLARATION OF RIGHTS.

By HENRY GRATTAN, Statesman, Orator. B. 1746, Ireland; d. 1820, London.

From a speech in the Irish House of Commons, April 19, 1780.

Do not then tolerate a power—the power of the British Parliament over this land—which has no foundation in utility or necessity, or empire, or the laws of England, or the laws of Ireland, or the laws of nature, or the laws of God—do not suffer it to have a duration in your mind.

Do not tolerate that power which has blasted you for a century; that power which shattered your

looms, banished your manufactures, dishonored your peerage, and stopped the growth of your people; do not, I say, be bribed by an export of woolen or an import of sugar, and permit that power which has thus withered the land to remain in your country and have existence in your pusillanimity.

Do not suffer the arrogance of England to imagine a surviving hope in the fears of Ireland; do not send the people to their own resolves for liberty, passing by the tribunals of justice and the high court of Parliament; neither imagine that, by any formation of apology, you can palliate such a commission to your hearts, still less to your children, who will sting you with their curses in your grave for having interposed between them and their Maker, robbing them of an immense occasion, and losing an opportunity which you did not create, and can never restore.

Hereafter, when these things shall be history,—your age of thraldom and poverty, your sudden resurrection, commercial redress, and miraculous armament,—shall the historian stop at liberty, and observe that here the principal men among us fell into mimic trances of gratitude; they were awed by a weak ministry, and bribed by an empty treasury; and when liberty was within their grasp, and the temple opened her folding doors, and the arms of the people clanged, and the zeal of the nation urged and encouraged them on, that they fell down, and were prostituted at the threshold?

I might, as a constituent, come to your bar and demand my liberty. I do call upon you, by the laws of the land and their violation; by the instruction of eighteen counties; by the arms, inspiration, and providence of the present moment, tell us the rule by which we shall go—assert the law of Ireland—declare the liberty of the land.

I will not be answered by a public lie, in the shape of an amendment; neither, speaking for the subjects' freedom, am I to hear of faction. I wish for nothing but to breathe, in this our island, in common with my fellow-subjects, the air of liberty. I have no ambition, unless it be the ambition to break your chain and contemplate your glory. I never will be satisfied so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to his rags; he may be naked, he shall not be in iron; and I do see the time is at hand, the spirit is gone forth, the declaration is planted; and though great men should apostatize, yet the cause will live; and though the public speaker should die, yet the immortal fire shall outlast the organ which conveyed it; and the breath of liberty, like the word of the holy man, will not die with the prophet, but survive him.

APRIL'S FOOLS.

By MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK. From *Good Housekeeping*.

THE first morn of April, so balmy and fair,
It seemed like a day in bright, sunny May!
The sky was resplendent, with never a cloud;
The bluebirds were gay, just over the way,—
Chatting of housekeeping, sites for a home,
Of building, repairs, and domestic affairs,—
Just from their migrating, warm region come,
Sweet messengers telling that springtime ap-
pears.

The robin was cheerily hailing his mate,—
“What fine weather, my dear, I’m so glad we
are here!”
And he fluttered his wings, and sang louder still,
As from a tree near, her response echoed clear,
While she tilted and swung on the topmost
bough,—
“I told you so, Rob! don’t you know? don’t
you know?
But you were so fearful of winds and the cold,—
We ought to have come more than two weeks
ago!”

“Just the time for a stroll in the sunshine,” we said,
“To gather wild flowers through the bright
morning hours.”

And we thought of the haunts where they plentiful grew.

(“ Sure not a cloud lowers; there’ll be no spring showers! ”)

There were trailing arbutus and violets blue,
Cowslips, anemones, maple blooms gay;
Bright wintergreen berries, like coral so red,
And dear pussy willows that grew by the way.

So we wandered afar, over hill and through dale,
Gave a lingering look at the swift-rushing brook,
Then down through the woodland, where sweet resined buds

Were bursting; we took, from many a nook,
Mosses, and lichens, and rarest wild flowers.

High on a dead tree, lo! what should we see,
But a wise, old crow, who called to us,—“ Caw!

There’s a maiden I know that’s coquettish and free;

“ And she’s sly, and she’s coy, and she’s fickle and bold,

With a tear and a smile she will tempt and beguile,

Then laugh at the dupes who follow her train.

She has many a wile; beware, then, the while,—
(Forewarned is forearmed, is an old adage, wise.)

April’s her name, and she’s just now passed by.
Caw! Caution, I say; beware while you may!”

But onward we sauntered, hope buoyant and high.

Soon a shadow fell over the earth like a pall,
And the breezes blew cold, while up from the
wold
Came a rustle and sighing, like spirits astray;
The sky was enrolled with clouds, fold on fold,
And whirring snow-flakes, that blinded the sight,
Filled the fast-chilling air, sifting down every-
where,
'Till a new, trackless world lay drifting in white,
Where late was the old, with spring tints so rare.

As homeward we wended our wearisome way,
From his high perch, the crow called down
through the snow,—
"Caw! caw! You are caught! Didn't I tell you
so?"
From robins and bluebirds came sad notes of
woe,
As they flew here and there for retreat from the
storm.
We, none to condole! Most derisively cool,
A sound of deep mirth seemed to fall on our ear,
Like the voice of a maid,—"*Ha, ha, ha! April
fool!*"

POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE.

As recited by MR. EDWIN B. HAY of Washington, D. C.

THEY aint performin' to-day, sir, and the boys are
all on the gape

At seein' the mice in mournin', and the cats in
chokers o' crape;

[*Pause—then subdued.*] For my leading come-
jian's left me, sir—to name him makes me
sob,

Him as was joyous to look upon—[*explanatory,*
perceiving you are not understood—the
brindle kinairy—[*more impatiently*]]—Bob!

What, ye don't remember? [*Surprise.*] Not him
as wore the tunic o' Turkey red?

What rode in a gilded kerridge with a 'at an'
plumes on his 'ed?

And, as soon as we'd taken a tanner, 'ud fire a
saloot from the gun?

There was talent inside o' that bird, there was, or I
never see it in one! [*Excitedly.*]

[*Philosophic bitterness.*] Well, he's forgot—but
I've often thought as a fish keeps longer
than Fame!

[*Sudden comprehension and restored cordiality.*] Oh!
ye didn't know him as Bob?—I see—no,
that were his private name.

I used to announce him in public on a more long-windedder scale—

I christened him “Gineral Moultsky” [*apologetically*] which he ’ad rather gone at the tail;

And a bird more popular never performed on a peripathetic stage.

He was allers sure of a round of applause as soon as he quitted the cage!

For he thoroughly hentered into the part he was down for to play,

And he never got “fluffy” nor “queered the pitch,”—leastwise, till the hother day.

I thought he’d bin hoverexertin’ hisself, and ’ud better be out of the bill,

But it wasn’t till yesterday hevenin’ I’d any ideer he was ill!

Then I see he was rough on the top of his ’ed, and his tongue looked dry at the tip,

And it dawned on me like a thunderbolt—“Great Evings!” I groaned,—“The Pip!” [Pause here, to emphasize the tremendous gravity of this discovery.]

Well, I ’ad bin trainin’ a siskin to hunderstudy the part [*more ordinary tone for this*],

And I guess he done his best, but he ’adn’t no notion o’ Hart!

So I left the pitch as soon as I could and (meanin’ to make more ’aste)

I cut across one o’ them buildin’ sites as was left a-runnin’ to waste.

There was yawning pits by the flinty road, as rendered the prospeck dull,
And 'ere and there a winderless 'ouse, with the look of a grinning skull.

[*Try to paint this scene visibly for the audience; background is essential for what is to come.*]

A storm had bin 'anging about all day (and it broke, you'll remember, at last!)

So I 'urried on, it was gettin' late—and the Ginaler a-sinking fast!

[*You are now approaching the harrowing part, and should hold yourself in reserve for the present.*]

On a sudding I 'eard 'im give a kind of a feeble flap,

And I stops, and sez in a 'opeful way, "Why, you're up in yer stirrups, hold chap."

[*Metaphor applied to the bird, but characteristic in the speaker.*]

[*Sink your voice.*] Then I see by the look of his sorrowful eye he was thinkin': "Afore I go,

I'd like to see one performance—for the last—of the dear old Show!"

[*Note, and make your audience feel, the touch of Nature here.*]

And I sez, with a ketch in my voice, "You shall!" and I shipped the sheet off the board.

I stuck up the pair o' trestles, and fastened the tight-rope cord.

Then I propped the Ginaler up in a place from which he could see the 'ole,

And I set the tabbies a-sparring, and the mice
a-climbing the pole.

[Build up the whole scene gradually; the dreary
neighborhood, the total absence of bystanders,
the lurid, threatening sky, and the humble
entertainment proceeding in the foreground.]

I put my company through their tricks—and they
made my hold eyes dim,

For they never performed for an orjence like they
did last night for him!

Them tabbies sparred with a science you'd 'ardly
expect from sich.

And the mouse (what usually boggles) fetched flags
with never no 'itch!

Ay, we worked the show in that lonely place to the
sound o' the mutterin' storm

Right through till we come to the finish—the part
he used to perform.

He was out of the cage in a minnit—egged on by
professional pride,

He pecked that incompetent siskin till he made
him stand o' one side!

Well, I felt like 'aving a good cry then—but the
time 'adn't come for that.

So I slipped his uniform over his 'ead, and tied on
his little cock-hat. [With great tenderness.]

And he set in his tiny kerridge, and was drored
along by the mice,

A-looking that 'appy and pleased with hisself, I
got 'em to do it twice! [Tone of affectionate
retrospection.]

The very tabbies they gazed on him then with their
heyes dilatin' in haw,

As he 'obbled along to the cannon with a match in
his wasted claw!

I never 'eared that cannon afore give such a tre-
menjous pop—

[*Solemnly.*] And a peal o' thunder responded, as
seemed all over the shop!

For a second Bob stood in the lightning, so noble,
and bold, and big—

Then—a stagger—a flutter—a broken chirp—[you
can add immensely to the effect here by a little
appropriate action. Pause and give time for
a solemn hush to fall upon the audience, then,
with a forced calm, as if you were doing vio-
lence to your own feelings]—he was orf, sir,—
[a slight gulp]—he'd 'opped the twig!

[*Second pause, then more briskly, but still with strong
emotion to the close.*]

So now you've the hexplanation of the crape round
the tabbies' necks,

And kin understand why we close to-day, in token
of our respecks.

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER, Poet, Editor of *The Century Magazine*. B. 1844, New Jersey; lives in New York.

Delivered in New York City, February 27, 1897, at the reunion of Dickinson College alumni.

WHAT seems to be the most needed patriotism in our day and country? In the first place, we ought as a nation to cultivate peace with all other nations. This was good patriotism in the days of George Washington; it ought to be good patriotism in our day. The new patriotism, therefore, aims at a condition of peace with all the world; it believes that Christianity is mocked by the spectacle of Christian nations in arms against each other. It believes that if America is ever to lift the sword against a foreign foe, it must not only be in a righteous cause, but with a pure heart; that he who takes up his sword to enforce his will upon another must see that his own will is right and that his own hands are clean.

But the new patriotism has other duties than those of armed conflict; duties less splendid, but no less onerous, and requiring no less bravery; requiring bravery of a rarer order than that which shone upon a hundred battlefields of our civil war. The roll of cowards among those who wore either the blue or gray is insignificant indeed. And there was scarce a single act of treachery among the combatants on either side. Yes, most men will

march for country and honor's sake straight into the jaws of death.

But how many men in our day, when put to the test of civic courage, have we beheld turn cowards and recreants! How many political careers have we seen blighted by conscienceless compromise or base surrender!

We have also seen the tremendous power of wise and disinterested effort in the domain of public affairs. We have seen brave men do notable deeds for the betterment of our country and our communities. But there must be more such men, or the evil forces will, for a while, at least, triumph in a republic, whose fortunate destiny must not be weakly taken for granted by those who passionately love their country. We must have more leaders, and we must have more followers of the right. Men who will resist civic temptation, who will refuse to take the easy path of compliance, and who will fight for honesty and purity in public affairs.

THE FISHERMAN'S HUT.

By CHARLES TIMOTHY BROOKS, Clergyman, Author. B. 1813, Massachusetts; d. 1883, Rhode Island.
From "Stolle," copyright by Roberts Brothers.

"Go, boy, and light the torch! the night
Is damp and dark and drear:
Thy father sails from foreign lands,
His ship must soon be near."

The boy sets fire to the torch,
And hastens to the strand;
The storm-wind howls, the rain pours down,
The torch dies in his hand.

The boy flies homeward: "Mother dear,
Send me not out again!
The storm did howl, and the wind did blow,
And the torch went out in the rain."

"O sailor's blood! O sailor's blood!
No sailor's blood art thou!
What cares a brisk young sailor's blood
How wild the tempests blow!"

The boy sets fire to the torch,
He hastens to the shore;
The tempest howls, the rain pours down,
The torch goes out once more.

The boy flies home: "O mother dear,
Send me not to the strand!
There's a white woman sitting there,
And beckoning with her hand!"

"O sailor's blood! O sailor's blood!
No sailor's blood art thou!
Naught does the brave warm sailor's blood
For mermaid care, I trow!"

The boy sets fire to the torch,
And hastens to the shore;
The tempest howls, the rain pours down,
The torch dies yet once more.

The boy flies home: "O mother, go
Thyself now to the shore!
I hear a voice like father's rise
Through all the ocean's roar."

The mother quickly lifts the torch,
And sets the hut on fire;
The tempest howls, the lurid flame
Shines brighter, broader, higher.

"What hast thou done? O mother, woe!
Hear'st thou the tempest's roar!
How cold the night, how dark and wild,—
And we've a home no more."

"O sailor's blood! O sailor's blood!
No sailor's blood art thou!
Boy, when no other torch will burn,
The hut shines well, I trow."

The father safely steers his ship
Right to the blazing strand,
Weathers the ledges all, and soon
In safety reaches land.

TWO VOICES.

By DAVID JOSIAH BREWER, Jurist. B. 1837, Smyrna, Asia Minor; resides in Washington, D. C., and is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

An extract from an oration delivered at West Point, N. Y., May 31, 1897, at the unveiling of the monument erected in honor of the officers and men of the regular army who fell during the Civil War.

WE stand to-day in the presence of a stately column, erected by the soldiers and officers of the regular army of the United States, to commemorate the heroism and sacrifice of those of their number who during the Civil War gave their lives for their country and in order that "liberty and union might remain one and inseparable, now and forever." It speaks of heroic achievements. It is eloquent with the suffering and self-denial and sacrifice which the great war developed and ennobled. But beyond all that it bears two voices, which I fain would catch in the words of my talk and speak to every citizen of the United States.

First, it voices the immeasurable value of law and peace. It says to us that they whose names are written on its face gave up their lives not merely for military glory, but also that war should cease and peace with all its blessings prevail.

The greatest meed of praise which can be bestowed upon the army of the United States is that it makes certain to every citizen the blessings of peace and order and law. Doubtless, as you look over the bright fields of the future, you see dazzling

before you visions of military glory. "The pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" are there, and the eagle and the stars wait to rest on your shoulders, but when the evening of life shall come you will realize that the highest praise which can be awarded to you is that in your military lives you have been the defenders of law and the guardians of peace; that you have stood back of legislator and judge and President, and been the unfailing guarantor that in peace they shall act and that by every citizen their acts shall be respected and obeyed. And to-day this column lifts its stately height in the presence of the American people, proclaiming to all, in a voice which fills the land and will fill the centuries, that these men died that law might live and peace prevail.

The other voice which comes from this silently eloquent witness is that these men died in order that there might be preserved in our borders equal opportunities for all. From an humble farmhouse in Ohio, through the gateways of this school passed a modest, resolute young man, to become the great commander. The present general of the army commenced life as a dry-goods clerk, and a private soldier is now President of the United States. The barefoot boy may thank God and take courage, for beneath the Stars and Stripes the future is his! This doctrine of equal rights and equal opportunities, which has always been the theory of our political and social institutions, is, notwithstanding some idle talk, still, as ever, the great fact of our life.

The great accumulations of money are not in the hands of those who inherited, but of those who themselves accumulated it, and as you run over the list of the leaders in our thought to-day you will find that no rank or class or place monopolized their beginnings. Their power and influence are something which they themselves have won and not something which they inherited. The humblest child may look upon the White House with expectation. The poorest and most friendless student may begin with faith and hope his struggle for a seat on the highest bench of the nation. A place in the halls of Congress is not a thing of purchase or inheritance, and the few exceptions which occur only attest the fact as well as the strength and vigor of the rule. This is to-day, and God grant that it may ever remain, a land of equal rights and equal opportunities.

“ ONE, TWO, THREE ! ”

By HENRY CUYLER BUNNER. B. 1855, New York ; d. 1896,
New Jersey.
From “ Rowen.”

It was an old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn’t go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;

For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple-tree;
And the game that they play'd I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

" You are in the china-closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china-closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

" You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: " You are warm and warmer;
But you're not quite right," said she.

" It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be the clothes-press, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple-tree—
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

THE FAITH OF WASHINGTON.

By FREDERIC R. COUDERT, Jurist; resides in New York.
Delivered February 22, 1897, in the Auditorium, Chicago,
before the Union League Club.

WE are gathered here to-day in honor of the founder of our nation, or, as we prefer in filial reverence to call him, the father of our country. Our jealous love for him will allow no other statue a place on the same pedestal; none other shall stand as a rival in his claim to our devotion. For his light shone in the dark days as the only star that meant hope; his steadfastness kept the tottering young nation from despair; his genius and serenity, his faith and his courage, inspired and strengthened those who were fighting the great fight. But for him and his inspiration, who will venture to say that the freemen of to-day would

not have been the defeated rebels of the past? Who will study the fearful odds and dispute his claim to our gratitude so long as we remain one people? Overwhelming odds tested his genius, treason wrung his heart, jealousies and rivalries baffled his plans, but the serenity of his soul was undisturbed.

As though a ray of divine inspiration had touched his spirit, he looked beyond the trials, perplexities, and cares of each day, and saw the visions which others were blind to enjoy. He could remain firm without the encouragement of victory; he could accept defeat without despondency; he made stepping stones of disaster, and amazed the world by his fortitude. Benedict Arnold might wound his heart, but even that cruel wound could not open the way to despair. His half-clad and half-fed troops might leave the track of bloody feet in the snows of New Jersey, but the radiant vision never melted from his sight. His powerful enemies might send veteran troops in huge bodies to crush the straggling rebels, but his faith never faltered. The day would surely come when the dreams would become reality, and after great tribulations and trial and suffering a new child would be born into the family of nations—a child destined to become a giant strong enough to fear no enemy but itself.

DOWN IN THE STRAWBERRY BED.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD, Educator. B. 1860, New York.
Professor of Rhetoric at Hamilton College.

From "A Boy's Book of Verse," copyright by Copeland & Day, Boston.

JAYS in the orchard are screaming, and hark,
Down in the pasture the blithe meadow-lark
Floods all the air with melodious notes!
Robins and sparrows are straining their throats.
"Dorothy! Dorothy!"—out of the hall
Echoes the sound of the musical call;
Song birds are silent a moment, then sweet,
"Dorothy!" all of them seem to repeat.

Where is the truant? No answer is heard,
Save the clear trill of each jubilant bird;
Dawn-damask roses have naught to unfold,
Sweet with the dew and the morning's bright gold.
"Dorothy! Dorothy!"—still no reply,
None from the arbor or hedgerow anigh;
None from the orchard where grasses are deep,
"Dorothy!"—surely she must be asleep!

Rover has seen her; his eyes never fail;
Watch how he sabers the air with his tail!
Follow him! follow him! Where has he gone?
Out toward the garden and over the lawn.
"Dorothy! Dorothy!"—plaintive and low,
Up from the paths where the hollyhocks grow,
Comes the soft voice with a tremor of dread,
"Dorothy's down in 'e strawberry bed!"

Curls in a tangle and frock all awry,
Bonnet, a beam from the gold in the sky,
Eyes with a sparkle of mirth brimming o'er,
Lip filled with ruby fruit red to the core.
Dorothy! Dorothy! rogue that thou art!
Who at thee, sweet one, to scold has the heart?
Apron and fingers and cheeks stained with red,
Dorothy down in the strawberry bed!

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD, Reformer, President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. B. 1839, N. Y.; lives in Evanston, Ill.

Extract from an address delivered at the Prohibition Party Convention, May 30, 1888, before the "Army of the Blue and Gray" as represented at that convention.

HERE side by side sit the Blue and the Gray. What a circle we have here! Sweep the compasses of thought through its circumference. Prohibition, first of all, the fixed point whence we calculate all others. The Blue and the Gray, the workingmen, the women. Inclosed and shielded by this circle is the home—that goes without saying; and beyond its shining curves is the saloon outmatched, outwitted, and outvoted, which, in a republic, is best of all. No saloon in politics or law, no sectionalism in law or politics, no sex in citizenship, but liberty, equality, fraternity in politics and law, now and for evermore.

The *greatest* party welcomes here the home-folks

to equal opportunities and honors, and rallies here a remnant of the noble veterans who have learned that it is good to forgive, best to forget; attesting that the Blue and the Gray are to us emblems of nothing less than the blue sky that bends its tender arch above us all, and the gray ocean that enfolds one country and one flag.

The women who uniformed their sons in Southern gray, and said, like the Spartan mother of old, "Come ye as conquerors or come ye no more," are with us together with those other women who belted Northern swords upon their boys in blue, with words as pitiful and as brave. The women who embroidered Stars and Stripes upon the blessed flag that symbolized their love and faith, have only gentle words for those who decked their "bonny flag of Stars and Bars" with tenderness as true and faith as fervent. And now we all wear our snowy badge of peace above the hearts that hate no more, while we clasp hands in a compact never to be broken and solemnly declare, before high Heaven, our equal hatred of the rum power and our equal loyalty to God and home and native land.

When I think of Lexington and Paul Revere; when I think of Bunker Hill and the dark redoubt where Warren died; when I think of Washington, that greatest of Southerners, upon his knees in prayer at Valley Forge; when I think of Stonewall Jackson praying before he fought; of Robert Lee's and Sidney Johnston's stainless shields; when I remember Sheridan's ride, and Sherman's march to

the sea, and Grant fighting the battle out, then my heart prophesies, with all a patriot's gratitude, "America will win in her bloodless war against the awful tyranny of King Gambrinus,* and proud am I to have a part in it, for, thank God, I—I, too, am an American."

THE GREAT REMEMBRANCE.

By RICHARD WATSON GILDER, Poet, Editor of *The Century Magazine*. B. 1844, New Jersey; lives in New York.

Read at the annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, Faneuil Hall, Boston, June 27, 1893.

From "For The Country," copyright by The Century Co.

This splendid poem is abridged only for want of space.

 . . . So long ago
A part we were of all that glorious show,—
 Stood, side by side, 'neath the red battle-sun,—
So long ago we breathed war's thunderous breath,
 Knew the white fury of that life-in-death,
So long ago that troubled joy, it seems
 The valorous pageant might resolve to splendid
 dreams.

But no! Too deep 'tis burned into the brain!

So long ago it seems, so long ago,

And yet it was this land, and not another,

* King Gambrinus, a mythical Flemish King, was the reputed inventor of beer.

Where blazed war's flame and rolled the battle-cloud.

In all this land there was no home where brother, Father, or son hurried not forth; where bowed No broken-hearted woman when pale Death Laid his cold finger on the loved one's breath.

Like to a drama did the scene unroll—
Some dark, majestic drama of the soul,
Wherein all strove as actors, hour by hour,
Yet breathless watched the whole swift, tragic play.

And with the tragic theme the world resounds again.

First, in the awful waiting came the shock,
The shame unbearable, the sacred flag assailed—

Then sweet farewell! O bitter-sweet farewell;
O brave farewell! Who were the bravest then,
Or they who went, or waited—women or men?
They who the cheers heard, or the funeral knell?
They who stepped proudly to the rattling drum,
Inflamed by war's divine delirium,
Or they who knew no mad joy of the fight,
And yet breathed on through waiting day and weeping night?

Farewell and forward! Oh, to live it over,
The first wild heart-beat of heroic hours!
Forward, like mountain-torrents after showers!
Forward to death, as to his bride the lover!

Forward, till quick recoils the impetuous flood,
And ends the first dread scene in terror and in
blood!

Onward once more, through sun and shivering
storm,—

A monstrous length with wavering bulk enorm,—
Wounded or striking, bringing blood or bleeding,
Onward, still on, the agony unheeding!

Onward with failing heart, or courage high!

Onward through heat, and hunger, and dismay,
Turning the starry night to murderous day!

Onward, with hope appalled, once more to strike,
and die!

Echoes of deeds immortal, oh, awake!
Tremble to language, into music break,
Till lyric memory takes the old emotion,
And leaps from heart to heart the ancient thrill!
Tell of great deeds that yet the wide earth fill.

But chiefly tell of that one hour of all
When threatening war rolled highest its full tide,
Even to the perilous northern mountain-side
Where Heaven should bid our good cause rise or
fall.

Tell of that hour, for never in all the world
Was braver army against braver hurled.
To both the victory, all unawares,
Beyond all dreams of losing or of winning;
For the new land which now is ours and theirs,
Had on that topmost day its glorious beginning.

They who charged up that drenched and desperate slope

Were heroes all—and looked in heroes' eyes!

Ah! heroes never heroes did despise!

That day had Strife its bloodiest bourn and scope;

Above the shaken hills and sulphurous skies

Peace lifted up her mournful head and smiled on Hope.

So long ago it was, so long ago,
All, all have passed; the terror and the splendor
Have turned like yester-evening's stormy glow
Into a sunset memory strange and tender.
How beautiful it seems, what lordly sights,
What deeds sublime, what wondrous days and nights,
What love of comrades, ay, what quickened breath,
When first we knew that, startled, quailing, still
We too, even we, along the blazing hill,
We, with the best, could face and conquer death!

Glorious all these, but these all less than naught
To the one passion of those days divine,
Love of the land our own hearts' blood had
bought—

Our country, our own country, yours and mine,
Then known, then sternly loved, first in our lives.
Ah! loved we not our children, sisters, wives?
But our own country, this was more than they,—
Our wives, our children, this,—our hope, our love
For all most dear, but more—the dawning day

Of freedom for the world, the hope above
All hope for the sad race of man. For where,
In what more lovely world, 'neath skies more fair,
If freedom here should fail, could it find soil and
air?

In this one thought, one passion,—whate'er fate
Still may befall,—one moment we were great!
One moment in life's brief, perplexèd hour
We climbed the height of being, and the power
That falls alone on those who love their kind
A moment made us one with the Eternal Mind.

One moment, ah! not so, dear Country! Thou
Art still our passion; still to thee we bow
In love supreme; fairer than e'er before
Art thou to-day, from golden shore to shore
The home of freedom. Not one stain doth cling
Now to thy banner. Argosies of war
On thy imperial rivers bravely fling
Flags of the nations, but no message bring
Save of peace only; while, behold, from far
The Old World comes to greet thy natal star
That with the circling century returns,
And in the Western heavens with fourfold beauty
burns.

Land that we love! Thou Future of the World!
Thou refuge of the noble heart oppressed!
Oh, never be thy shining image hurled
From its high place in the adoring breast
Of him who worships thee with jealous love!
Keep thou thy starry forehead as the dove

All white, and to the eternal Dawn inclined!
Thou art not for thyself but for mankind,
And to despair of thee were to despair
Of man, of man's high destiny, of God!
Of thee should man despair, the journey trod
Upward, through unknown eons, stair on stair,
By this our race, with bleeding feet and slow,
Were but the pathway to a darker woe
Than yet was visioned by the heavy heart
Of prophet. To despair of thee! Ah, no!
For thou thyself art Hope, Hope of the World
thou art!

THE QUEEN'S YEAR.

By I. N. F., English Correspondent of the New York *Tribune*.

IT is, indeed, the Queen's Year. Prime Ministers have come and gone these sixty years, but she has remained in sympathetic touch with English thought and sentiment, and is closer to the hearts of her subjects in her old age than she was in her girlhood, when her coronation and marriage were like romances of Wonderland.

The influence of this gracious and womanly sovereign at home and abroad has never been greater than it is at the opening of what is already known as the Queen's Year. Connected as she is by family ties with nearly all the reigning houses of the Continent, and respected as an experienced

ruler of unrivaled judgment and sagacity, her will is one of the secret forces of European diplomacy. Nor is her influence confined to monarchical countries, where royalty is grateful to her for rendering its calling respectable and secure, since she has taught her fellow-sovereigns how to govern in a conservative spirit. It has been a bond of unity between England and republican America, where the fact has never been forgotten that her sympathies were instinctively on the side of the Union during the Civil War, when her responsible Ministers erred in judgment. During the last year she has been unremitting in her efforts to bring about a restoration of good feeling between the two branches of the English-speaking race, and perhaps the happiest moment of the Queen's Year will be that in which the gracious, peace-loving sovereign receives final assurance that the International Arbitration Court has been established.

Potent as the Queen's influence has been in diplomacy and politics, and capable and sagacious as she is as a practical administrator of a worldwide realm, the force of her example has been strongest in ennobling the virtues of home life and womanly character. Imitation is the commonest characteristic of English life. Every class looks up to those who are on a higher social level than itself, and copies their phrases, manners, and way of living. The Queen has been for sixty years the crowning figure of English society, and she has been the embodiment of the homely virtues of domestic life.

Her influence has always been exerted with womanly constancy against luxurious vice and fashionable immorality. She has dignified the English home. This is the chief glory of her reign, and it will be commemorated wherever her health is drunk during the Queen's Year.

THE MARYLAND YELLOW THROAT.

By HENRY VAN DYKE, Clergyman, Author. B. 1852, New York; resides in New York.

This poem is contained in "The Builders, and Other Poems," copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

WHILE May bedecks the naked trees
With tassels and embroideries,
And many blue-eyed violets beam
Along the edges of the stream,
I hear a voice that seems to say,
Now near at hand, now far away,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

An incantation so serene,
So innocent, befits the scene:
There's magic in that small bird's note—
See, there he flits—the yellow-throat;
A living sunbeam, tipped with wings,
A spark of light that shines and sings
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

You prophet with a pleasant name,
If out of Mary-land you came,
You know the way that thither goes
Where Mary's lovely garden grows.
Fly swiftly back to her, I pray,
And try, to call her down this way,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

Tell her to leave her cockle-shells,
And all her little silver bells
That blossom into melody,
And all her maids less fair than she—
She does not need these pretty things,
For everywhere she comes, she brings
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

The woods are greening overhead,
And flowers adorn each mossy bed;
The waters babble as they run—
One thing is lacking, only one;
If Mary were but here to-day,
I would believe your charming lay,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

Along the shady road I look;
Who's coming now across the brook?
A woodland maid, all robed in white—
The leaves dance round her with delight,
The stream laughs out beneath her feet—
Sing, merry bird, the charm's complete,
Witchery—witchery—witchery!

LUCINDA'S FAN.

By FRANK LEBBY STANTON, Editor of Atlanta *Constitution*.

From *Town Topics*.

THROUGH its feathery bars twinkled twin little stars
On the gallants who came to woo,
And a glimmer of pearls
And a shimmer of curls

Were seen o'er its barriers blue.

And knights who had won the red rose of the fray
Were waved by its subtle enchantment away.

It caught the cool zephyrs from violet vales
And rippled them over the lace.

Its velvety tips
Knew the red of her lips
And the delicate dimples a-race,
And, thoughtfully tapping with hesitant love,
It sounded the knell of true hearts on—her glove.

It dazzled the dreaming of peasant and prince
In a witching and wonderful way,
And the birds of the blooms
They were slain for its plumes—
Oh, its mistress was fickle as they!—
The envy of maid and the worship of man,
For the fame of her face and the fate of her fan.

But one came to woo with his sword at his side
And his laurel all worthily won,

And strangely and sweet
Fluttered down at his feet
The fan—for its mission was done.
Good grace to the gallants it warded away,
But love came in triumph and gained the fair day.

WOMAN IN POLITICS.

By J. ELLEN FOSTER. Resides at Washington, D. C.
An extract from an address delivered before the World's
Congress of Representative Women, held in Chicago, May
15-22, 1893.

WITH the growth of human brotherhood, and its necessary correlative, popular government, woman, as a part of glorified humanity and elevated with its uplift, found herself side by side with man; his helper not only, as formerly, in things temporal, but his companion in all things. To-day all forces in human existence and human relations have been exalted and refined. As far removed as is the beast of burden from the electrician's wire, so far is the woman of the earlier years from her sister of the twentieth century's dawn.

As the humanitarian idea has plowed its way through human history, woman has developed with that idea, and now her finer instincts, her keener intuitions, and her patient heart are the full complement of the robust masculinity which has conquered nature. The two united glorify humanity.

It is no longer a question of *man* or *woman*, but

of quality of service, and of power to meet the world's need.

The ideal woman is no longer the pale, white lily of mediæval romance; she is a living, breathing, thinking, doing human being—a well-equipped helpmeet in all life's activities. There is no grander science than that of politics, except the science of theology. How God governs the universe of mind and holds in his hand the universe of matter is the grandest theme the soul can contemplate; next in dignity are the principles and methods which control and apply human agencies to masses of citizens for the general good. This is political science. We pity the narrowness which cannot comprehend the dignity of this study; we are patient with weakness which cannot grasp it; we make no answer to those who ridicule it; but we give heart and hand in patriotic devotion to the women who reach out to know and to do large things for the home and for the flag.

IN THE KING'S GARDEN.

By ARBIE F. BROWN in *Youth's Companion*.

“OH, not for long, ah, not for long shall I be lingering

In the garden of the king!”

So blithely and so proudly sang the rose,

“For my lady found me fair

And will pluck me for her hair,

And I shall go with her where she goes.”

“ I care not, oh, I care not for the king or for the queen,

Though the fairest ever seen.”

Sang the primrose from the bed across the way,

“ For the poet passed along

And wove me in a song,

And I shall live forever in his lay.”

But the violet beside them only bent its head and smiled,

For it knew a little child

Had stolen to the corner where it grew.

She had named it best of all

And fairest, though so small,

And crowned it with a kiss. But no one knew.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

By JACOB GOULD SCHURMAN, Author, Educator. B. 1854.
Prince Edward Island. Since 1890, President of Cornell University; resides at Ithaca, N. Y.

From an address before the Cornell Alumni Association at New York, February 27, 1897.

IT is a remarkable age in which we live. Problems as old as the race and as new as its latest member press heavily upon us. Yet in heaven the stars shine calm and serene and friendly as of yore. The nations snarl at one another's heels; but the English-speaking race will settle their differences, not on the bloody field of battle, but in the sacred

forum of justice and right. Let us have the Arbitration Treaty, and inaugurate for international affairs a new epoch in the history of mankind. The first stage in civilization was the substitution of the award of the judge for the blow of the avenger. It began with the clan or tribe and extended to the nation. At the dawn of the twentieth Christian century we shall, I believe, see this principle of municipal polity applied to international disputes. And it is glory enough for the United States to have been the champion of this beneficent change. In domestic affairs, too, there is cause for congratulation. Though the process is gradual, it is clear that trade is improving and that industries are reviving. Certain it is that the national honor is unsullied, and the government and people scrupulously discharge all their obligations. A good name, well deserved, is the best thing on earth, whether for nations or for individuals.

If the republic is to be preserved and improved every citizen must be uplifted. Property must be kept inviolate, yet the popular sense of justice must not be outraged. Socialism as a scheme of government is impracticable. Yet surely we may dream of better co-operation between capitalists and laborers for the production and distribution of wealth. Such problems are upon us as we pass into the twentieth century. We must solve them. The hope of our nation is in an educated intelligence, an enlightened conscience, and a high sense of public duty.

COLUMBIA'S BANNER.

By EDNA DEAN PROCTER, Poet. B. 1838, New Hampshire.

“ GOD helping me,” cried Columbus, “ though fair
or foul the breeze,
I will sail and sail till I find the land beyond the
western seas!”—
So an eagle might leave its eyrie, bent, though the
blue should bar,
To fold its wings on the loftiest peak of an undis-
covered star!
And into the vast and void abyss he followed the
setting sun;
Nor gulfs nor gales could fright his sails till the
wondrous quest was done.
But O the weary vigils, the murmuring, torturing
days,
Till the *Pinta's* gun, and the shout of “ Land!” set
the black night ablaze!
Till the shore lay fair as Paradise in morning's
balm and gold,
And a world was won from the conquered deep,
and the tale of the ages told!

Uplift the starry Banner! The best age is begun!
We are the heirs of the mariners whose voyage that
morn was done.
Measureless lands Columbus gave and rivers
through zones that roll,

But his rarest, noblest 'bounty was a New World
for the Soul!
For he sailed from the Past with its stifling walls,
 to the Future's open sky,
And the ghosts of gloom and fear were laid as the
 breath of heaven went by;
And the pedant's pride and the lordling's scorn
 were lost, in that vital air,
As fogs are lost when sun and wind sweep ocean
 blue and bare;
And Freedom and larger Knowledge dawned clear,
 the sky to span,
The birthright, not of priest or king, but of every
 child of man!

Uplift the New World's Banner to greet the exult-
ant sun!
Let its rosy gleams still follow his beams as swift
 to west they run,
Till the wide air rings with shout and hymn to wel-
come it shining high,
And our eagle from lone Katahdin to Shasta's snow
 can fly
In the light of its stars as fold on fold is flung to
 the autumn sky!
Uplift it, Youths and Maidens, with songs and
 loving cheers;
Through triumphs, raptures, it has waved, through
 agonies and tears.
Columbia looks from sea to sea and thrills with joy
 to know

Her myriad sons, as one, would leap to shield it
from a foe!

And you who soon will be the State, and shape
each great decree,

Oh, vow to live and die for it, if glorious death
must be!

The brave of all the centuries gone this starry Flag
have wrought;

In dungeons dim, on gory fields, its light and peace
were bought;

And you who front the future—whose days our
dreams fulfill—

On Liberty's immortal height, oh, plant it firmer
still!

For it floats for broadest learning; for the soul's
supreme release;

For law disdaining license; for righteousness and
peace;

For valor born of justice; and its amplest scope
and plan

Makes a queen of every woman, a king of every
man!

While forever, like Columbus, o'er Truth's unfath-
omed main

It pilots to the hidden isles, a grander realm to
gain.

Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever
sung,

To keep this Banner spotless its kindred stars
among!

Our fleets may throng the oceans—our forts the
headlands crown—
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint and mart
and town—
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms bring plenty,
far and wide—
And statelier temples deck the land than Rome's
or Athens' pride—
And science dare the mysteries of earth and wave
and sky—
Till none with us in splendor and strength and skill
can vie;
Yet, should we reckon Liberty and Manhood less
than these,
And slight the right of the humblest between our
circling seas,—
Should we be false to our sacred past, our fathers'
God forgetting,
This Banner would lose its luster, our sun be nigh
his setting!
But the dawn will sooner forget the east, the tides
their ebb and flow,
Than you forget our radiant Flag, and its match-
less gifts forego!
Nay! you will keep it high-advanced with ever-
brightening sway—
The Banner whose light betokens the Lord's di-
viner day—
Leading the nations gloriously in Freedom's holy
way!

No cloud on the field of azure—no stain on the
rosy bars—
God bless you, Youths and Maidens, as you guard
the Stripes and Stars!

THE TEACHING OF THE COLLEGES.

By SETH LOW, Educator, President of Columbia College,
New York. B. 1850, New York; resides in New York.

From an address delivered before the New England
Society, in New York City, December 22, 1892.

IT is a legitimate source of pleasure and of pride to all of us who claim our parentage from New England, and I believe I may say without reserve to all of any origin, who are engaged in the higher education all over the country, that New England's old college foundations still endure and perform still their ancient and honorable service. They have weathered the storms of centuries. They still illustrate to their younger sisters a high educational ideal and an absolute fidelity to every pecuniary trust. They set a standard such that none may be unworthy who strives to attain it. The effort to surpass it is the animating ambition of the higher education throughout the land. This is genuine leadership. It rests in part, and legitimately, upon the fact of age, but only because in their age they are full of the fire and vigor of youth. This animating influence going out from them is a splendid contribution to the educational life of the country.

In New England, and everywhere, our colleges teach idealism and they teach patriotism. It was at Amherst that Henry Ward Beecher first felt the spark that set his nature on fire and made him the fearless champion of the slave. The secret is a simple one. In college young men are brought, at a time of life when they are peculiarly sensitive to such influences, into personal contact with men of character, who are not often worldly-minded, in any sordid sense, but who often are fine types of devotion to some forms of truth. They come under the influence, also, of the great thoughts of the great men of other days. It is not strange, therefore, that when they go out into the community they lend themselves readily to Civil Service Reform, or to whatever may chance to be the great reform of their time. For, with all this idealism, the colleges teach history and philosophy. Something the graduates know also of the science of government, not as it is illustrated in the murky waters of current history, but as it is embodied in the profound teaching of past politics and the great utterances of great leaders. *The Federalist* was entirely a college contribution to the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. Thus the colleges are constantly at work making good citizens, men who are at once instructed as to what good government is and who are ready and anxious to do their part to secure it for their locality and their country. Happily, good citizenship is not dependent upon a college education. I mean only

that in the direction of good citizenship the influence of the college is distinctly and strongly felt.

When that last test of patriotism came, that time of peril brought, how joyfully the young men of the colleges sprang into the breach. In the fine phrase of a college man of Massachusetts, "they threw away like a flower" life and all that men hold most dear. I confess that, to me, Harvard's Memorial Hall is a sacred shrine. I cannot enter it unmoved. I never leave it without a fresh sense of what it means to be a citizen of a free country. I understand there that the learning of the wise man is not enough, that for the patriot it must be ennobled by the spirit that would surrender learning and life itself for the country of his love.

MY SISTER HAS A BEAU.

By ROY FARRELL GREENE. From *Truth*.

WHEN you'se got a great big sister, an your sister's got a beau,

Why, you hev to mind your manners an mus' act jes' so an so.

You'se got to pay attention to mos' everything 'at's said,

An you hev to be mos' careful er you're hustled off to bed.

I used to hev the bestest times a-rompin' round at night

A-sayin', "Boo!" to sister an a-growlin' like I'd
bite,
But there aint no fun in nothin', an a feller aint no
show
When he's got a great big sister an his sister has a
beau.

He comes to see her Sundays, an they sit aroun' an
talk.

Sometimes he takes her ridin', an sometimes 'ey
take a walk,
An once he stayed fer dinner 'cause my mamma
said he might,
An he kep' a-sayin' "Thank you," jes' as soft like
an perlite.

Once I jes' sort o' whistled to my ma's canary bird,
An pa said, "Tommy!" crosslike, an I hadn't said
a word.

I tell you, but a feller's got to act jes' so an so
When he's got a great big sister an his sister has a
beau.

Ma says mebbe he'll marry sis an take her off to
stay.

I ast my pa about it, an he said, "P'raps he may."
But when he comes to see her, why, I've got to be
so good,

Sometimes I get to thinkin' that I rather wish he
would.

'F I want to romp on Sundays, why, I've got to be
so sly,

It seems that all's so quiet, an I feel jes' like I'd die,
A feller can't do nothin' an he haint got any show
When he's got a great big sister an his sister has a
beau.

THE PURITANS.

By HEMAN LINCOLN WAYLAND, Clergyman, Author. B. 1830, Rhode Island; resides in Philadelphia.

An extract from an address delivered before the New England Society, in New York City, December 22, 1892.

THROUGH the Christian centuries, wherever there were brave souls that testified for righteousness "till persecution chased them up to Heaven"; among the Alps of Piedmont; in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh; at Smithfield; in Paris, as the great bell was ushering in the Eve of St. Bartholomew's —there were the spiritual ancestors of the Puritans.

They drew their blood from the followers of the immortal man who, in the days of Elizabeth, after his right hand had been chopped off upon the scaffold, waved the left above his head, shouting for England and liberty. The fathers of these men were on the gallant little fleet which began the annihilation of the Armada, and which made liberty a possibility, as the *Mayflower* made it a reality.

But the Puritans were not satisfied with the past. They wanted the future as well. They believed in the existence of right and wrong, and in the infinite supremacy of righteousness. They believed in the intense reality of God and of the unseen and

the spiritual; they held that these were the real, and that everything else was the shadow. They held that some things are true, and that some things are not true; that truth and right are above thrones, are above even the majority dear to the American heart. They believed in man as above institutions, above real estate, even above stocks. They believed that greatness is immaterial; that the greatness of a State, of a city, does not lie in its acreage, nor in the assessor's books.

Come with me to the heart of New England, if so I may call Massachusetts. Down in Middlesex is a little village. The soil is thin and scanty; there is no traffic, there are no manufactories. A small sluggish stream flows through the quiet village, the houses are plain, redeemed from bareness only by the touches of good taste. Just before we cross the little stream, we notice a simple monument in the middle of the way; on it we read the lines that have become household words wherever the English language is spoken.

On the other side of the bridge, a little space by the wayside is protected by an iron railing; an inscription tells us that here lie two British soldiers who fell on the 19th of April, 1775. As we draw near the village, you ask, "What house is that?" Why that is the house where Mr. Emerson framed those calm, philosophical sentences that have molded character all over the world. Yonder is the old Manse whose "Mosses" are immortalized by the magic of Hawthorne. From that plain

dwelling (now, alas! empty), standing a little back from the road, Louisa M. Alcott sent out "Little Women" and "Little Men" to charm a generation of young people. In the public square is a monument to the sons of the town who fell in the great war. In the village cemetery, a massive, un-hewn boulder marks the grave of that son of Nature, Henry D. Thoreau; in the near distance Walden Pond glimmers in the sun. Weighed in scales which are responsive to ideas and high inspirations, this village is greater than Babylon, greater than old Rome.

Not satisfied with great principles, the Puritans were avaricious of great achievements. They subdued forests, organized emigration, marched westward under the star of empire. They preserved the Union, annihilated slavery, crushed repudiation, made the promises of the nation equal to gold; they have spoken the word of protest and pleading in behalf of the Chinaman and the Indian and the African. And wherever there has been a battle for God and humanity there they and their sons have been.

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

By AGNES E. MITCHELL, Poet ; resides in Michigan.

WHEN klingle, klangle, klingle,
Far down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home,

Now sweet and clear, now faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
 That makes the daisies grow.

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolingle-lingle,
Far down the darkening dingle,
 The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
 When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
 The cows are coming home;
And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
 When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
 The cows are coming home;
A-loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays dance and gleam,
Clarine, Peach-bloom, and Phoebe Phyllis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
 In a drowsy dream.

To-link, to-lank, tolinkle-linkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
 The cows come slowly home.
Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain;
For dear old times come back again
 When the cows come home.

AMERICAN PATRIOTISM.

By HORACE PORTER, Orator, Diplomat, Soldier. B. 1837, Pennsylvania; resides in Paris as Ambassador from the United States to France.

An extract from an address delivered at the close of the Columbus celebration in New York, September 30, 1892.

THE citizen who can claim America for his home is possessed of a priceless heritage. Being only four hundred years since its discovery, only a little more than a century since its people earned the right to establish a government of their own, the American mind is not bound to a servile contemplation of the distant past, but is free to dwell upon the abundant blessings of the present and the promised glories of the future. Its people, not unmindful in their proud ancestry of the care of posterity, are teaching their children that the only recognized title to superiority is the favor of God, and that the richest legacy which man can leave to man is the memory of a worthy name, the inheritance of a good example. Without permitting our National pride to degenerate into National egotism, the Ameri-

can can justly boast of a land which is worthy of his unwavering loyalty, his devoted patriotism. The principles came down from honored sires, who had been reared in the severe school of adversity and educated in hardship. If they kindled the true fire of patriotism, it is the duty of their descendants to keep the embers glowing. Patriotism must be taught. It must be taught to the young when the minds are impressionable, when the hearts are easily molded, lofty sentiments formed and voiced before they have reached the sordid age, for, after all, the child is but the father of the man. That is the reason I enjoyed, more than all things else connected with these memorable celebrations, the marching through the avenues of our cities of that phalanx of school children, their cheery voices uttering patriotic sentiments, their hands waving the proud emblem of their country's glory; and that is the reason that I like to see on all *fête* days carried through our streets those old battle flags brought home from the wars; those precious standards, bullet-riddled, battle-stained, but remnants of their former selves, scarcely enough left of them to imprint the names of the battles they had seen.

It is such sights as these that teach the young that the flag of their country is not only a banner for holiday display, but that it is a proud emblem of dignity, authority, power—insult it, and millions will rise in its defense. It teaches the young that that flag is to be their pillar of cloud by day, their pillar of fire by night, that it is to wave above

them in victory, to be their rallying point in defeat, and if perchance they offer up their lives, a sacrifice in its defense, its gentle folds will rest upon their bosoms in death, and its crimson stripes will mingle with their generous heart's blood.

And yet it requires no great standing military force, and has no threatening or troublesome neighbors. The infant country has a pretty fair record for a child. Who can predict four hundred years from now how far the growing nation may dominate the policy of the world? Now it has thrown off the swaddling clothes of infancy and stands clothed in robust majesty and power, in which the God who made it intends that it shall henceforth tread the earth. It is now moving down the great highway of history, teaching by example, marching at the head of the procession of the world's events, leading the van of civilization and Christianized liberty; and its manifest and avowed destiny is to light the path of liberty throughout the world, until human freedom and human rights become the common heritage of mankind.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

By C. W. HALL.

OVER the undulate prairie
I rode as the day was done;
The west was aglow—but to northward
A glare like the rising sun—

Seen through the eddying sea-mists,
Broke on the darkening night,
And a cloud of smoky blackness
Shut out the star's dim light.

I felt the sweep of the norther,
But a deeper, deadlier chill
Struck to my heart for an instant
With its presage of death and ill.
Then I drew the cinchas tighter
And looked to stirrup and rein,
As the northern glare grew brighter
And the gusts gained strength amain.

Then, as we hurried southward,
Brighter, nearer and higher,
Like lambent serpents heavenward
Writhed up each flaming spire,
Leaping across the trenches
Where the grass was thin and dry,
Rolling in fiery surges
Where the reeds stood rank and high.

A drifting whirl of cinders,
A chorus of blinding smoke,
A roaring sea of fire—
Across the plains it broke!
From the pools the wild fowl darted
To circle the lurid sky;
From his lair the scared deer started
And swept like a phantom by.

On toward the distant river
Wasted by weeks of drouth,
Like a shaft from the Sungod's quiver
We sped toward the murky south.
To halt was death; and far distant
Lay life and safety and rest;
The air grew hot and each instant
The foam fell on counter and breast.

Nearer each moment the fire swept,
Thicker the red sparks fell;
Higher the roaring flames leapt
With the blast of that fiery hell.
I felt that we soon must stifle
In the reek of that merciless hail,
And I dropped my heavy rifle
In the midst of the narrow trail.

But bravely my trusty courser
Kept on in his headlong flight—
Though his labored breath grew hoarser—
Till the river gleamed in sight,
A plunge through the thickest border
Of withered grass and reed,
And the waters of the river
Laved the heaving flanks of my steed.

Up to the brink of the river
Swept the waves of that fiery sea,
With pulses and limbs aquiver
I could neither stand nor flee!

I saw the flames tower heavenward
With dim eyes and failing breath;
Then all around was darkness—
A faintness and gloom like death!

When I woke the flames were racing
Far westward o'er bluff and hill;
My faithful steed was grazing
On the banks of one guardian rill;
And I offered thanks to Heaven,
Where the stars shone clear and bright,
For the safety and mercy given
To us on that fearful night.

TARIFF REFORM.

By WILLIAM LYNE WILSON, Statesman, Jurist, Orator. B. 1843, Virginia.

Mr. Wilson was Postmaster General in President Cleveland's Cabinet and is now President of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

This extract is taken from his speech closing the discussion on the Wilson Tariff Bill, delivered in the National House of Representatives at Washington, February 1, 1894.

THE gentleman, with his usual skill and his usual dexterity, has added to his armor the weapons of sarcasm and ridicule against this tariff reform movement. If reform could be blocked and hindered by ridicule, if great causes could be laughed down, we would be to-day the slaves of England instead of being a self-governing American people.

The plain Virginia huntsmen, who in my county met one hundred strong and marched in their hunting shirts from the Potomac to the relief of Boston, under old Daniel Morgan, were clowns in appearance and cut but a sorry figure before the splendid troops which they met in that city. Men are not to be judged by the clumsiness of their movements; but are ennobled by that for which they fight. The Continentals of Washington and the Virginia huntsmen of Daniel Morgan, while they may have been rudely dressed, and may have been clumsy in their movements, bore upon their standard the freedom which we now enjoy. This is a very old world, but long before human history began to be written, the fatal secret was disclosed that there is no easier, no quicker, no more abundant way of getting wealth and getting power than by exercising the power of taxation over the masses of the people. That secret, when disclosed, was eagerly seized upon before the very dawning of human history, and is to-day the dominant force in all the world. It is but two hundred years ago that men were willing to fight for the idea that governments were made to serve the governed, and not for the benefit of those who govern.

Not yet, in all the world, have men advanced to that point where the government is operated exclusively and evenly in the interest of all the governed. That is the goal of perfect freedom. That is the achievement of perfect law. And that is the goal to which this party is courageously and hon-

estly moving in its fight to-day for tariff reform. Whenever that party and whenever the members of it are able to cut loose from local and selfish interests and to keep the general welfare alone in their eye, we shall reach that goal of perfect freedom, and shall bring to the people of this country that prosperity which no other people in the world has ever enjoyed. I remember reading, some time ago, in a speech of Sir Robert Peel's, when he was beginning his system of tariff reform in England, of a letter which he had received from a "canny Scotchman"—a fisherman—in which the man protested against lowering the duty on herrings, for fear, he said, that the Norwegian fishermen would undersell him; but he assured Sir Robert, in closing the letter, that in every other respect except herring he was a thoroughgoing free-trader. Now, I do not want any man to say that you are acting in the cause of herring, not in the cause of the people. I do not want herring to stand between any of you and the enthusiastic performance of your duty to the party and your duty to the American people.

This is not a battle expressly on this tax or on that tax; it is a battle for human freedom. As Mr. Burke truly said: "The great battles of human freedom have been waged around the question of taxation." You may think to-day that some "herring" of your own will excuse you in opposing this great movement; you may think to-day that some reason of locality, some desire to oblige a great

interest behind you, may excuse you if, when the roll is called, your name shall be registered among the opponents of this measure; but no such excuse will cover you. The men who had the opportunity to sign the Declaration of Independence and refused or neglected because there was something in it which they did not like—I thank God there were no such men—but if there were, what would be their standing in history to-day? If, on the battlefields of Lexington and Bunker Hill there had been men who became dissatisfied, wanted this thing and that thing, and threw away their weapons, what do you suppose would have been their feelings in all the years of their lives when the liberty bells rang on every coming anniversary of American freedom? This roll-call is a roll of honor. It is a roll of freedom. And in the name of honor, and in the name of freedom, I summon every member of this House.

SIR CUPID.

By FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

SIR CUPID once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.

So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim
He changed his style and station,
In shovel hat and gaiters trim,
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor,
He cried, "Yo, ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fail her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises;
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
I do not care what garb you wear
So long as you are—Cupid!"

THE HERO-PRESIDENT.

By HORACE PORTER, Orator, Author, Soldier. B. 1837, Pennsylvania; resides in Paris. In 1897, General Porter was appointed Ambassador to France.

The following extract is a portion of an oration delivered at the dedication of the Grant Monument in New York, April 27, 1897. It was largely due to the efforts of General Porter that this splendid mausoleum was completed.

It is all like a dream. One can scarcely realize the lapse of time and the memorable events which have occurred since our hero President was first proclaimed one of the great of earth. The dial hands upon the celestial clock record the flight of more than a generation since the legions of America's manhood poured down from the hill-tops, surged up from the valleys, knelt upon their native soil to swear eternal allegiance to the Union, and went forth to seal the oath with their blood in marching under the victorious banners of Ulysses S. Grant. To-day countless numbers of his contemporaries, their children, and their children's children gather about his tomb to give permanent sepulture to his ashes and to recall the record of his imperishable deeds.

He possessed an abiding confidence in the honesty and intelligence of his fellow-countrymen, and always retained his deep hold upon their affections. Even when clothed with the robes of the master, he forgot not that he was still the servant of the people. In every great crisis he was content to

leave the efforts to his countrymen and the results to God.

As a commander of men in the field he manifested the highest characteristics of the soldier, as evinced in every battle in which he was engaged from Palo Alto to Appomattox. He was bold in conception, fixed in purpose, and vigorous in execution. He never allowed himself to be thrown on the defensive, but always aimed to take the initiative in battle. He made armies and not cities the objective points of his campaigns. Obstacles which would have deterred another seemed only to inspire him with greater confidence, and his soldiers soon learned to reflect much of his determination. His motto was "When in doubt move to the front." His sword always pointed the way to an advance; its hilt was never presented to an enemy. He once wrote in a letter to his father, "I never expect to have an army whipped, unless it is badly whipped, and can't help it." He enjoyed a physical constitution which enabled him to endure every form of fatigue and privation incident to military service in the field. His unassuming manner, purity of character, and absolute loyalty inspired loyalty in others, confidence in his methods, and gained him the devotion of the humblest of his subordinates. He exhibited a rapidity of thought and action on the field which enabled him to move with a promptness rarely ever equaled, and which never failed to astonish, and often to baffle, the best efforts of a less vigorous opponent. A study of his

martial deeds inspires us with the grandeur of events and the majesty of achievement. He did not fight for glory, but for National existence and the equality and rights of men. His sole ambition was his country's prosperity. His victories failed to elate him. In the dispatches which reported his triumphs there was no word of arrogance, no exaggeration, no aim at dramatic effect. With all his self-reliance he was never betrayed into immodesty of expression. He never underrated himself in a battle, he never overrated himself in a report. He could not only command armies, he could command himself. Inexorable as he was in battle, war never hardened his heart or weakened the strength of his natural affections. He retained a singularly sensitive nature, a rare tenderness of feeling; shrank from the sight of blood, and was painfully alive to every form of human suffering.

General Grant was a man who seemed to be created especially to meet great emergencies. It was the very magnitude of the task which called forth the powers that mastered it. Whether leading an attack in Mexico, dictating the terms of surrender to countless thousands in the War of the Rebellion, suddenly assuming vast responsibility in great crises both in peace and in war, writing state papers as President which were to have a lasting bearing upon the policy of the Government, traveling through older lands and mingling with the descendants of a line of kings who rose and stood

uncovered in his presence—he was always equal to the occasion and acquitted himself with a success that challenges the admiration of the world. In trivial matters he was an ordinary man; in momentous affairs he towered as a giant. As Johnson said of Milton, “He could hew a Colossus from the rocks; he could not carve faces on cherry stones.” Even his valor on the field of carnage was not superior to the heroism he displayed when in his fatal illness he confronted the only enemy to whom he ever surrendered. His old will power reasserted itself in his determination to complete his memoirs. During whole months of physical torture he with one hand held death at arm’s length while with the other he penned the most brilliant chapter in American history.

His countrymen have paid him a tribute of grateful hearts; they have reared in monumental rock a sepulcher for his ashes, a temple to his fame. The fact that it has been built by the voluntary contributions of the people will give our citizens an individual interest in preserving it, in honoring it. It will stand throughout the ages upon this conspicuous promontory, this ideal site. It will overlook the metropolis of the republic which his efforts saved from dismemberment; it will be reflected in the noble waters of the Hudson, upon which pass the argosies of commerce, so largely multiplied by the peace secured by his heroic deeds.

EUTHANASIA.

By MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, Poet. B. 1820, Virginia ;
d. 1897, Maryland.

Nearly eighteen months before her death, Mrs. Preston is said to have written this, her last poem, and the wish expressed in it was granted almost to the letter in the closing scenes of her life.

WITH the faces the dearest in sight,
With a kiss on the lips I love best,
To whisper a tender "Good-night,"
And pass to my pillow of rest.

To kneel, all my service complete,
All duties accomplished, and then
To finish my orisons sweet,
With a trustful and joyous "Amen."

And softly, when slumber is deep,
Unwarned by a shadow before,
On a halcyon pillow of sleep
To float to the Thitherward shore.

Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath,
Unharmed by the phantom of fear,
To glide through the darkness of death.

Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given;
A quiver, a pause of the heart,
A vision of angels—then Heaven.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

By MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON, Poet. B. 1820, Virginia; d. 1897, Maryland.

THE patter of feet was on the stair
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair
And said—for weary the day had been—
“Don’t let another intruder in.”

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peeped in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out, “Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead.”

“And, pray, who is ‘Dan’?” The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with strange surprise.
“Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.

“The newsboys say that they cannot tell
The reason his stock went off so well.
I knew—with his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him ‘No’?

“And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.

“And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets was sold.
But he’s dead—he’s dead—and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know.”

In the paper next morning, as "leader," ran
A paragraph thus: "The newsboy Dan,
One of God's little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread
By patient endurance and toil—is dead."

THREE DAYS IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

By DELAVIGNE.

ON the deck stood Columbus: the ocean's expanse,
Untried and unlimited, swept by his glance.

"Back to Spain!" cry his men; "put the vessel
about!

We venture no farther through danger and doubt."
"Three days, and I give you a world!" he replied;
"Bear up, my brave comrades;—three days shall
decide."

He sails,—but no token of land is in sight;
He sails,—but the day shows no more than the
night,

On, onward he sails, while in vain o'er the lee
The lead is plunged down through a fathomless sea.

The pilot, in silence, leans mournfully o'er
The rudder, which creaks 'mid the billowy roar;
He hears the hoarse moan of the spray-driving
blast,

And its funeral wail through the shrouds of the mast;

The stars of far Europe have sunk in the skies,
And the great Southern Cross meets his terrified eyes.

But at length the slow dawn, softly streaking the night,

Illumes the blue vault with its faint crimson light.

“Columbus! ‘tis day, and the darkness is o’er.”

“Day! and what dost thou see?” “Sky and ocean.
No more!”

The second day’s past, and Columbus is sleeping,
While Mutiny near him its vigil is keeping.

“Shall he perish?” “Ay! death!” is the barbarous cry;

“He must triumph to-morrow, or, perjured, must die!”

Ungrateful and blind! shall the world-linking sea
He traced for the Future his sepulcher be?

Shall that sea, on the morrow, with pitiless waves,
Fling his corse on that shore which his patient eye
craves?

The corse of an humble adventurer then;

One day later,—Columbus, the first among men!

But hush! he is dreaming! A veil on the main,
At the distant horizon, is parted in twain,

And now on his dreaming eye—rapturous sight!

Fresh bursts the New World from the darkness of
night!

O vision of glory, how dazzling it seems!
How glistens the verdure! how sparkle the streams!
How blue the far mountains! how glad the green
isles!
And the earth and the ocean, how dimpled with
smiles!
"Joy! joy!" cries Columbus, "this region is
mine!"
Ah! not e'en its name, wondrous dreamer, is thine!

At length o'er Columbus slow consciousness
breaks,—
"Land! land!" cry the sailors; "land! land!"—
he awakes,—
He runs,—yes! behold it! it blesseth his sight,—
The land! O dear spectacle! transport! delight!
O generous sobs, which he cannot restrain!
What will Ferdinand say? and the Future? and
Spain?
He will lay this fair land at the foot of the throne,—
His king will repay all the ills he has known!
In exchange for a world what are honors and
gains?
Or a crown? But how *is* he rewarded?—with
chains!

GRADUATION:

By PHILLIPS BROOKS, Clergyman. B. 1835, Massachusetts ; d. 1893, Boston.

From an address delivered at the Gannet School, Boston, Mass., June 27, 1871.

THERE are stages of the progress which most of us ought to make as we at least draw out the scheme and programme of a full and rounded life. It is curious to see how we give the same accounts even of Nature, and make of her years and seasons something like the same series of graduations which we find in our own life. She, too, does not seem to advance in one continuous ascent, but her rests and pauses are a part of our whole conception of her progress. Each winter is a resting place before every new spring. Each June is a commencement season when the springtime seems to graduate into summer, and every year seems to come to a platform of pause whence its successor starts out at a new angle to mount to higher things, toward the perfect year. No doubt it is partly our own view of her, resulting from our own experience. The oak tree and the rose, perhaps, have not our theory of springtime. There is a vagueness about all these dividing lines, but neither have the stages of our human lives perfectly clear divisions. They shade off into one another, and so Nature's picture is not untrue to the human careers it seems to represent.

And first there is *this* graduation, from the gath-

ering of knowledge into *clear opinions*. The accumulation of knowledge is the schoolroom's work. The shaping of clear opinions is the work of life, and it is wonderful how many learners stop at the schoolroom's door and never get beyond its pleasant flower-twined gateway all their lives. Opinions are good for nothing unless they are built out of good materials. These materials are what you get from books, and history, and newspapers, and nature, and society. And so this is the first graduation, to be desired earnestly and slowly reached—the graduation out of mere knowledge into thoughts and opinions. It is the first fresh, bright, joyous breaking of the buried seed out of the cold ground of school into the sunlight of life.

Then there is another graduation, namely, that by which one grows to true and earnest feeling. We put this last, because the feeling properly comes after thought and action, as the result of knowledge. There are, indeed, strong feelings that come long before, but they are apt to be mere *sentiments*, mere sentimentalities; but when one has known much, and thought much, and done much duty, then come those large, deep enthusiasms, whose warmth is the very vital heat of a large living character; the enthusiasms which give us warmth in all the coldness, and light in all the darkness of the world we have to walk through—the rich, ripe fruit of life.

It happens to some people through some blunder of life, or through some fault of temperament,

to have to go through life thinking earnestly and working faithfully, and yet never coming out into the delight of warm and hearty feeling. The thought and work may still be duties, however dreary; they may have to be done, however coldly; but if they never go beyond themselves, they will always be cold and imperfect. There is no day more bright in all one's life than that in which one becomes conscious of this final graduation.

Our affections and our indignations are the deepest part of us. They lie, indeed, all through our nature. When they have got down to their deepest and are loving all that is pure and good and true and are hating what is mean and false and cruel, then their intensity comes out; then they become charitable and generous and give us charity and independence; then in their fullest use our human nature seems a glorious thing. When they get to their deepest, and love God and hate all that dishonors him, then they have become religious, then the highest of all glories is reached, and heaven has nothing to offer except higher rooms of this highest school into which the soul has graduated now.

We ought to press forward to this highest graduation, to seek the noblest feelings and enthusiasms. To the soul that does not shut them out by frivolity or bitterness, they must come in, for they are all around us, and when they come in to us then our life is very rich.

I do not wonder that people find life dull who never think or work or feel, who stop short in the

little they have learned and let it grow tame to them in their daily drudgery with it. But always to let our minds play upon what we know, and to always be getting more use out of it; always to keep it close upon our hearts, and so to keep it always warm—this makes the world seem very rich and beautiful and fresh, as God meant that it should be.

HER GRANDPA.

By CHARLES D. STEWART.

My gran'pa is a funny man,
He's Scotch as he can be;
I tries to teach him all I can,
But he can't talk like me;
I've told him forty thousand times,
But tain't a bit of use;
He always says a man's a "mon,"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

He plays with me 'most every day,
And rides me on his knee;
He took me to a picnic once,
And dressed up just like me.
He says I am a "bonnie bairn,"
And kisses me, and when
I asks him why he can't talk right,
He says, "I dinna ken."

But me an' him has lots of fun,
He's such a funny man;
I dance for him and brush his hair,
And love him all I can.
I calls him Anjrew (that's his name).
And he says I can't talk.
And then he puts my plaidie on
And takes me for a walk.
I tells him forty thousand times,
But tain't a bit of use;
He always says a man's a "mon,"
An' calls a house a "hoose."

WASHINGTON.

By ELIZA COOK, Poet. B. 1817, London, England ; d. 1889.

LAND of the west! though passing brief the record
of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide
page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be
loudest far.
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the
planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall
ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the
coldest heart;

A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won.

Land of the west! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:

He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they might soar,

Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves—

Who fleshed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a world of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on—

Oh, where shall be *their* “glory” by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend;

And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.

He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word,

And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge —sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot
and sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate—no burst of
despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led
on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Wash-
ington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled
with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him
victor chief:
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high
disdain,
And cast no scepter from the links when he had
crushed the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trap-
pings down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a
kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of
such a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my
native earth!
The land that holds a mother's grave, and gave that
mother birth!

Oh, keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me
 from thy shore
 And faltering my breath, that sighed, " Farewell
 for evermore!"
 But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek
 to dwell
 Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for
 Homer's song to tell.
 " Away, thou gallant ship!" I'd cry, " and bear me
 swiftly on:
 But bear me from my own fair land to that of
 Washington!"

THE SPARTANS' MARCH.

By FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS, Poet. B. 1794, England ;
 d. 1835, Ireland.

" The Spartans used not the trumpet in their march into battle," says Thucydides, " because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging step was made to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders. The valor of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or a rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur."

'TWAS morn upon the Grecian hills,
 Where peasants dress'd the vines;
 Sunlight was on Cithæron's rills,
 Arcadia's rocks and pines.

And brightly, through his reeds and flowers,
 Eurotas wander'd by,
 When a sound arose from Sparta's towers
 Of solemn harmony.

Was it the hunter's choral strain
To the woodland-goddess pour'd?
Did virgin hands in Pallas' fane
Strike the full sounding chord?

But helms were glancing on the stream,
Spears ranged in close array,
And shields flung back a glorious beam
To the morn of a fearful day!

And the mountain-echoes of the land
Swell'd through the deep blue sky;
While to soft strains moved forth a band
Of men that moved to die.

They march'd not with the trumpet's blast,
Nor bade the horn peal out,
And the laurel groves, as on they pass'd,
Rung with no battle shout!

They asked no clarion's voice to fire
Their souls with impulse high;
But the Dorian reed and the Spartan lyre
For the sons of liberty!

And still sweet flutes their path around
Sent forth Æolian breath;
They needed not a sterner sound
To marshal them for death!

So moved they calmly to their field,
Thence never to return,
Save bearing back the Spartan shield,
Or on it proudly borne!

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

By IRWIN RUSSELL.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I'd hab you for to know, sah,
I's a holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
Fust t'ing you know you'll fin' out
How quick I'll wear dis line out
On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
You needn't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it!
He's comin' right down to it;
Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
Dis nigger aint no fool.

Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jes' how to treat him,
You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he was only bigger
He'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!
See how he keeps a clickin'!
He's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber t'inks o' kickin'—
 Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Was dat a cannon shot me?
 Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I 'spect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.

THE COLLEGE AND THE NATION.

By GROVER CLEVELAND, Statesman, ex-Governor of New York, ex-President of the United States. B. 1837, New Jersey; resides in Princeton, N. J.

An address delivered at Princeton, October 22, 1896, at the Sesqui-centennial celebration of the College, on which occasion Princeton became a university.

OBVIOUSLY a government resting upon the will and universal suffrage of the people has no anchorage except in the people's intelligence. While the advantages of a collegiate education are by no means necessary to good citizenship, yet the college graduate, found everywhere, cannot smother his opportunities to teach his fellow-countrymen and influence them for good, nor hide his talents in a napkin, without recreancy to a trust.

In a nation like ours, charged with the care of numerous and widely varied interests, a spirit of conservatism and toleration is absolutely essential. A collegiate training, the study of principles unvexed by distracting and misleading influences, and a correct apprehension of the theories upon which our republic is established, ought to constitute the college graduate a constant monitor, warning against popular rashness and excess.

The character of our institutions and our national self-interest require that a feeling of sincere brotherhood and a disposition to unite in mutual endeavor should pervade our people. Our scheme of government in its beginning was based upon this sentiment, and its interruption has never failed

and can never fail to grievously menace the national health. Who can better caution against passion and bitterness than those who know by thought and study their baneful consequences, and who are themselves within the noble brotherhood of higher education?

The activity of our people and their restless desire to gather to themselves especial benefits and advantages lead to the growth of an unconfessed tendency to regard their Government as the giver of private gifts, and to look upon the agencies for its administration as the distributors of official places and preferment. Those who in university or college have had an opportunity to study the mission of our institutions, and who, in the light of history, have learned the danger to a people of their neglect of the patriotic care they owe the national life intrusted to their keeping, should be well fitted to constantly admonish their fellow-citizens that the usefulness and beneficence of their plan of government can only be preserved through their unselfish and loving support, and their contented willingness to accept in full return the peace, protection, and opportunity which it impartially bestows.

Not more surely do the rules of honesty and good faith fix the standard of individual character in a community than do these same rules determine the character and standing of a nation in the world of civilization. Neither the glitter of its power, nor the tinsel of its commercial prosperity, nor the

gaudy show of its people's wealth, can conceal the cankering rust of national dishonesty and cover the meanness of national bad faith. A constant stream of thoughtful, educated men should come from our universities and colleges preaching national honor and integrity, and teaching that a belief in the necessity of national obedience to the laws of God is not born of superstition.

I would have the influence of these institutions on the side of religion and morality. I would have those they send out among the people not ashamed to acknowledge God, and to proclaim his interposition in the affairs of men, enjoining such obedience to his laws as makes manifest the path of national perpetuity and prosperity.

THE LITTLE GIRL THAT GREW UP.

ANONYMOUS. From *Zion's Herald*.

SHE was sitting up straight in a straight-backed chair.

There wasn't a snarl in her shining hair;
There wasn't a speck on her dainty dress,
And her rosy face was full of distress.

When I drew near to this maiden fair,
She suddenly rumpled her shining hair,
And dropping down "in a heap" on the floor
Uplifted her voice in a wail most sore.

“ Now, what is the matter, my pretty maid?”

“ I am all grown up,” she dolefully said,

“ And I’m lonesome—as lonesome as lonesome can be—

For Humpty Dumpty and Riddle-me-ree.

“ There’s Little Boy Blue, who used to creep Under our haystack and fall asleep, He isn’t my friend since mother dear ‘ Did up ’ my hair in this twist so queer.

“ And the dog and the fiddle, they left me, too, When the baby into a woman grew.

The dish has hidden away with the spoon, And the cow has stayed at the back of the moon.

“ The little old woman who swept the sky Is caught in her cobwebs high and dry, And Jack and his beanstalk I cannot find Since I began to improve my mind.

“ I wouldn’t be scared—not a single mite— If the bugaboo I should meet to-night.

The bogey man I’d be glad to see,

But they’ll never—no, never—come back to me.

“ I watched in the garden last night at dark A fairy favor to find, but—hark!

My mother is calling—don’t you hear?—

‘ Young ladies don’t sit on the floor, my dear.’ ”

THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author. B. 1822, Pennsylvania; d. 1854, Philadelphia.

A PAUSE in the din of battle! The denizens of Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill come crowding to their doors and windows; the hilly streets are occupied by anxious groups of people, who converse in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures, and looks of surprise and fear. See yonder group clustered by the roadside: the gray-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age; the maiden, fair-cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume; the matron, calm, self-possessed and placid; the boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes;—all standing silent and motionless, and listening, as with a common impulse, for the first news of the battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far-off shouts broke upon the ear, mingling with the thunder of cannon, and the shrieks of the terrible musketry; the earth seems to tremble, and far around the wide horizon is agitated by a thousand echoes. Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder, at the sudden pause of the battle, flit from

face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense. It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far into the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps mingled with a wild and indistinct murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with a sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day. Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made. The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south; she cannot answer the question. The old man, awakened from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age. The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below; he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man. He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight? Is it the spoil gathered from the ranks of

the dead? No!—no! He bears an aged man on his shoulders.

Both are clad in the blue hunting shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes the hand of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? The group cluster around as they ask the question. The young Continental makes no reply, but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

“Comrade!” shrieks the veteran, “raise me on my feet, and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again.” He is raised upon his feet, and the blood is wiped from his eyes. “I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne—raise me higher, comrade—all is getting dark—I would see Mad Anthony! Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him—I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!”

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corpse. The old veteran was dead. He had

fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time; and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As the thrilling question again rung in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastly, and then flung his wounded arm to the south. “Lost!” he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps when he bit the dust of the roadside and lay extended in the face of day, a lifeless corpse.

So they died; the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the Land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren throughout the Continent—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, the “Poor Men Heroes” of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battlefield of the Revolution. In every spear of the grass that grows on our battlefields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the Land of Penn.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

By ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL, Clergyman, Poet,
Author. B. 1816, Massachusetts; d. 1891.

OH! that last day in Lucknow fort;
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,
And that the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair young gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the half-open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a full tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream
Of an English village lane
And wall and garden—till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the real again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand,
And drew me near and spoke:

“ The Highlanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa’?
The McGregor’s? Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a’.

“ God bless the bonny Highlanders;
We’re saved! we’re saved!” she cried;
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battle line her cry
Had fallen among the men;
And they started; for they were there to die—
Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life, and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, “ The slogan’s dune,
But can ye no hear them, noo?
The Campbells are coming! It’s nae a dream,
Our succors hae broken through!”

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers underground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played “ Auld Lang Syne ”;
It came to our men like the voice of God;
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other’s hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And everyone knelt down where we stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general took her hand; and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,
As the pipers played "Auld Lang Syne."

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ.

By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, Poet. B. 1825, England;
d. 1864.

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there: and Silence,
Enthroned in heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep;
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred,
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears:
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife;
Each day she rose contented,
To the calm toils of life.

And so she dwelt: the valley
More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents,
Of some great deed seemed near.

The golden corn was bending
Upon its fragile stalk,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
Or work, was put away;
The very children seemed afraid
To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
The men walked up and down.
Yet, now and then seemed watching
A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursed land!"

“ The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foeman’s stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own! ”
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part),
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again),
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;
Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, “ Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die! ”

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Toward her native land.

“ Faster! ” she cries, “ on faster! ”
Eleven the church-bells chime:
“ Oh, God, ” she cries, “ help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time! ”

But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance,
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Toward the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reached the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! Ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.
And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long,
And calls each passing hour;
“ Nine,” “ ten,” “ eleven,” he cries aloud,
And then (oh, crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden’s name!

THE GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782,
New Hampshire; lived in Massachusetts after 1804, and in
Washington, D. C.; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

THE benefits of the Constitution are not exclusive. What has it left undone, which any government could do, for the whole country? In what condition has it placed us? Where do we now stand? Are we elevated, or degraded by its operation? What is our condition, under its influence,

at the very moment when some talk of arresting its power and breaking its unity? Do we not feel ourselves on an eminence? Do we not challenge the respect of the whole world? What has placed us thus high? What has given us this just pride? What else is it but the unrestrained and free operation of that same Federal Constitution, which it has been proposed now to hamper and manacle and nullify? Who is there among us, that, should he find himself on any spot of the earth where human beings exist, and where the existence of other nations is known, would not be proud to say, I am an American? I am a countryman of Washington? I am a citizen of that republic, which, although it has suddenly sprung up, yet there are none on the globe who have ears to hear, and have not heard of it; who have eyes to see, and have not read of it; who know anything, and yet do not know of its existence and its glory? Let me now reverse the picture. Let me ask who is there among us, if he were to be found to-morrow in one of the civilized countries of Europe, and were there to learn that this goodly form of government had been overthrown—that the United States were no longer united—that a death-blow had been struck upon their bond of union—that they themselves had destroyed their chief good and their chief honor—who is there, whose heart would not sink within him? Who is there, who would not cover his face for very shame?

At this very moment our country is a general

refuge for the distressed and the persecuted of other nations. Whoever is in affliction from political occurrences in his own country looks here for shelter. Whether he be a republican, flying from the oppression of thrones—or whether he be monarch or monarchist, flying from thrones that crumble and fall under or around him—he feels equal assurance that if he get foothold on our soil, his person is safe, and his rights will be respected.

And who will venture to say that, in any government now existing in the world, there is greater security for persons or property than in that of the United States? We have tried these popular institutions in times of great excitement and commotion; and they have stood substantially firm and steady, while the fountains of the great deep have been elsewhere broken up; while thrones, resting on ages of prescription, have tottered and fallen; and while in other countries the earthquake of unrestrained popular commotion has swallowed up all law and all liberty and all right, together. Our government has been tried in peace, and it has been tried in war, and has proved itself fit for both. It has been assailed from without, and it has successfully resisted the shock; it has been disturbed within, and it has effectually quieted the disturbance. It can stand trial—it can stand assault—it can stand adversity—it can stand everything but the marring of its own beauty and the weakening of its own strength. It can stand everything but the

effects of our own rashness and our own folly. It can stand everything but disorganization, disunion, and nullification.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

By FRANÇOIS EDOUARD JOACHIM COPPÉE, Poet. B. 1842, France.

The scene is a château in Paris during the German siege. A wounded German officer lying on a bed. Attending him the daughter of the house, Irene de Grandfief, whose lover, the Viscount Roger, is with the French army at Metz. He wears a gold medallion on his breast containing the lock of hair Irene gave him at parting.

THE officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid as one
asleep.

Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: "Yes; flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows!"—
"But will he die?" with tremor on her lip
Irene asked.

"Who knows? If possible,
We must arrest the fever. This prescription
Oft succeeds. But someone must take note
Of the oncoming fits; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely."

"Doctor, I am here."

“Not you, young lady! Service such as this
One of your valets can——”

“No, doctor, no!

Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill. If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A gentle lady for his nurse.”

“So be it,

You will keep watch, then, through the night
The fever

Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
Give him the potion four times every hour.
I will return to judge of its effects
At daylight.” Then he went his way.

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning, said:
“This doctor thought I was asleep;
But I heard every word. I thank you, lady;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me.”

“Hush! Sleep if you can.
Do not excite yourself. Your life depends
On perfect quiet.”

“No, no!

I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me. I promise made;

And I would keep it. Death may be at hand."

" Speak, then," Irene said, " and ease your soul."

" It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale, and lowered
The lamplight to conceal it. He continued:
" We were sent forward to surprise a cottage.
I drove my saber
Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
We took the cottage, putting to the sword
Every soul there.

Disgusted with such carnage,
Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air;
Just then the moon broke through the clouds and
showed me
There at my feet a soldier on the ground. 'Twas he,
The sentry whom my saber had transpierced.

" I stopped, to offer him a helping hand;
But, with choked voice, ' It is too late,' he said.
' I must needs die. . . You are an officer—
Promise—only promise
To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
' To—' Then his latest thought
Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's
name,
Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
On the medallion, I took charge of it,

Hoping to trace her at some future day
Among the old nobility of France,
To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount Roger's blazoned arms.
"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in
peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
Yes, he is dead, her lover! These his arms;
His blazon this; the very blood-stain his!

Struck from behind,

Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes; he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas I, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! Oh,
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
Must I give him tendance here!
By this couch watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child,
So that he die not!

And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. Ha, waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?

Oh, away! such point
Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters
There in sheath, the very sword
Wherewith the murderer struck the blow.
Fierce impulse bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall I, in deference
To some fantastic notion that affects
Human respect and duty, shall I put
Repose and sleep and antidote and life
Into the horrible hand by which all joy
Is ravished from me? Never! I will break
The assuaging flask. . . . But no! 'Twere needless
that.

I need but leave to Fate to work the end.
Fate, to avenge me, seems to be at one
With my resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
Yes; there the life-preserving potion stands;
But for one hour might I not fall asleep?

“ Infamy! ”

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
Roused by her deep groans from his wandering
dreams,
Moved, ill at ease and feverish, begged for drink.
Up toward the antique cross in ivory
At the bed’s head suspended on the wall
Irene raised the martyr’s look sublime;

Then, ashen pale, poured out
The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.
And so wore on the laggard, pitiless hours.

But when the doctor in the morning came,
And saw her still beside the officer,
Tending him and giving him his drink
With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
To see that, through the dreary watches of the
night,
The raven locks that crowned her fair young brow
at set of sun
By morning's dawn had turned to snowy white.

FERN SONG.

By JOHN B. TABB.

DANCE to the beat of the rain, little Fern,
And spread out your palms again,
And say, "Tho' the sun
Hath my vesture spun,
He had labored, alas! in vain,
But for the shade
That the Cloud hath made,
And the gift of the Dew and the Rain."
Then laugh and upturn
All your fronds, little Fern,
And rejoice in the beat of the rain!

MY RIGHTS.

By SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (Susan Coolidge), Poet.
B. 1835, Ohio; resides in New Haven, Conn.
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YES, God has made me a woman,
And I am content to be
Just what he meant, not reaching out
For other things, since he
Who knows me best and loves me most has ordered
this for me.

A woman, to live my life out
In quiet womanly ways,
Hearing the far-off battle,
Seeing as through a haze
The crowding, struggling world of men fight
through their busy days.

I am not strong or valiant,
I would not join the fight
Or jostle with crowds in the highways
To sully my garments white;
But I have rights as a woman, and here I claim
my right.

The right of a rose to bloom
In its own sweet, separate way,
With none to question the perfumed pink
And none to utter a nay
If it reaches a root or points a thorn, as even a rose
tree may.

The right of the lady-birch to grow,
To grow as the Lord shall please,
By never a sturdy oak rebuked,
Denied nor sun nor breeze,
For all its pliant slenderness, kin to the stronger
trees.

The right to a life of my own,—
Not merely a casual bit
Of the life of somebody else, flung out
That, taking hold of it,
I may stand as a cipher does after a numeral writ.

The right to gather and glean
What food I need and can
From the garnered store of knowledge
Which man has heaped for man,
Taking with free hands freely and after an ordered
plan.

The right—ah, best and sweetest!—
To stand all undismayed
Whenever sorrow or want or sin
Call for a woman's aid,
With none to cavil or question, by never a look
gainsaid.

I do not ask for a ballot;
Though very life were at stake,
I would beg for the nobler justice
That men for manhood's sake
Should give ungrudgingly, nor withhold till I must
fight and take.

The fleet foot and the feeble foot
Both seek the self-same goal,
The weakest soldier's name is writ
On the great army-roll,
And God, who made man's body strong, made too
the woman's soul.

PATRIOT SONS OF PATRIOT SIRES.

The following poem was written by Dr. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH, the author of our national hymn, "America."

Dr. Smith was born in Boston, in 1808, and received his early education in the city schools. He then attended Harvard College, where he was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes. His education was completed at Andover (Mass.) Theological Seminary.

Dr. Smith was widely known as an editor, but universally known as the author of "America." He died in 1896 at the age of eighty-seven.

THE small life coiled within the seed—
A promise hid away—
But dimly heralds what shall be
When comes the perfect day;
But sun and rain, and frost and heat,
Enrich the fertile fields,
And the small life of earlier years
A waving harvest yields.

The corn that slumbers in the hill—
A disk of golden grain—
Stands up at last, a rustling host,
And covers all the plain.

Who knows to what the infant germ
In coming seasons leads,
Or how the golden grain expands
And mighty armies feeds?

The acorn in its little cup,
High on the breezy hill,
Waits for the fullness of the times
Its mission to fulfill.
And year by year grows grand and strong—
What shall the future be?
A noble forest on the land,
A navy on the sea.

The bright-eyed boys who crowd our schools,
The knights of book and pen,
Weary of childish games and moods,
Will soon be stalwart men—
The leaders in the race of life,
The men to win applause;
The great minds born to guide the State,
The wise to make the laws.

Teach them to guard, with jealous care,
The land that gave them birth—
As patriot sons of patriot sires,
The dearest spot of earth;
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
Like true men, pure and brave,
And o'er them through the ages bid
Freedom's fair banner wave.

THE FIELD OF CULLODEN.

By WILLIAM WINTER, Author, Poet, Journalist. B. 1836,
Massachusetts; lives in New York.

From "Old Shrines and Ivy," Macmillan & Co.

THE hedges on both sides of the road from Inverness to Culloden are filled with hips and haws and with the lovely bluebells of Scotland, and from many a neighboring glade of fir and birch sounds the clear, delicious call of the throstle,—turning the crisp air to music and filling the heart with grateful joy that this world should be so beautiful. You reach the battlefield almost before you are aware of its presence, and the heart must be hard indeed if you can look upon it without emotion. There is a large oval grassy plain, thickly strewed with small stones. On one side of it there is a lofty circular cairn. On the other side there is an irregular line of low, rough rocks, to mark the sepulchers of the clans that died in this place,—brave victims of a merciless massacre, heroic realities of loyal love vainly sacrificed for a dubious cause and a weak leader. That is all. But to the eyes of the spirit, that lonely moorland,—once populous with heroes, now filled with their moldering bones,—is forever hallowed and glorious with the pageant of moral valor, the devotion, and the grandeur, and the fearless fidelity of men who were content to perish for what they loved. The faint white ghost of the half-moon was visible in the western sky; no voice broke the sacred silence,

and from the neighboring grove of pines no whisper floated—though at a distance you could see their pendent tassels just swayed, and nothing more, by the gentle autumn wind. Words have their power; but it is not in the power of *any* words to paint the noble solemnity of that scene or to express the sublimity of its spirit. As you stand there and gaze over the green, heather-spangled waste,—seeing no motion anywhere save of a wandering sheep or a drifting cloud, and hearing no sound except the occasional cawing of a distant rook,—your imagination will conjure up the scene of that tremendous onset and awful carnage in which the last hope of the Stuart was broken and the star of his destiny went down forever. Here floated the royal standard of England and here were ranged her serried cohorts and her shining guns. There, on the hill-slopes, flashed the banners of the Highland clans. Everywhere this placid moor—now brown and purple in the slumberous autumn light—was brilliant with the scarlet and the tartan and with the burnished steel of naked weapons gleaming under the April sky. Drums rolled and trumpets blared and the boom of the cannon mingled in horrid discord with the wild screech of bagpipes and the fierce Highland yell; and so the intrepid followers of Royal Charlie rushed onward to their death. The world knows well enough now—seeing what he became, and in what manner he lived and died—that he was unworthy of the love that followed him and of the blood that was

shed in his cause. But when Culloden was fought Charles Edward Stuart was still, in Scottish minds, the gallant young prince unjustly kept from his own, and the clans of Scotland, never yet pledged to the Union, were rallied around their rightful king. Standing on that grave of valor, with every voice of romance whispering at his heart, the sympathy of the pilgrim is with the prince who was lost, and the heroes who died for him—and died in vain.

HER MAJESTY.

By EDGAR WADE ABBOT. B. 1856, Brooklyn, N. Y.; lives in New York.

HER majesty comes when the sun goes down
And clammers up to her throne, my knee.
Her royal robe is a small white gown,
And this is her majesty's stern decree:
"Let me know when the sandman passes by,
For we're going to speak to him, you and I."

"There was once a monarch of old," I say,
"Who sat where the beach and the breakers met.
'Roll back!' he said to the waves one day,
'For the royal feet must not be wet!'
But the waves rolled on. For things there be,"
I tell her, "that mind not majesty.
"And silent and shy is the sandman old,
And never, I'm sure, since the world began,
Has anyone seen the sands of gold
Or spoken a word to the kind old man.

But perhaps, when the twilight's gold turns gray,
You may see the old sandman pass this way.

“ For your majesty's eyes are young and bright,
Though mine with the dust of time are dim,
And possibly queens have a clearer sight
Than subjects who sway to a sovereign's whim.
But I'll watch for him, sweetheart and queen,” I
say,
“ And speak if I see him pass this way.”

But the sandman came, for the young eyes drooped,
And the small mouth curved in a drowsy smile.
Then down to her majesty's lips I stooped
And kissed her and whispered a prayer the while:
“ O Thou that giveth thy loved ones sleep,
This night her majesty safely keep!”

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

By LOUIS KOSSUTH, Patriot, Statesman. B. 1802, Hungary; d. 1894, Turin.

My voice shrinks from the task to mingle with the awful pathos of that orator. Silent like the grave, and yet melodious like the song of immortality upon the lips of cherubim,—senseless, cold granite, and yet warm with inspiration like a patriot's heart,—immovable like the past, and yet stirring like the future, which never stops,—it looks

like a prophet, and speaks like an oracle. And thus it speaks:

“ The day I commemorate is the rod with which the hand of the Lord has opened the well of Liberty. Its waters will flow; every new drop of martyr blood will increase the tide; despots may dam its flood, but never stop it. The higher its dam, the higher the tide; it will overflow, or break through.

“ Bow, and adore, and hope!”

Such are the words which come to my ears; and I bow, I adore, I hope! In bowing, my eyes meet the soil of Bunker Hill—that awful opening scene of the eventful drama to which Lexington and Concord had been the preface.

The spirits of the past rise before my eyes. I see Richard Gridley hastily planning the intrenchments. I hear the dull, cold, blunt sound of the pickax and spade in the hands of the patriot band. I hear the patrols say that “ All is well.” I see Knowlton raising his line of rail fence, I see the tall, commanding form of Prescott marching leisurely around the parapet, inflaming the tired patriots with the classical words that those who had the merit of the labor should have the honor of the victory. I see Asa Pollard fall, the first victim of that immortal day; I see the chaplain praying over him; and now the roaring of cannon from ships and from batteries, and the blaze of the burning town, and the thrice renewed storm, and the persevering defense, till powder was gone, and but stones re-

mained. And I see Warren telling Elbridge Gerry that it is sweet and fair to die for the fatherland. I see him lingering in his retreat, and, struck in the forehead, fall to the ground; and Pomeroy with his shattered musket in his hand, complaining that he remained unhurt when Warren had to die; and I see all the brave who fell unnamed, unnoticed, and unknown, the nameless corner-stones of American independence!

NOW OR NEVER!

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Poet, Author, Professor.
B. 1809, Massachusetts ; d. 1894.

LISTEN, young heroes! your country is calling!
Time strikes the hour for the brave and the true!
Now, while the foremost are fighting and falling,
Fill up the ranks that have opened for you!

You whom the fathers made free and defended,
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!
You whose fair heritage spotless descended,
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!
Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!
Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping;
Off for the wars is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!
Hark! 'tis the bugle's blast! sabers are drawn!
Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,
Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now cries the blood of a nation
Poured on the turf where the red rose shall
bloom;
Now is the day and the hour of salvation;
Now or never! peals the trumpet of doom.

A RETROSPECT.

By HENRY WATTERSON, Orator, Journalist. B. 1840,
Washington, D. C.

Editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*.

Selected from an oration delivered at the dedication of
the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, October 21,
1892.

THE painter employed by the King's command,
to render to the eye some particular exploit of the
people, or the throne, knows in advance precisely
what he has to do; there is a limit set upon his pur-
pose; his canvas is measured; his colors are
blended, and, with the steady and sure hand of the
master, he proceeds, touch upon touch, to body
forth the forms of things known and visible. Who
shall measure the canvas or blend the colors that
are to bring to the mind's eye of the present the
scenes of the past American glory? Who shall
dare attempt to summon the dead to life, and out of

the tombs of the ages recall the tones of the martyrs and heroes whose voices, though silent forever, still speak to us in all that we are as a nation, in all that we do as men and women?

We look before and after, and we see through the half-drawn folds of time, as through the solemn archways of some grand cathedral, the long procession pass, as silent and as real as a dream; the caravels, tossing upon Atlantic billows, have their sails refilled from the East and bear away to the West; the land is reached, and fulfilled is the vision whose actualities are to be gathered by other hands than his who planned the voyage and steered the bark of discovery; the long-sought golden day has come to Spain at last, and Castilian conquests tread one upon another fast enough to pile up perpetual power and riches.

We look again, and we see in the far Northeast the Old World struggle between the French and the English transferred to the New, ending in the tragedy upon the heights above Quebec; we see the sturdy Puritans in bell-crowned hats and sable garments assail in an unequal battle the savage and the elements, overcoming both to rise against a mightier foe; we see the gay but dauntless Cavaliers to the southward join hands with the Roundheads in holy rebellion. And, lo! down from the green-walled hills of New England, out of the swamps of the Carolinas, come faintly to the ear, like far-away forest leaves stirred to music by autumn winds, the drum-taps of the Revolution;

the tramp of the minute-men, Israel Putnam riding before; the hoof-beats of Sumpter's horse galloping to the front; the thunder of Stark's guns in spirit-battle; the gleam of Marion's watch-fires in ghostly bivouac; and there, there, in serried, saint-like ranks on Fame's eternal camping-ground, stand

“The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,
Yielding not,”

as, amid the singing of angels in heaven, the scene is shut out from our mortal vision by proud and happy tears.

We see the rise of the young republic; and the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who signed the Declaration, and the gentlemen in knee-breeches and powdered wigs who made the Constitution. We see the little nation menaced from without. We see the riflemen in hunting shirt and buckskin swarm from the cabin in the wilderness to the rescue of country and home; and our hearts swell to a second and final decree of independence won by the prowess and valor of American arms upon the land and sea.

And then, and then—since there is no life of nations or of men without its shadow and its sorrow—there comes a day when the spirits of the fathers no longer walk upon the battlements of freedom; and all is dark; and all seems lost, save liberty and honor, and, praise God, our blessed Union. With these surviving, who shall

marvel at what we see to-day; this land filled with the treasures of earth; this city, snatched from the ashes, to rise in splendor and renown, passing the mind to preconceive?

Truly, out of trial comes the strength of man; out of disaster comes the glory of the State!

THE TELL-TALE.

ANONYMOUS.

ONCE on a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along;
The air was fragrant with woodland scents:
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them: "Chee-chee-chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
Wilting windrows of grass new mown,

And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on the slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And, balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire—
“Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!
Kiss her! Kiss—kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!”
Under garlands of drooping vines
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadows—fields, lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.

The lovers followed it, listing still,
And, loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a low-roofed bridge that lay
Dusky and cool, in their pleasant way.
Under its arch a smooth brown stream
Silently glided, with glint and gleam,
Shaded by graceful elms that spread
Their verdurous canopy overhead,—
The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
They met and mingled across the tide.
Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
Patient watch as it lay asleep,
Mirroring clearly the trees and sky
And the fluttering form of the dragon-fly,
Save where the swift-winged swallow played
In and out in the sun and shade,

And darting and circling in merry chase,
Dipped, and dimpled its clear dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last,
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument:
“Kiss her—kiss her, chink a-chee-chee!
I’ll not mention it, don’t mind me;
I’ll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch tree!”
But, ah! they noted, nor deemed it strange,
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
“Do it—do it!” with might and main,
Warbled the tell-tale, “do it again!”

THE MONUMENT OF WILLIAM PENN.

By ROBERT JONES BURDETTE, Author, Humorist, Lecturer.
B. 1844, Pennsylvania.
Extract from “The History of William Penn.”

BORN in stormy times, William Penn walked amid troubled waters all his days. In an age of bitter persecution and unbridled wickedness, he never wronged his conscience. Living under a government at war with the people, his lifelong

dream was of popular government, of a State where the people ruled.

In his early manhood, at the bidding of conscience, against the advice of his dearest friends, in opposition to stern paternal commands, against every dictate of worldly wisdom and human prudence, in spite of all the dazzling temptations of ambition, so alluring to the heart of a young man, he turned away from the broad fair highway to wealth, position, and distinction that the hands of a king opened before him, and, casting his lot with the sect weakest and most unpopular in England, through paths that were tangled with trouble and lined with pitiless thorns of persecution, he walked into honor and fame, and the reverence of the world, such as royalty could not promise and could not give him.

In the land where he planted his model State, to-day no descendant bears his name. His name has faded out of the living meetings of the Friends, out of the land that crowns his memory with sincerest reverence. Even the uncertain stone that would mark his grave stands doubtfully among the kindred ashes that hallow the ground where he sleeps.

But his monument, grander than storied column of granite, or noble shape of bronze, is set in the glittering brilliants of mighty States between the seas. . . . Beyond his fondest dreams has grown the State he planted in the wilderness by deeds of peace. Out of the gloomy mines, that slept in

rayless mystery beneath its mountains while he lived, the measureless wealth of his model State sparkles and glows on millions of hearthstones. From its forests of derricks and miles of creeping pipe lines, the world is lighted from the State of Penn with a radiance to which the sons of the founder's sons were blind. . .

Clasping the continent from sea to sea stretches a chain of States as free as his own. From sunrise to sunset reaches a land where the will of the people is the supreme law—a land that never felt the pressure of a throne, and never saw a scepter. And in the heart of the city that was his capital, in old historic halls, still stands the bell that first, in the name of the doctrines he taught his colonists, proclaimed liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof. This is his monument, and every noble charity gracing his State is his epitaph.

“THOUGH HE SLAY!”

By ALBION WINEGAR TOURGEE, Author, Lawyer, Poet.
B. 1838, Ohio; residence at Mayville, N. Y.; Consul to
Bordeaux, France.

From *The Independent*, December 10, 1896.

“I AM but dust!
Although He slay,
Yet will I trust
Through all the fray
In Him!”

So boasted one,
Breasting a battle just begun,
When dawn was dim.

The noontide came.
The soldier faced the sheeted flame,
Defying weariness and woe,
And giving ever blow for blow.
From out the din and dust
Of that world-fray
He shouted still,
In accents shrill:
"Although He slay,
Yet will I trust!"

The night came down.
Lo, stark and prone
The warrior lay. Above him thronged
The tide of those who smote and wronged.
The fight was o'er; the wrong had won;
The earth no better, now 'twas done!
His blood soaked up the dust;
Valor and strength were vain.
"Although He slay, yet will I trust!"
And he was slain.
Dews kissed the plain;
Sunshine and rain
Washed clean the blood-soaked dust;
Flowers sprang above the dead,
And mocked the silly soldier's trust;
Wrong flourished, and the world forgot
That he had lived.

But once again
Earth echoed with the strife of men
Above the warrior's crumbling dust.
With shout and curse, with stroke and thrust,
Two mighty hosts in conflict met;
Above his grave the flag was set
For which he fought; beyond it rose
The banner of his ancient foes;
Clean through the nameless, moldering crest
The steel-shod banner-pike was prest.

Again the soil ran red with blood;
Again the field with dead was strewed;
Again the shout of victory rose:
Right triumphed now o'er fleeing foes!

Above the level, unmarked grave
Loud pæans echo, banners wave;
While, mingled with the roll of drums,
A murmur, faint, exulting, comes
From out the 'sanguined dust,
The voice of a forgotten day:
"Not vainly did I trust,
Though He did slay!"

HERVE RIEL.

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. B. 1812, England; d. 1889, Venice.

ON the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred
ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to
France!
And the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through
the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of
sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the
Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in
full chase:
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship,
Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signaled to the place,
"Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick;
or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!"

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk, and
leaped on board:
"Why, what hope or chance have ships like these
to pass?" laughed they:

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage
 scarred and scored,
 Shall the *Formidable*, here, with her twelve and
 eighty guns,
 Think to make the river-mouth by the single nar-
 row way.
 Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of
 twenty tons.
 And with flow at full beside?
 Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
 Reach the mooring? Rather say,
 While rock stands, or water runs,
 Not a ship will leave the bay!”

Then was called a council straight:
 Brief and bitter the debate.

“ Here's the English at our heels: would you have
 them take in tow
 All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern
 and bow,
 For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
 Better run the ship aground!”
 (Ended Damfreville his speech.)
 “ Not a minute more to wait!
 Let the captains all and each
 Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on
 the beach!
 France must undergo her fate!”

“ Give the word!” But no such word
 Was ever spoke or heard:
 For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck, amid
 all these,—

A captain? a lieutenant? a mate,—first, second, third?

No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!

But a simple Breton sailor, pressed by Tourville for the fleet,

A poor coasting-pilot he—Hervé Riel the Croisicese.

And “What mockery or malice have we here?”
cried Hervé Riel.

Are you mad, you Malouins? Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals?—me, who took the soundings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell,

’Twixt the offing here and Grève, where the river disembogues?

Are you bought for English gold? Is it love the lying’s for?

Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,

Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.

Burn the fleet, and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!

Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me, there’s a way!

Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,

Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage
I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And, if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,—
Why, I've nothing but my life: here's my head!"
cries Hervé Riel.

Not a minute more to wait.
"Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!"
cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is admiral, in brief.
Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face,
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide
sea's profound!
See, safe through shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock;
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates
the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past!
All are harbored to the last!
And, just as Hervé Riel hollas "Anchor!" sure as
fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

Then said Damfreville, " My friend,
I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard:
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the king his ships;

You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:—

" Since I needs must say my say;
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point what is it
but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may;
Since the others go ashore,—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the
Belle Aurore!"
That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;
Not a pillar nor a post
In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to
wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence
England bore the bell.

AT THE BARRICADE.

By VICTOR MARIE HUGO, Poet, Novelist. B. 1802, France ;
d. 1885, France.

UPON a barricade thrown 'cross the street
Where patriot's blood with felon's stains one's feet,
Ta'en with grown men, a lad aged twelve, or less!
" Were you among them,—you? " He answered:
" Yes."

" Good! " said the officer, " when comes your turn,
You'll be shot, too." The lad sees lightnings burn,
Stretched 'neath the wall his comrades one by one:
Then says to the officer, " First let me run
And take this watch home to my mother, sir? "

" You want to escape? " " No, I'll come back."
" What fear

These brats have! Where do you live? " " By the
well, below;

I'll return quickly if you let me go."

" Be off, young scamp! " Off went the boy,
" Good joke! "

And here from all a hearty laugh outbroke,
And with this laugh the dying mixed their moan.
But the laugh suddenly ceased, when, paler grown,

'Midst them the lad appeared, and breathlessly
Stood upright 'gainst the wall with: "Here am I."
Dull death was shamed; the officer said, "Be free!"

Child, I know not, in all this agony
Where good and ill as with one blast of hell
Are blent, thy part; but this I know right well,
That thy young soul's a hero-soul sublime.
Gentle and brave, thou trod'st, despite all crime,
Two steps,—one toward thy mother, one toward
death.

For the child's deeds the grown man answereth;
No fault was thine to march where others led.
But glorious aye that child who chose instead
Of flight that lured to life, love, freedom, May,
The somber wall 'neath which slain comrades lay!

Glory on thy young brow imprints her kiss.
In Hellas old, sweetheart, thou hadst, I wis,
After some deathless flight to win or save,
Been hailed by comrades bravest of the brave;
Hadst smiling in the holiest ranks been found,
Haply by some Æschylean verse bright-crowned!
On brazen disks thy name had been engraven;
One of those godlike youths who, 'neath blue
heaven,

Passing some well whereo'er the willow droops
What time some virgin 'neath her pitcher stoops
Brimmed for her herds a-thirst, brings to her eyes
A long, long look of awed yet sweet surmise.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Statesman, Jurist, Senator of the United States. B. 1826, Massachusetts.

Selected from an oration delivered in the Senate of the United States, December 20, 1894, in connection with the acceptance of, and the placing in the Statuary Hall of the Capitol at Washington, the marble statue of Daniel Webster presented by the State of New Hampshire.

THERE are few faithful portraits of human faces or faithful representations of human figures which take their place by the side of the ideal creations of art, such as the Jove of Phidias or the Apollo Belvidere, as examples of consummate beauty, or as expressing great moral qualities, or as types of nations or races. The face of George Washington, as represented by Stuart; the portrait of the young Augustus, where in the innocent face of unstained youth appears already the promise of an imperial character; some representations of the youthful Napoleon—are almost the only examples I now recall. The figure and head of Daniel Webster I think we shall all agree to include in the same list.

No man ever looked upon him and forgot him. His stately personal appearance was the chief ornament of Boston and of Washington for a generation. When he walked a stranger through the streets of London, the draymen turned to look after him as he passed.

He touched New England at every point. He was born a frontiersman. He was bred a farmer. He was a fisherman in the mountain brooks and off

the shore. He never forgot his origin, and he never was ashamed of it. Amid all the care and honor of his great place here he was homesick for the company of his old neighbors and friends. Whether he stood in Washington, the unchallenged prince and chief in the Senate, or in foreign lands, the kingliest man of his time in the presence of kings, his heart was in New England. When the spring came he heard far off the fife bird and the bobolink calling him to his New Hampshire mountains, or the plashing of the waves on the shore at Marshfield alluring him with a sweeter than siren's voice to his home by the summer sea.

That he was foremost in that field which is almost peculiar to this country, where the orator utters the emotions of the people on great occasions of joy or sorrow or of national pride, the reader of the orations at Plymouth Rock and on the occasion of the foundation and completion of the monument at Bunker Hill will not question. There has been nothing of the kind to surpass them or to equal them since the funeral oration of Pericles.

But the place of his achievement and renown was here in the Senate Chamber. He was every inch a Senator—an American Senator. He needed no robe, no gilded chair, no pageant, no ceremony, no fasces, no herald making proclamation to add to the dignity and to the authority with which his majestic presence, his consummate reason, his weighty eloquence, his lofty bearing invested the

senatorial character. His statue will stand in yonder chamber to be the first object of admiration to every visitor for centuries to come. But no work of art can do justice to the image of Webster which dwells in the hearts of his countrymen, and there shall abide when the walls of this Capitol shall have crumbled and the columns of the Memorial Hall shall lie prostrate. That image will abide, one and inseparable with the Union which he defended and the liberty which he loved.

The bitterest enemy, the most austere judge, must grant to Daniel Webster a place with the great intellects of the world. He was among the greatest. Of all the men who have rendered great services to America and to the cause of constitutional liberty, there are but two or three names worthy to be placed by the side of his. Of all the lovers of his country, no man ever loved her with a greater love. In all the attributes of a mighty and splendid manhood he never had a superior on earth. Master of English, master of the loftiest emotions that stirred the hearts of his countrymen, comprehending better than any other man save Marshall the principles of her Constitution, he is the one foremost figure in our history between the day when Washington died and the day when Lincoln took the oath of office.

A SONG OF THE CAMP.

By BAYARD TAYLOR, Poet, Novelist, Lecturer. B. 1825,
Pennsylvania ; d. 1878, Berlin, Germany.

“GIVE us a song!” the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated force of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under—
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause—a guardsman said:
“We storm the forts to-morrow—
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow.”

They lay along the battery’s side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn, and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of Love and not of Fame—
Forgot was Britain’s glory—
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang “Annie Laurie.”

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose, like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beneath the darkened ocean burned
The crimson sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldier! to your honored rest,
Your truth and valor bearing—
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE ISLAND OF THE SCOTS.

By WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE AYTOUN, Lawyer, Poet. B.
1813, Edinburgh; d. 1865.

This poem is founded upon an exploit of a company of Scottish gentlemen, in December, 1697, who, having been officers in the army of Dundee, escaped to France upon the defeat and death of that general, and took service under the French king. John Graeme of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, was a famous Scottish soldier, who supported the cause of the exiled James II. with such skill and valor that his name and death are recorded as heroic.

THE Rhine is running deep and red,

The island lies before—

“ Now is there one of all the host

Will dare to venture o'er?

For not alone the river's sweep

Might make a brave man quail:

The foe are on the further side,

Their shot comes fast as hail.

God help us, if the middle isle

We may not hope to win!

Now is there any of the host

Will dare to venture in?”

“ The ford is deep, the banks are steep,

The island-shore lies wide:

Nor man nor horse could stem its force,

Or reach the further side.

See there! amidst the willow-boughs

The serried bayonets gleam;

They've flung their bridge—they've won the isle;

The foe have crossed the stream!

Their volley flashes sharp and strong—
By all the saints! I trow
There never yet was soldier born
Could force that passage now!"

So spoke the bold French Mareschal
With him who led the van,
Whilst rough and red before their view
The turbid river ran.
Nor bridge nor boat had they to cross
The wild and swollen Rhine,
And thundering on the other bank
Far stretched the German line.

Hard by there stood a swarthy man
Was leaning on his sword,
And a saddened smile lit up his face
As he heard the captain's word.
"I've stemmed a heavier torrent yet,
And never thought to care.
If German steel be sharp and keen,
Is ours not strong and true?
There may be danger in the deed,
But there is honor too."

The old lord in his saddle turned,
And hastily he said:
"Hath bold Duguesclin's fiery heart
Awakened from the dead?
Thou art the leader of the Scots—
Now well and sure I know,

That gentle blood in dangerous hour
 Ne'er yet ran cold nor slow,
And I have seen thee in the fight
 Do all that mortal may:
If honor is the boon ye seek,
 It may be won this day—
The prize is in the middle isle,
 There lies the adventurous way.
And armies twain are on the plain,
 The daring deed to see—
Now ask thy gallant company
 If they will follow thee!"

Right gladsome looked the captain then,
 And nothing did he say,
But he turned him to his little band—
 Oh, few, I ween, were they!
The relics of the bravest force
 That ever fought in fray.
No one of all that company
 But bore a gentle name,
Not one whose fathers had not stood
 In Scotland's fields of fame.

“ The stream,” he said, “ is broad and deep,
 And stubborn is the foe—
Yon island strength is guarded well—
 Say, brothers, will ye go?

“ Come, brothers! let me name a spell
 Shall rouse your soul again,

And send the old blood bounding free
Through pulse and heart and vein.
Call back the days of bygone years—
Be young and strong once more;

• • •
The soul of Graeme is with us still—
Now, brothers, will ye in?"

No stay—no pause. With one accord
They grasped each other's hand,
They plunged into the angry flood,
That bold and dauntless band.
High flew the spray above their heads,
Yet onward still they bore,
Midst cheer, and shout, and answering yell,
And shot, and cannon-roar—

Thick blew the smoke across the stream,
And faster flashed the flame:
The water plashed in hissing jets
As ball and bullet came.
Yet onward pushed the cavaliers
All stern and undismayed,
With thousand armèd foes before,
And none behind to aid.

• • •
Then rose a warning cry behind,
A joyous shout before:
"The current's strong—the way is long—
They'll never reach the shore!"

See, see! they stagger in the midst,
They waver in their line!
Fire on the madmen! break their ranks,
And whelm them in the Rhine!"

The German heart is stout and true,
The German arm is strong;
The German foot goes seldom back
Where arm'd foemen throng.
But never had they faced in field
So stern a charge before,
And never had they felt the sweep
Of Scotland's broad claymore.
Not fiercer pours the avalanche
Adown the steep incline
That rises o'er the parent-springs
Of rough and rapid Rhine—
Scarce swifter shoots the bolt from heaven
Than came the Scottish band
Right up against the guarded trench,
And o'er it sword in hand.

O lonely island of the Rhine—
Where seed was never sown,
What harvest lay upon thy sands,
By those strong reapers thrown?
What saw the winter moon that night,
As struggling through the rain
She poured a wan and fitful light
On marsh, and stream, and plain?

A dreary spot with corpses strewn,
And bayonets glistening round;
A broken bridge, a stranded boat,
A bare and battered mound;
And one huge watchfire's kindled pile,
That sent its quivering glare
To tell the leaders of the host
The conquering Scots were there!

THE BELL.

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR, Poet, Journalist, Lecturer. B. 1819, New York; d. 1856, New York.

THE Roman knight who rode, "all accoutered as he was," into the gulf, and the hungry forum closed upon him and was satisfied, slew, in his own dying, that great Philistine, Oblivion, which sooner or later will conquer us all.

We never thought, when we used to read his story, that the grand classic tragedy of patriotic devotion would be a thousand times repeated in our own day and presence; that the face of the neighbor, who has walked by our side all the while, should be transfigured, in the twinkling of an eye, like the face of an angel; that the old gods, who thundered in Greek and lightened in Latin, should stand aside while common men, of plain English speech, upon whose shoulders we had laid a familiar hand, should keep in motion the machinery

of the grandest epic of the world—the war for the American Union.

But there is an old story that always charmed us more:

In some strange land and time—for so the story runs—they were about to found a bell for a midnight tower—a hollow, starless heaven of iron. It should toll for dead monarchs, “The king is dead”; and make glad clamor for the new prince, “Long live the king.” It should proclaim so great a passion or so grand a pride, that either would be worship, or if wanting these, it should forever hold its peace. Now this bell was not to be dug out of the cold mountains; it was to be made of something that had been warmed by a human touch and loved by a human love; and so the people came, like pilgrims to a shrine, and cast their offerings into the furnace, and went away. There were links of chains that bondsmen had worn bright, and fragments of swords that had broken in heroes’ hands; there were crosses and rings and bracelets of fine gold; trinkets of silver and toys of poor red copper. They even brought things that were licked up in an instant by the red tongues of flame, good words they had written and flowers they had cherished, perishable things that could never be heard in the rich tone and volume of the bell. And by and by the bell was alone in its chamber, and its four windows looked forth to the four quarters of heaven. For many a day it hung dumb. The winds came and went, but they only set it sighing; the birds came

and sang under its eaves, but it was an iron horizon of dead melody still: all the meaner strifes and passions of men rippled on below it; they outgroped the ants and outwrought the bees and outwatched the shepherds of Chaldea, but the chambers of the bell were as dumb as the cave of Machpelah.

At last there came a time when men grew grand for right and truth, and stood shoulder to shoulder over all the land, and went down like reapers to the harvest of death; looked in the graves of them that slept, and believed there was something grander than living; glanced on into the far future, and discovered there was something bitterer than dying; and so, standing between the quick and the dead, they acquitted themselves like men. Then the bell awoke in its chamber, and the great waves of its music rolled gloriously out and broke along the blue walls of the world like an anthem; and every tone in it was familiar as an household word to somebody, and he heard it and knew it with a solemn joy. Poured into that fiery heart together, the humblest gifts were blent in one great wealth, and accents, feeble as a sparrow's song, grew eloquent and strong; and lo! a people's stately soul heaved on the waves of a mighty voice.

DISCONTENT.

ANONYMOUS.

Down in a field one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup,
Who wished she was a daisy.

For daisies grow so trig and tall,
She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color,
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

“ Dear Robin,” said this sad young flower,
“ Perhaps you’d not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me
Some day when you are flying.”

“ You silly thing! ” the robin said,
“ I think you must be crazy;
I’d rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

“ You’re nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you;
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

“ Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We’d better keep our places,
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

“ Look bravely up unto the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing.”

ARLINGTON.

By JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, Statesman, President of the United States. B. 1831, Ohio; d. 1881, New Jersey.

The oration from which this extract is taken was delivered at Arlington, Va., May 30, 1868.

I LOVE to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill. It was such an influence that led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when musing on the battle of Marathon, to exclaim, “The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!” Could these men be silent whose an-

cestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life,—its aims and ambitions, its dearest affections,—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

Fortunate men! your country lives because you died! Your fame is placed where the breath of calumny can never reach it; where the mistakes of a weary life can never dim its brightness! Coming generations will rise up to call you blessed! If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard on earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here where the grim edge of battle joined,—here, where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centered,—here let them rest, asleep on the nation's heart, entombed in the nation's love!

The view from this spot bears some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlooking the city, is a hill, not rugged nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. At the beginning of the Christian era an imperial circus stood on its summit. There gladiator slaves died for the

sport of Rome, and wild beasts fought with wilder men. There a Galilean fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On that spot was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. For its adornment the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed. And now, after eighteen centuries, the hearts of two hundred million people turn toward it with reverence when they worship God. As the traveler descends the Apennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the Seven Hills and the ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City. A noble life, crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth.

Seen from the western slope of our Capitol, in direction, distance, appearance, this spot is not unlike the Vatican Mount, though the river that flows at our feet is larger than a hundred Tibers. The soil beneath our feet was watered by the tears of slaves, in whose hearts the sight of yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride and inspired no hope. The face of the goddess that crowns it was turned toward the sea and not toward them. But, thanks be to God, this arena of slavery is a scene of violence and crime no longer! This will be forever the sacred mountain of our capitol. Here is our

temple; its pavement is the sepulcher of heroic hearts; its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars.

THE SHELL.

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, Poet. B. 1809, England;
d. 1892.

SEE what a lovely shell,
Small and pure as a pearl,
Lying close to my foot,
Frail, but a work divine.
Made so fairly well
With delicate spire and whorl,
How exquisitely minute,
A miracle of design!
What is it? A learned man
Could give it a clumsy name.
Let him name who can,
The beauty would be the same.

The tiny cell is forlorn,
Void of the little living will
That made it stir on the shore.
Did he stand at the diamond door
Of his house in a rainbow frill?
Did he push, when he was uncurled,
A golden foot or a fairy horn
Through his dim water-world?

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap
Of my finger-nail on the sand!
Small, but a work divine!
Frail, but of force to withstand,
Year upon year, the shock
Of cataract seas that snap
The three-decker's oaken spine
Athwart the ledges of rock
Here on the Breton strand!

INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL.

By an editorial writer of the *New York Tribune*.

This selection appeared December 24, 1896. It is not the practice of the *Tribune* to give the names of its editorial writers.

To bear false witness against a neighbor—that is, to lie about him, to malign him, to defame his character—is a sin. The moral law puts it in the same category with theft and murder. The common law recognizes it as an offense against personal rights and social order. The statute law of civilized countries sets it down as a crime against the state, punishable by fine and imprisonment, and as a wrong against the individual for which indemnity may be recovered. Such is the case, that is to say, when the act of bearing false witness is directed against a neighbor in a somewhat strict interpretation of that term. But the degree of culpability decreases as the square of the distance of

the object attacked increases: and when that object is beyond the limits of one's own country, and is not a private individual, but a sovereign, a government, or a nation, the culpability is reckoned to vanish altogether. Burke did not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people. There are plenty of men who do know how to libel a whole people and too few who reckon such a libel a crime.

Yet there are few more grievous offenses against good morals, or against true religion. It is easy enough to talk and preach and sing about "peace on earth, good will to men." But what sort of fulfillment of that sublime message are men working for when they habitually abuse and revile those of their neighbors who happen to be separated from them by political boundary lines, or differences of government, speech, or race? If that message means anything, it means that all men, the world over, are neighbors, and that peace and good will should prevail among them everywhere. Surely it does not conduce to peace to call one nation a nation of butchers, nor promote good will to refer habitually to another as an international thief. It is easy to say this Power is a bully, and that ruler an assassin. But if the charges be not true, what becomes of the Commandment against bearing false witness? And it is not enough not to know they are not true. No one has a right to make them unless he knows they are true.

For are our Government and social order so im-

peccable as to make America the chartered censor of creation? We are angry with China when her mobs harry and kill our missionaries. But what of the Chinamen harried and killed here, not only with impunity, but with praise? Has our faith toward the Indians been always flawless and untarnished?

If he who provokes unfriendliness between individuals is an enemy of both, he who makes nations hostile is an enemy of mankind. History is not devoid of instances of international feuds and wars arising simply from persistent misrepresentation—through bearing false witness against a sovereign or a people. It ought not to be possible, in this era of Christian civilization, for such a thing ever to occur. If speakers and writers were as scrupulous and as cautious in criticising foreign nations and governments as they are in discussing the affairs of their next-door neighbors, diplomacy would become almost a sinecure and armies and navies would find half their occupation gone.

LIBERTY.

By EDITH MATILDA THOMAS, Poet. B. 1854, Ohio.
From "Lyrics and Sonnets," copyright by Houghton,
Mifflin & Co.

How winneth Liberty? By sword and brand,
Or by the souls of those who strive and die?
Where dwelleth Liberty? Where lies the land
Most open to the favors of her eye?

Hath she her seat in empires, deserts wide,
Or most in little freeholds doth she bide?

What is the range that Nature gives her own?

With frost or fire she stays their flying feet,
And holdeth each within its native zone:

The pine its love—the palm shall never meet;
Nowhere do roses bloom from beds of ice,
Nowhere in valleys laughs the edelweiss.

The races of the sea shall never fare

Beyond the moist and sounding element,
Nor any pinion, fledged and schooled in air,

On venturous errand through the waves be sent:
The cygnet to his nest of river flag,
The eagle to his aerie on the crag.

Dwells Freedom with the sphery multitude

The vistas of the nightly sky reveal?

Each planet keeps the track it hath pursued,

And shall pursue while ages turn and wheel:
Uncentered, roves the guideless aerolite,
And drives to ruin down the steeps of night.

With law dwells Liberty; law maketh free;

Fly law, and thou dost forge thyself a chain.

Still wouldst thou pass the limits set for thee?

Still wouldst thou grasp strange honors and do
main?

Behold, his liberty exceedeth thine,

Who freely breathes in bounds where thou wouldst
pine!

THE REFORMER.

By HORACE GREELEY, Journalist. B. 1811, New Hampshire; d. 1872, New York.

THOUGH the life of the reformer may seem rugged and arduous, it were hard to say considerately that any other were worth living at all. Who can thoughtfully affirm that the career of the conquering, desolating, subjugating warrior; of the devotee of gold, or pomp, or sensual joys; the monarch in his purple, the miser by his chest—is not a libel on humanity, and an offense against God?

But the earnest, unselfish reformer, born into a state of darkness, evil, and suffering, and honestly striving to displace these by light and purity and happiness, may fall and die, as so many have done before him, but he cannot fail. His vindication shall gleam from the walls of his hovel, his dungeon, his tomb; it shall shine in the radiant eyes of uncorrupted childhood, and fall in blessings from the lips of high-hearted generous youth.

As the untimely death of the good is our strongest moral assurance of the resurrection, so the life wearily worn out in a doubtful and perilous conflict with wrong and woe is our most conclusive evidence that wrong and woe shall vanish forever.

Life is a bubble which any breath may dissolve; wealth or power a snowflake, melting momently into the treacherous deep, across whose waves we

are floated on to our unseen destiny; but to have lived so that one less orphan is called to choose between starvation and infamy, one less slave feels the lash applied in mere wantonness or cruelty—to have lived so that some eyes of those whom fame shall never know are brightened and others suffused at the name of the beloved one, so that the few who knew him truly shall recognize him as the bright, warm, cheering presence, which was here for a season, and left the world no worse for his stay in it—this is surely to have really lived, and not wholly in vain.

COLUMBIA.

By EDWARD CHAPMAN, Lawyer, Poet. B. 1789, Connecticut; d. 1821, Pennsylvania.

COLUMBIA's shores are wild and wide,
Columbia's hills are high,
And rudely planted side by side
Her forests meet the eye.
But narrow must those shores be made,
And low Columbia's hills,
And low her ancient forests laid,
Ere Freedom leaves her fields.
For 'tis the land where rude and wild
She played her gambols when a child.

And deep and wide her streamlets flow
Impetuous to the tide,
And thick and green the laurels grow
On every river's side.

But should some transatlantic host
Pollute her waters fair,
We'll meet them on the rocky coast
And gather laurels there!
For, oh! Columbia's sons are free!
Their breasts beat high with Liberty.

For arming boldest cuirassier we've mines of ster-
ling worth,
For sword and buckler, spur and spear emboweled
in the earth.
And ere Columbia's sons resign the boon their
fathers won,
The polished ore from every mine shall glitter in
the sun.
For bright's the blade and sharp's the spear
That Freedom's sons to battle bear!

Let Britain boast the deeds she's done;
Display her trophies bright;
And count her laurels bravely won
In well contested fight.
Columbia can array a band
Will wrest that laurel wreath;
With truer eye and steadier hand
Will strike the blow of death.
For whether on the land or sea
Columbia's fight is victory!

Let France in blood through Europe wade,
And in her frantic mood
In civil discord draw the blade
And spill her children's blood.

Too dear that skill in arms is bought
Where kindred lifeblood flows.
Columbia's sons are only taught
To triumph o'er their foes,
And then to comfort, soothe, and save
The feelings of the conquered Brave.

Then let Columbia's eagle soar,
And bear her banner high,
The thunder from her right hand pour
And lightning from her eye.
And when she sees from realms above
The storm of war is spent,
Descending like the welcome dove
The olive branch present,
And then shall Beauty's hand divine
The never fading wreath entwine!

LOYALTY TO TRUTH.

By ANNA H. SHAW, Clergyman, Author, Lecturer. B. 1847; lives in Michigan. Vice President at large of National American Woman's Suffrage Association.

Extract from sermon preached in the hall of Washington, Chicago, on Sunday morning, May 21, 1893.

It has been said that it is the greatest sacrifice one can make for a friend to give up one's life for one's love; to sacrifice one's life; to lay down your own to find it in the good of another. But how much richer, how much holier, is the praise of her who lays down her own good, who sacrifices

it for the good of another unknown, or for the good of a nation yet unborn. This is the highest test of loyalty to truth. So that whether that which you have in your soul to-day, which burns like a living flame, shall be accepted by the race or not—if you lay down your own good for the good of a race that shall be, then you have manifested the greatest loyalty to truth that can be manifested by anyone, and the truth has come, and your reward shall be the love of a people.

Do not now say I lift the standard too high. The standard of God cannot be lifted too high. The standard of truth must ever be high above the standards of the world, and the standard-bearers of truth must ever be in advance of the great march of the world behind them. Therefore, do not lower your standard one inch. Do not stay your progress one moment. Do not hesitate or falter, but remember the words of the young color-bearer in our late war, who, when the standard-bearer of his regiment was shot down, sprang forward, caught the colors ere they reached the ground, and then, thrilled with enthusiasm, pressed on before, on, on, up the hill toward the rampart upon which they were charging. Seeing him go faster than the men could follow, the colonel shouted out: “Bring back those colors!” But without faltering he glanced back and cried, “No, colonel, bring your men up to the colors!” And on he went and planted the colors, and the men gathered around the flag of their country.

And so, my sisters, do not falter; and when they cry, "The world is not ready, the world has not been educated up to your truth," call back to the world, "We cannot lower our standard to the level of the world. Bring your old world up to the level of our standard." Then shall the people of the world be lifted nearer to God, near the glory which evermore surrounds truth, near the eternal peace of God flowing like a mighty river, near in heart and soul to the truth and the source of all truth, the infinite love of Divinity itself.

MATER AMABILIS.

By EMMA LAZARUS, Poet. B. 1849, New York ; d. 1887.
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Down the goldenest of streams,
 Tide of dreams,
The fair cradled man-child drifts;
Sways with cadenced motion slow,
 To and fro,
As the mother-foot poised lightly, falls and lifts.

He, the firstling,—he, the light
 Of her sight,—
He, the breathing pledge of love,
'Neath the holy passion lies,
 Of her eyes,—
Smiles to feel the warm, life-giving ray above.

She believes that in his vision,
 Skies elysian
O'er an angel-people shine.
Back to gardens of delight,
 Taking flight,
His auroral spirit basks in dreams divine.

But she smiles through anxious tears;
 Unborn years
Pressing forward, she perceives.
Shadowy muffled shapes, they come
 Deaf and dumb,
Bringing what? dry chaff and tares, or full-eared
sheaves?

What for him shall she invoke?
 Shall the oak
Bind the man's triumphant brow?
Shall his daring foot alight
 On the height?
Shall he dwell amidst the humble and the low?

Through what tears and sweat and pain,
 Must he gain
Fruitage from the tree of life?
Shall it yield him bitter flavor?
 Shall its savor
Be as manna midst the turmoil and the strife?

In his cradle slept and smiled
 Thus the child
Who as Prince of Peace was hailed.

Thus anigh the mother breast,
 Lulled to rest,
Child-Napoleon down the lilded river sailed.

Crowned or crucified—the same
 Glows the flame
Of her deathless love divine.
Still the blessed mother stands,
 In all lands,
As she watched beside thy cradle and by mine.

Whatso gifts the years bestow,
 Still men know,
While she breathes, lives one who sees
(Stand they pure or sin-defiled)
 But the child
Whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon her
 knees.

MY DELFTWARE MAID.

By RALPH ALTON. Reproduced from *Truth*.

WHERE the windmills swing by the Zuyder Zee,
There's a dear little maiden waits for me,
Near the twisted trunk of an azure tree,
With a quaint little smile to meet her fate,
By the blue canal on my tinted plate.

Now, the maid's cerulean as can be,
From her sabots small to her pigtails free,
And she looks so happy and full of glee,

And she's so content just to hope and wait
Till I come to her home on the tiny plate.

Ah, she little knows that I try to flee
From her sky-blue land by the Zuyder Zee.
And it's strange, but she never seems to see
That unless I'm blue I can never mate
With my little lass on the delftware plate.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Clergyman, Historian,
Author. B. 1822, Massachusetts.

An extract from his novel, "The Man Without a Country," published anonymously in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1863, and now regarded as among the classic short stories of American writers.

Philip Nolan, a young officer of the United States Army, because of intimacy with Aaron Burr is banished from his country by a court martial and condemned to live upon a government vessel, where he is never allowed to hear the name of his country.

I FIRST came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could talk Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain

thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

There were not a great many of the negroes; most of them were out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan. "Tell them they are free, Nolan," said Vaughan; "and tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas." The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months."

Even the negroes stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, Vaughan said:

"Tell them, yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will."

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long; and getting

Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand terrors. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, that behind all these men you have to do with,—behind officers, and government, and people even—there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother."

TEMPERED.

By SARAH CHAUNCEY WOOLSEY (SUSAN COOLIDGE), Poet.
B. 1835, Ohio; lives at Newport, R. I.

This poem was written for *The Congregationalist*.

WHEN stern occasion calls for war,
And the trumpets shrill and peal,
Forges and armories ring all day
With the fierce clash of steel.
The blades are heated in the flame,
And cooled in icy flood,
And beaten hard, and beaten well,
To make them firm and pliable,
Their edge and temper good;
Then tough and sharp with discipline,
They win the fight for fighting men.

When God's occasions call for men,
His chosen souls he takes,
In life's hot fire he tempers them,
With tears he cools and slakes;
With many a heavy, grievous stroke
He beats them to an edge,
And tests and tries, again, again,
Till the hard will is fused, and pain
Becomes high privilege;
Then strong, and quickened through and through,
They ready are his work to do.

Like an on-rushing, furious host
The tide of need and sin,
Unless the blades shall tempered be,
They have no chance to win;

God trusts to no untested sword
When he goes forth to war;
Only the souls that, beaten long
On pain's great anvil, have grown strong,
His chosen weapons are.
Ah, souls, on pain's great anvil laid,
Remember this, nor be afraid!

IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

By PROFESSOR CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT, Clergyman, Theologian. B. 1829, Maine. Delivered before the Radical Club (1867-80) in Boston.

The Radical Club had its origin in the spring of 1867, in the growing desire of certain ministers and laymen for larger liberty of faith, fellowship, and communion.

THE imagination follows the lines of Nature! The fancy works more independently, forsaking the intent of Nature and adapting ends of its own, combining the elements of Nature arbitrarily and artificially. The fancy brought together parts of the man and of the horse, and created the Centaur; imagination created the Apollo.

The world of fancy is a world apart by itself, while the world of imagination may be more natural than that of Nature itself. The grandest discoveries of science were made when it had left the regions of the seen and the known and followed the imagination by new paths to regions before unseen. Newton, watching the fall of the apple, began dreaming of the movement of the stars. His

imagination leaped to a conception which embraced the universe. The discoveries of science became to the minds of most men hard, cold, prosaic facts. It is forgotten that when they first dawned they came as poetry, and were the outgrowth of the imagination—the poetic faculty.

Not only is the imagination thus efficient in science, but in the practical affairs of life it fills a place no less important. The man of affairs is largely dependent for his success on the powers of the imagination. It is less by a process of conscious reasoning than by the flash of intuition that he lays his vastest plans. There is a genius in affairs as truly as in literature or art; but it is imagination, and not fancy. The man of fancy also dreams dreams and risks his money on their truth, but has left only the memory of his wasted means and of his palace in the clouds. The poet or the student, living largely in the regions of the imagination, wonders how life is possible amid its cold, hard realities without the play of the imagination. He is right in this, but wrong in supposing that the imagination is excluded from these so-called practical affairs. It is looked upon by its masters as a good servant, if well-trained.

But is the imagination merely a servant? To whom does the world rightfully belong? As it exists for us, it is the creation of the imagination. She lends it to science, to analyze, to reason about. She lends it to business to work or to play with. But when, because she is thus helpful, she is treated

as a servant only, she may well assert the right of sovereignty. Art and poetry are the methods of the imagination, and these complete the world. Art gives us the ideal man, life, and Nature. As we look upon them we feel that this is the real man, the real life, the real Nature.

The perfect man is the ideal man; the perfect life, as yet largely a dream life, the ideal life. It is the goal of humanity. I believe in all that the botanist tells about the flowers; but if he sees nothing more in the flowers than his analysis can show him, then the little child who claps its hand in delight at the beauty of the first blossom of the spring sees the flower more truly than he does.

The ideal is more real than the actual; it destroys the actual that it may fulfill itself. The oak which the little sapling became is more real than the sapling, for the sapling yielded to its power and became the oak.

The imagination, first the explorer and then the poet of the race, became at last its seer, its prophet, and its priest. The senses give us only a confused series of sensations; the understanding gives us only lifeless fragments; the imagination gives us the universe in its wholeness, and transforms it into the living garments of divinity.

LIBERTY.

By JOHN HAY, Poet, Author, Lawyer, Diplomat, Soldier. B. 1835, Indiana; resides in London as Ambassador from the United States to England.

Colonel Hay, in collaboration with John G. Nicolay, is the author of a "History of the Administration of Abraham Lincoln." He has written, also, "Pike County Ballads."

WHAT man is there so bold that he should say,
" Thus and thus only would I have the sea!"
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use and stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate
shore;
Always it is the sea, and all bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

And so in vain will timorous men essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty,
For Freedom is its own eternal law,
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm

Of gnat-like evils hovers round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax
Rings down its grooves the knell of shuddering
kings.

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And, tho' thou slay us, we will trust in thee!

THE HAPPIEST TIME IN LIFE.

By RICHARD SALTER STORRS, Clergyman, Author. B.
1821, Massachusetts; pastor Church of The Pilgrims,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

From an address delivered on the occasion of the fiftieth
anniversary of his pastorate.

"Churchmen have held services to testify their reverence
for him as a Christian leader; clubmen have entertained
him to show their esteem for him as a man, and yesterday
the children came trooping to greet him as a father."

AND now I want to say a word or two to those
who are in the morning of life. One is that they
are never to believe what is sometimes said, that
childhood is the best and happiest time in life. It
is not true. I had as happy a childhood as falls to
the lot of most children; and many a time it has
been said to me by those who were visiting at my
father's house: "This is the happiest time in life for
you." I did not believe it then, I did not believe it

as I grew older, and I know now that it was not true. The happiest time in your life is to come hereafter. If you try to do that which is right and useful to others, that which is honorable to yourself, and that which is for the glory and praise of your God, every year of your life will be happier than that which went before it. So do not feel that you are entering an oppressive, grinding, hateful world. Life on earth grows better and sweeter as one goes on in it, and what you are to do is to try to make a success of that life, each one of you. Success does not imply necessarily the finest circumstances that can be gathered around you, but it requires that your conscience tell you day by day that you are trying to do the duty which God has assigned to you in his providence, and that you are trying to grow in the knowledge of him and in fellowship with him. That is success in life, and that is within reach of every human soul to whom the grace of God comes, and who by God's kindness and providence is to be maintained in the experience of life.

FATHER'S VOICE.

ANONYMOUS.

YEARS an' years ago, when I
Was just a little lad,
An' after school hours used to work
Around the farm with dad,

I used to be so wearied out
When eventide was come
That I got kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But dad, he used to lead the way,
An', once in a while turn 'round an' say,
So cheerin'-like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
That allers used to help me some;
An' so I followed father home.
I'm old an' gray an' feeble now,
An' trimbly at the knee,
But life seems jest the same to-day
As then it seemed to me,
For I am still so wearied out
When eventide is come,
An' still get kinder anxious-like
About the journey home;
But still my Father leads the way,
An' once an' a while I hear him say—
So cheerin'-like, so tender—"Come!
Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
An' same as then, that helps me some;
An' so I'm following Father home.

MORAL LAW FOR NATIONS.

By JOHN BRIGHT, Orator, Statesman. B. 1811, England; d. 1889, England.

THERE is no permanent greatness to a nation, except it be based upon morality. Crowns, coronets, miters, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government. I have not, as you have observed, pleaded that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defense. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship, which has no object but inter-

meddling in the affairs of other countries, and endeavoring to extend the boundaries of the Empire, which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and, I fear, is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained. The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimiter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars; for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this scimiter they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimiter? . . . May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says:

“ The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.”

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as the ancient people had, Urim and Thummim—those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people."

THE BOY OF THE HOUSE.

By JEAN BLEWETT. From the *Toronto Globe*.

HE was the boy of the house, you know,
A jolly and rollicking lad,
He was never tired, and never sick,
And nothing could make him sad.

If he started to play at sunrise
Not a rest would he take at noon;
No day was so long from beginning to end
But his bedtime came too soon.

Did someone urge that he make less noise,
He would say, with a saucy grin,
"Why, one boy alone doesn't make much stir—
I'm sorry I isn't a twin!"

“ There’s two of twins—oh, it must be fun
To go double at everything:
To holler by twos, and to run by twos,
To whistle by twos, and to sing!”

His laugh was something to make you glad,
So brimful was it of joy.

A conscience he had, perhaps, in his breast,
But it never troubled the boy.

You met him out in the garden path,
With the terrier at his heels;

You knew by the shout he hailed you with
How happy a youngster feels.

The maiden auntie was half distraught
At his tricks as the days went by;
“ The most mischievous child in the world!”
She said, with a shrug and a sigh.

His father owned that her words were true
And his mother declared each day
Was putting wrinkles into her face,
And was turning her brown hair gray.

His grown-up sister referred to him
As a trouble, a trial, a grief,
“ The way he ignored all rules,” she said,
“ Was something beyond belief.”

But it never troubled the boy of the house
He reveled in clatter and din,
And had only one regret in the world—
That he hadn’t been born a twin.

There's nobody making a noise to-day,
There's nobody stamping the floor,
There's an awful silence, upstairs and down,
There's crape on the wide hall door.

The terrier's whining out in the sun—
“Where's my comrade?” he seems to say;
Turn your plaintive eyes away, little dog,
There's no frolic for you to-day.

The freckle-faced girl from the house next door
Is sobbing her young heart out.
Don't cry, little girl, you'll soon forget
To miss the laugh and the shout.

The grown-up sister is kissing his face,
And calling him “darling” and “sweet,”
The maiden aunt is holding the shoes
That he wore on his restless feet.

How strangely quiet the little form,
With the hands on the bosom crossed!
Not a fold, not a flower, out of place,
Not a short curl rumpled and tossed!

So solemn and still the big house seems—
No laughter, no racket, no din,
No startling shriek, no voice piping out:
“I'm sorry I isn't a twin!”

There a man and a woman, pale with grief
As the wearisome moments creep;
Oh! the loneliness touches everything—
The boy of the house is asleep.

THE GLADIATOR.

ANONYMOUS.

STILLNESS reigned in the vast amphitheater, and from the countless thousands that thronged the spacious inclosure not a breath was heard. Every tongue was mute with suspense, and every eye strained with anxiety toward the gloomy portal where the gladiator was momentarily expected to enter. At length the trumpet sounded, and they led him forth into the broad arena. There was no mark of fear upon his manly countenance, as with majestic step and fearless eye he entered. He stood there, like another Apollo, firm and unbending as the rigid oak. His finely proportioned form was matchless, and his turgid muscles spoke his giant strength.

“I am here,” he cried, as his proud lip curled in scorn, “to glut the savage eye of Rome’s proud populace. Ay, like a dog you throw me to a beast; and what is my offense? Why, forsooth, I am a Christian! But know, ye cannot fright my soul, for it is based upon a foundation stronger than the adamantine rock. Know ye, whose hearts are harder than the flinty stone, my heart quakes not with fear; and here I aver I would not change conditions with the bloodstained Nero, crowned though he be—not for the wealth of Rome. Blow ye your trumpet—I am ready.”

The trumpet sounded, and a long, low growl was

heard to proceed from the cage of a half-famished Numidian lion, situated at the farthest end of the arena.

The growl deepened into a roar of tremendous volume, which shook the enormous edifice to its very center. At that moment the door was thrown open, and the huge monster of the forest sprang from his den with one mighty bound to the opposite side of the arena. His eyes blazed with the brilliancy of fire, as he slowly drew his length along the sand and prepared to make a spring upon his formidable antagonist. The gladiator's eyes quailed not; his lip paled not; but he stood immovable as a statue, waiting the approach of his wary foe.

At length the lion crouched himself into an attitude for springing, and leaped full at the throat of the gladiator. But he was prepared for him, and bounding lightly on one side, his falchion flashed for a moment over his head, and in the next it was deeply dyed in the purple blood of the monster. A roar of redoubled fury again resounded through the spacious amphitheater, as the enraged animal, mad with the anguish from the wound he had just received, wheeled hastily round, and sprang a second time at the Nazarene.

Again was the falchion of the cool and intrepid gladiator deeply planted in the breast of his terrible adversary; but so sudden had been the second attack that it was impossible to avoid the full impetus of his bound, and he staggered and fell upon his knee. The monster's paw was upon his shoulder,

and he felt its hot fiery breath upon his cheek, as it rushed through his wide distended nostrils. The Nazarene drew a short dagger from his girdle, and endeavored to regain his feet. But his foe, aware of his design, precipitating himself upon him, threw him with violence to the ground. The excitement of the populace was now wrought up to a high pitch, and they waited the result with breathless suspense. A low growl of satisfaction now announced the noble animal's triumph, as he sprang fiercely upon his prostrate enemy.

But it was of a short duration; the dagger of the gladiator pierced his vitals, and together they rolled over and over, across the broad arena. Again the dagger drank deep of the monster's blood, and again a roar of anguish reverberated through the stately edifice.

The Nazarene, now watching his opportunity, sprang with the velocity of thought from the terrific embrace of his enfeebled antagonist, and regaining his falchion, which had fallen to the ground in the struggle, he buried it deep in the heart of the infuriated beast. The noble king of the forest, faint from the loss of blood, concentrated all his remaining strength in one mighty bound; but it was too late; the last blow had been driven home to the center of life, and his huge form fell with a mighty crash upon the arena, amid the thundering acclamations of the populace.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR.

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, Novelist. B. 1811,
England; d. 1863.

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old
books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes
from friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all
crack'd),
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 'Tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn;
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, through the hours, and the night, and
the chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old
times;
As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakie
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best:
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten
seat,
With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet;
But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face!
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;

Saint Fanny my patroness sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd
chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company's
gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

THE MEANING OF VICTORY.

By CHARLES DEVENS, Jurist, Soldier. B. 1820, Massachusetts ; d. 1891, Boston.

Selected from an oration delivered at Boston, September 17, 1877, at the dedication of the Soldiers' Monument.

IT is not the least of the just claims that the American Revolution has upon the friends of liberty everywhere that, while it terminated in the dismemberment of the British Empire, it left the English a more free people than they would have been but for its occurrence. It settled for them more firmly the great safeguards of English liberty in the right of the habeas corpus, the trial by jury, and the great doctrine that representation must accompany taxation.

I should deem the war for the Union a failure, I should think the victory won by these men who have died in its defense barren, if it should not prove in every larger sense won for the South as well as the North.

It is not to be expected that opinion will be changed by edicts, even when those edicts are maintained by force. And yet already there are brave and reflecting men who fought against us who do not hesitate to acknowledge that the end was well for them as for us. Nor is there anyone bold enough to say, now that the system of slavery is destroyed, that he would raise a hand or lift a finger to replace it. That the cause for which they have suffered so much will still be dear to those who fought for it, or with whom it is associated by tender and affectionate recollections of those whom they loved, who fell in its defense, is to be expected. To such sentiments and feelings it is a matter of indifference whether there is defeat or success. Certainly, we ourselves, had the war for the Union failed, would not the less have believed it just and necessary, nor the less have honored the memory of those engaged in it.

On the fields which were plowed by the fierce artillery the wheat has been dancing fresh and fair in the breezes of the summers that are gone; and as the material evidences of the conflict pass away, so let each feeling of bitterness disappear, as together, both North and South, we strive to render the republic one whose firm yet genial sway shall

protect with just and equal laws each citizen who yields obedience to her power. Asking for ourselves no rights that we do not freely concede to others, demanding no restraints upon others that we do not readily submit to ourselves, yielding a generous obedience to the Constitution in all its parts, both new and old, let us endeavor to lift ourselves to that higher level of patriotism which despises any narrow sectionalism, and rejoices in a nationality broad enough to embrace every section of the Union, and each one of its people, whether high or humble, rich or poor, black or white.

DECORATION DAY.

By SUSIE M. BEST.

HERE is a lily and here is a rose,
And here is a heliotrope,
And here is the woodbine sweet that grows
On the garden's sunny slope.

Here is a bit of mignonette,
And here is a geranium red,
A pansy bloom and a violet
I found in a mossy bed.

These are the flowers I love the best,
And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
On Decoration Day.

LIBERTY AND UNION.

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Jurist, Statesman, Orator. B. 1782, New Hampshire; lived in Massachusetts after 1804 and in Washington, D. C.; d. 1852, Massachusetts.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depths of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children.

Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see

him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, "What is all this worth?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward"; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

LONGING.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, Critic: appointed Professor at Harvard in 1855; from 1857 to 1862 Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; Editor of the *North American Review* from 1863 to 1872; Minister to Spain from 1877 to 1880; and Minister to England from 1880 to 1885. B. 1819, Massachusetts; d. 1891.

OF all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down the wished ideal,
And Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

THE EARTH'S FIRST MERCY.

By JOHN RUSKIN. B. 1819, London. "The most eloquent and original of all writers upon art."

LICHEN and mosses (though these last in their luxuriance are deep and rich as herbage, yet both for the most part humblest of the green things that live)—how of these? Meek creatures! the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming

green—the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine-filmed, as if the Rock Spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass—the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fiber into fitful brightness, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace. They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token; but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child his pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy, so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and gray lichen take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses, have done their parts for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chamber, corn for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another they are the most honored of the earth-children. Strong in lowness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is intrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapes-tries of the hills; to them, slow-penciled, iris-dyed, tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-

spots rest, star-like, on the stone, and the gathering
orange-stain upon the edge of yonder western peak
reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

By MATTHEW ARNOLD, Poet, Professor, Essayist, Critic.
B. 1822, England; d. 1889.

WEARY of myself and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward o'er the starlit sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send.

“ Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me,
Calm me—ah, compose me—to the end!

“ Ah, once more,” I cried, “ ye stars, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew!
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast, like you!”

From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
O'er the moonlit sea's unquiet way,
In the rushing night air came the answer:
“ Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they.

“ Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
Undisturbèd by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

“ And with joy the stars perform their shining
And the sea its long moon-silvered roll,
For self-poised they live nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

“ Bounded by themselves and unregardful
In what state God’s other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see.”

O air-born voice, long since severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear,
“ Resolve to be thyself and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!”

A TRAGEDY OF THE NORTH SEA.

By JOSEPH C. POWELL, Editor. B. 1853, Pennsylvania ;
resides in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

THE fog had been so thick, since early in the morning, that it was impossible to distinguish objects a few feet off. The boat had to proceed very slowly; indeed, sometimes it did not seem to be going at all. The whistle blew every minute, and surely we thought no drifting craft could possibly be harmed by our steamship, big as it was. But suddenly a little sloop popped up right before us. In an instant the prow of the *Bismarck* cut it in half.

The scenes attending this tragedy—this running

down of this smack and the attempt at rescuing the poor fishermen—were so thrilling and heart-breaking that those who witnessed the occurrence will never forget it. As soon as the collision occurred the seamen were ordered to close the hatchways, though the shock to the *Bismarck* was very slight. Part of the schooner held together and brushed along the side of our ship before it overturned and went down. Five of the fishermen held on to the rigging and shouted: "For God's sake throw us a rope." But there was no rope at hand. It seemed we were all so close to the poor fellows that we could almost reach out and take them by the hand. But unfortunately it was a case of so near and yet so far. When the sloop overturned the fishermen went down, but in a few minutes they were heard crying for help a few hundred yards away, but the fog was thick and they could not be seen. "Send out your boat," they shouted. "Why don't you hurry?" "Help! Help!" These were the piteous cries we heard so distinctly. The passengers were frantic because so helpless. The *Bismarck* was stopped as quickly as possible, but a huge steamer cannot be brought to a standstill in a moment. Suddenly the cries for help ceased, and that was ominous. A few minutes later, however, two of the men could be seen. They had life preservers encircling their heads and were bobbing up and down with the waves. They had drifted so near the vessel as to be within sight, despite the fog. "Come and help us!" they shouted. We answered

“The boat will be there in a minute; hold on!” But where was the boat? Our seamen had been closing the hatchways, and it took some time to do this. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. And, moreover, the boats could not be lowered till the steamer stopped.

And so, as the fishermen were shouting, “We cannot hold out much longer,” we were answering back, “You will be rescued in a few minutes.” The boat finally reached two of them, and they were hauled in more dead than alive. But the others were lost, and as soon as that sad fact was realized our vessel started on again.

THE FRAGRANT TIMBER OF HER FAN.

By HENRY HANBY HAY.

THEY call me the forester, I am the man;
Some wood you want for your lady's fan?
I've a hundred fit timbers, so draw up that chair,
'Twas hewn with an ax. That cabinet there
Is oak from the *Ajax*, stout timbers and prime,
Compressed to stone in the clutch of time.
Forgive the old fellow (who ought to be dead),
The aroma of timber gets into my head,
And fills me with vigor to such a degree
I partake of the sap and long life of the tree.
A fan for your lady (that wood at your back

Won't do?). It is snakewood, red, spotted with black.

Too heavy, O—scented! (scent, proper with lace),
For odor's to wood what expression's to face;
You know all your friends by their voices, no doubt,

I know all the woods by the scent they send out:
When the dust from the sand wheel is floating around,

The essence of each is transformed to a sound;
And the wholesome old crier who jingles the bell,
To me has a voice as the spruce shavings smell;
And the nidor of walnut (the wood is all choice),
Is acid and strong as the constable's voice.

Oh, no, not so lonely! I sit here and laugh,
Carving the head of my hard Zulu staff;
At "All things from one thing," as big scholars teach,

With fifty fine timbers, all different, to preach.
And sometimes at night-time I spell, by the flame
Of the trees brewed to poison (the tree's not to blame),

How the forests bring rain clouds, and rain clouds bring breeze,

And the wisdom of Solomon knowing all trees;
The forests which grew in his land, if you choose,
In mahogany, I could give Solomon news;
In his big cedar palace (best see at the start
If your rafters of cedar are red at the heart).
He knew, in his wisdom, what leafage cured pain;

Did he know how trees act 'neath the wood-saw
and plane?

Which crumbles like snaps on the crusty loaf there?
Which ribbon and curl, like a little child's hair?

I suppose he had carvings where all things were
good,

For ripple and shining there's nothing like wood;
There are woods fit for bracelets and breast-knots.

Why! gem,—

And agate and marble have patterned from them.
There's something in woodwork like life, to my
view,

Well oiled and well seasoned, it's sure to be true;
These panels of oak are enriched by my cheer;
How the floor in the same light winks, "Master,
we're here!"

With flecks of deep crimson and eyeballs of black,
With a slide of gray-whiteness, a deep shining track
Of ice-polished blackness, a whirl and a stir,—
And what are the woods, do you want to know,
sir?—

That is locust dull-marked with butterfly's wings;
And that is curled maple with brown and white
rings;

That is ebony, like a black rock wet with brine;
And that is stanch ash, with a satiny shine;
That black is the rosewood which wakes into red;
And the rest is white oak, with a brownish tint wed.
What! part with my sticks! Not for gold and its
mine!

That's a fop from the Indies, all marking and shine,

A sort of fine feather, in fighting no dab;
That stick's old Sam Johnson, a tough piece of
crab;
That bamboo's a Frenchman, it shines like his
teeth,
'Tis strong on the surface, but nothing beneath;
Past doubt, you are saying, "The wooden old
man!"

In pay for your listening, I'll give you a fan.
But the lady (I've got some fine marking in roots),
I must know if sweet sandal, or satin-wood suits.
You know me: your face is like some foreign tree,
Last week at the launch: was it you? It was she;
The purple heart's tint I could paint on a tile—
I can carve out your lady, her pose and her smile:
Tall, slender, and slight, with a willowy swing,
With a bend like the lancewood, a bend and a
spring.

Ah, well! I suppose if it must be, it must—
The wood will be beauty when I shall be dust.
If a hand soft and tender should nurse it a while,
To the question of perfume, the answer of smile;
There's a drawer in the arm of that massy-hewn
chair,

Yes; give me those ribs, how they occupy air!
With a voice of warm sweetness, an absolute smell,
Ay, sandal-wood, truly the name is a bell.
What force had it first that rich odor to bind?
Each piece with heart-beating, each piece has a
mind,
For each rib a carver has surfaced with fruit,

With flowers and lovers, that play on the lute.
How the shapes run to flowers, the flowers to
shapes,
A profusion like that which from music escapes.
They are yours; no, not money, the thought is a
crime;
Will she come with the carvings to see me some
time?

Yet what does it matter, we surely expect
Resurrection of all things, at least, in effect.
Again, what is sturdy in oak I shall see,
And the scent of the sandal apart from the tree.
There's a thought, is it mine? Did I get it else-
where?

Pure forms and pure sense are themselves over
there.

ALL THINGS SHALL PASS AWAY.

By THEODORE TILTON, Journalist, Orator, Lecturer. B.
1835, New York.

ONCE in Persia ruled a king
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a motto true and wise,
Which, when held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for any change or chance.
Solemn words, and these were they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearl's to rival these,
Yet he counted little gain
Treasures of the mine or main.
“Wealth may come, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away.”

’Mid the revels of his court,
In the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: “Oh! precious friends of mine,
Pleasure comes, but not to stay—
Even this shall pass away.”

Fighting in a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning, from his wounded side,
“Pain is hard to bear,” he cried.
“But, with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away.”

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue grand in stone;
And the king disguised, unknown,
Gazing on his sculptured name,

Asked himself: " And what is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Standing at the gates of gold,
Spake he this, in dying breath:
" Life is done, and what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on the ring,
Answering, with its heavenly ray:
" Even death shall pass away."

THE BALLAD OF TITUS LABIENUS.

By LAURA E. RICHARDS. From the *Youth's Companion*.

Now Titus Labienus
Was stationed on a hill.
He sacrificed to Janus,
Then stood up stark and still.
He stood and gazed before him
The best part of a week;
Then, as if anguish tore him,
Did Labienus speak.

" O hearken, mighty Cæsar!
O Caius Julius C.,
It really seems to me, sir,
Things aren't as they should be.

I've looked into the future,
I've gazed beyond the years,
And as I'm not a butcher,
My heart is wrung to tears.

“ All Gaul it is divided
In parts one, two, and three,
And bravely you and I did
In Britain o'er the sea.
In savage wilds the Teuton
Has felt your hand of steel,
Proud Rome you've set your boot on,
And ground it 'neath your heel.

“ But looking down the ages,
There springs into my ken
A land not in your pages,
A land of coming men.
I would that it were handier!
'Tis far across the sea;
'Tis Yankeedoodledandia,
The land that is to be.

“ A land of stately cities,
A land of peace and truth;
But oh! the thousand pities!
A land of weeping youth.
A land of school and college,
Where youths and maidens go
A-seeking after knowledge,
But seeking it in woe.

“ I hear the young men groaning!
I see the maidens fair,
With sighs and bitter moaning,
Tearing their long fair hair,
And through the smoke of Janus
Their cry comes sad and shrill,
‘ O Titus Labienus,
Come down from off that hill!

“ ‘ For centuries you’ve stood there,
And gazed upon the Swiss;
Yet never have withstood there
An enemy like this,
The misery of seeking,
The agony of doubt
Of who on earth is speaking,
And what ’tis all about.

“ ‘ Now he had planned an action,
And brought his forces round;
But—well, there rose a faction,
And ran the thing aground,
And—their offense was heinous,
Yet Cæsar had his will;
And Titus Labienus
Was stationed on a hill.

“ ‘ Then the Helvetii rallied,
To save themselves from wrack,
And from the towns they sallied,
And drove the Romans back.

The land was quite mountainous,
Yet they were put to flight;
And Titus Labienus
Was stationed on a height.

“ Then he himself advised them
Upon the rear to fall:
But Dumnorix surprised them
And sounded a recall.
Quoth he, “ The gods sustain us!
These ills we'll still surmount!”
And Titus Labienus
Was stationed on a mount.’

“ Thus comes the cry to hand here
Across the western sea,
From Yankeedoodledandia,
The land that is to be.
My heart is wrung with sorrow;
Hot springs the pitying tear.
O Julius C., to-morrow,
Let me get down from here!

“ Oh, send me to the valley!
Oh, send me to the town!
Bid me rebuff the sally,
Or cut the stragglers down!
Send me once more to battle
With Vercingetorix!
I'll drive his Gallic cattle,
And stop his Gallic tricks.

“ Oh! sooner shall my legion
 Around my standard fall;
In grim Helvetic region,
 Or in ‘ galumphing ’ Gaul;
Sooner the foe enchain us,
 Sooner our lifeblood spill,
Than Titus Labienus
 Stand *longer* on the hill!”

THE SKEE-RACE.*

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN, Novelist, Teacher. B. 1848,
Norway; d. 1895, New York.

An extract from his novel, “Gunnar” published by
Charles Scribner’s Sons.

THE winter is pathless in the distant valleys of Norway, and it would be hard to live there if it were not for the skees. Therefore ministers, judges, and other officers of the government do all in their power to encourage the use of skees, and often hold races, at which the best runner is rewarded with a fine bear-rifle or some other valuable prize. The judge of our valley was himself a good sportsman, and liked to see the young lads quick on their feet and firm on their legs. This winter he had appointed a skee-race to take place on the steep hill

* *Skees*, or *skier*, are a peculiar kind of snow-shoes, generally from six to ten feet long, but only a few inches broad.

near his house, and had invited all the young men in the parish to contend. The rifle he was to give himself, and it was of a new and very superior kind. In the evening there was to be a dance in the large court-hall, and the lad who took the prize was to have the right of choice among all the maidens, gardman's or houseman's daughter, and to open the dance.

The judge had a fine and large estate, the next east of Henjum; his fields gently sloped from the buildings down toward the fjord, but behind the mansion they took a sudden rise toward the mountains. The slope was steep and rough, and frequently broken by wood-piles and fences; and the track in which the skee-runners were to test their skill was intentionally laid over the roughest part of the slope and over every possible obstacle; for a fence or a wood-pile made what is called "a good jump."

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon. The bright moonshine made the snow-covered ground sparkle as if sprinkled with numberless stars, and the restless aurora spread its glimmering blades of light like an immense heaven-reaching fan. Now it circled the heavens from the east to the western glaciers, now it folded itself up into one single, luminous, quivering blade, and now again it suddenly swept along the horizon, so that you seemed to feel the cold, fresh waft of the air in your face. The peasants say that the aurora has to fan the moon and the stars to make them blaze higher, as

at this season they must serve in place of the sun. Here the extremes of nature meet; never was light brighter than here, neither has that place been found where darkness is blacker. But this evening it was all light; the frost was hard as flint and clear as crystal. From twenty to thirty young lads, with their staves and skees on their shoulders, were gathered at the foot of the hill, and about double the number of young girls were standing in little groups as spectators.

The umpires of the race were the judge and his neighbor, Atle Henjum. The runners were numbered, first the gardman's sons, beginning with Lars Henjum, then the housemen's sons. The prize should belong to him who could go over the track the greatest number of times without falling; grace in running and independence of the staff were also to be taken into consideration. "All ready, boys!" cried the judge; and the racers buttoned their jackets up to the neck, pulled their fur-brimmed caps down over their ears, and climbed up through the deep snow to the crest of the hill. Having reached it, they looked quite small from the place where the spectators were standing; for the hillside was nearly four hundred feet high, and so steep that its white surface, when seen from a distance, appeared very nearly like a perpendicular wall. The forest stood tall and grave in the moon-shine, with its dark outline on both sides marking the skee-track; there were, at proper intervals, four high "jumps," in which it would take more than

ordinarily strong legs to keep their footing. When all preparations were finished, the judge pulled out his watch and notebook, tied his red silk handkerchief to the end of his cane, and waved it thrice. Then something dark was seen gliding down over the glittering field of snow; the nearer it came, the swifter it ran; now it touched the ground, now again it seemed to shoot through the air, like an arrow sent forth from a well-stretched bow-string. In the twinkling of an eye it was past and nearly out of sight down in the valley.

“Hurrah! Well done!” cried the judge. “Heaven be praised, we have men in the valley yet! Truly, I half feared that the lad might not be found who could keep his footing in my neck-breaking track.”

Now one after another tried; but some fell in the first, some in the second jump, and single skees and broken staves shooting down the track told the spectators of the failures. Some, discouraged by the ill-luck of the most renowned runners in the parish, gave up without trying. At last there was but one left, and that was Gunnar Henjumhei. All stood waiting for him with breathless interest, for upon him depended the issue of the race. At length he started. Something like a drifting cloud was seen far up between the snow-hooded pine trees. As it came nearer the shape of a man could be distinguished in the drift.

A mighty hurrah rang from mountain to mountain. Gunnar came marching up the hillside, all

covered with snow, and looking like a wandering snow-image; his skees he had flung over his shoulders. All the young people flocked round him with cheers and greetings; . . . and the prize was awarded to Gunnar.



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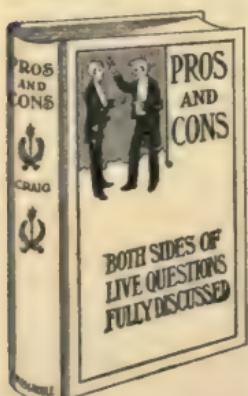
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